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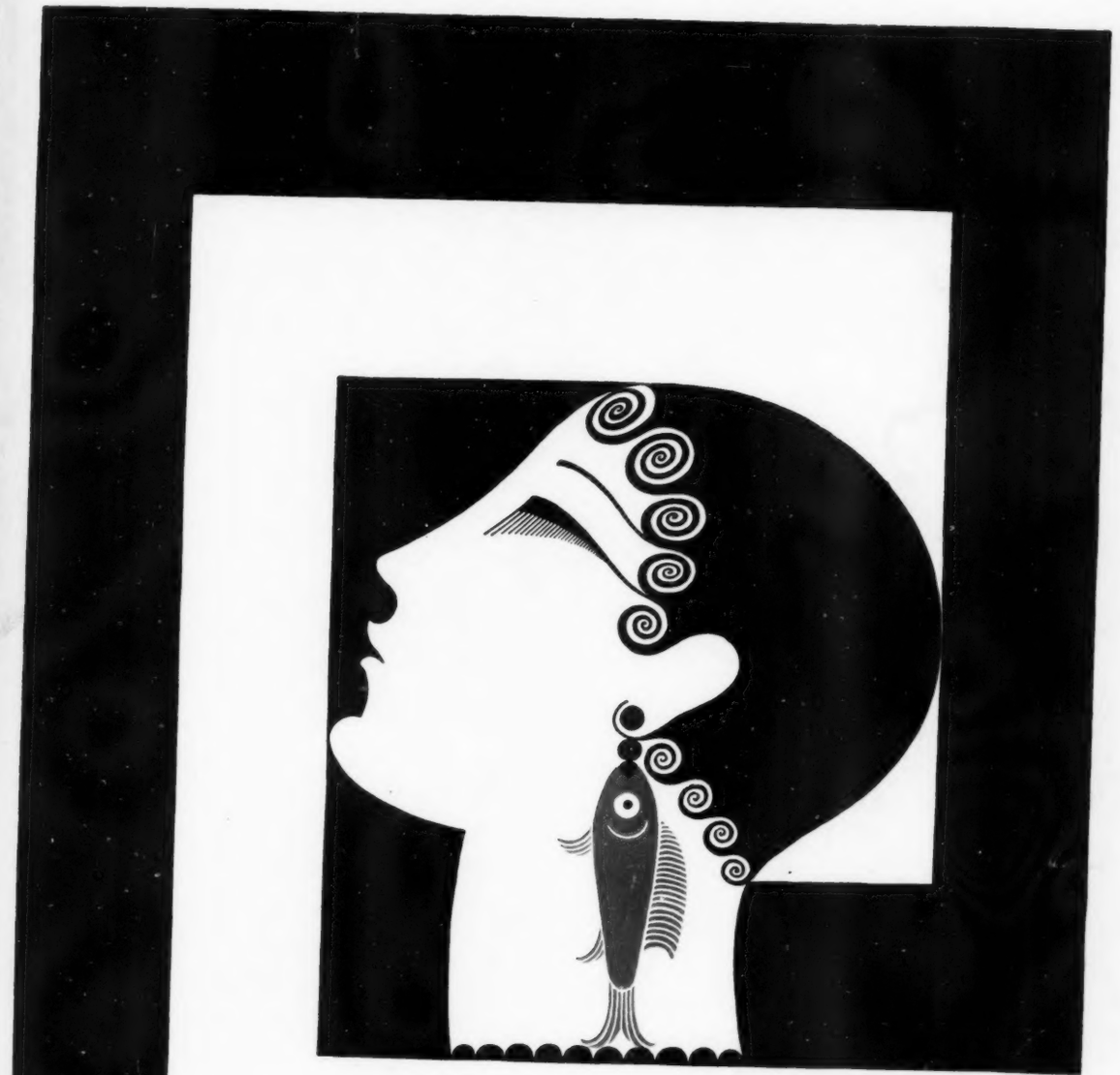

ISA GLENN
ZONA GALE
HARFORD POWEL JR.

ENGLISH June—month of roses and Ascot, smartest of English race meetings. Yet interest on this clear day centers not entirely upon the King's thoroughbreds, nor the many creations of world-famed couturiers. . . . In the Royal Enclosure all eyes present have found exquisite Lady Cynthia Raven*, who possesses one of the freshest, fairest complexions in all of England. ⚜ ⚜ Lady Cynthia, as her famous mother and grandmother before her, employs one trusted guardian for her skin, Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap, pure, mollient, stimulating as a morning breeze. She treasures Yardley's sheer face powder to protect her skin from all types of weather. ⚜ ⚜ Yardley's lavender is one of the most favored perfumes of sophisticated English women. It is found again in other Yardley products. England's best, they are obtainable anywhere in America. Old English Lavender Soap, "The Luxury Soap of the World," box of three cakes $1, or 35c the cake; "Old English Lavender," in sprinkler bottles from $12 to $1; Face Powder, $1; Compact, $1.25; Talc, 50c; Sachet Tablets, 25c; Shampoo, 15c the cartridge; Bath Salts, $1; Dusting Powder, $1.50. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York; Toronto and Paris. **Out of deference to our clientele we have refrained from using actual names.*

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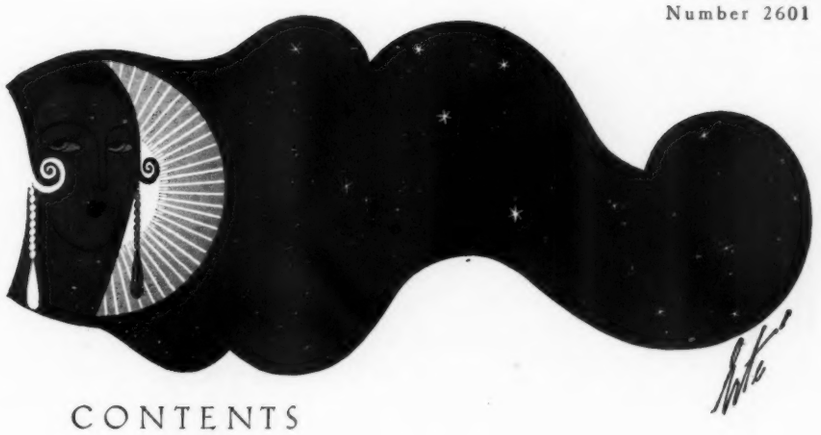
HARPER'S BAZAR

JULY 1929

63rd Year
Number 2601

Midsummer Fashions Number



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SOCIAL CALENDAR 114

THE August Harper's Bazar will be the Midsummer Fiction Number. Such prominent authors as Nancy Hoyt, Marie Van Vorst, Ernest Poole, Mona March Goodwyn and Harford Powel, jr., will be featured. There will also be a special forecast of early winter fashions by Baron de Meyer, which will include the personal opinions of the leading Paris couturiers on their new collections. Marjorie Howard will contribute her regular analysis of Paris fashions. The New York section will offer dresses and coats for early Autumn and suggestions for the woman who wishes to add a silk frock to her depleted wardrobe. Débutante clothes for all occasions will be shown, fashions for children, and correct hunting attire; as well as smart new things from the New York shops, and some exquisite lingerie.

Published monthly by Harper's Bazar, Inc., 572 Madison Avenue, New York City.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST	FREDERIC DRAKE	AUSTIN W. CLARK	FRANKLIN COE
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LA PANNÉ-VEL . . . the New *Double* Panne Velvet: the reign of velvet puts panne in a première place—and "La Panné-Vel," with its supple, all-silk, georgette back, its glowing high-lights and subtle depths of color, is the most fluent expression of this new mode—a revelation of the modern art of the loom. + + +

The Shelton Looms — ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

Say "It" with Chic

BY

KATHLEEN HOWARD

SOME of the new hats from Paris, particularly the close-fitting ones, are worn with tiny veils, just coming to the tip of the nose. Many women will welcome this alluring touch in millinery. For the daring woman there are floating, lace-edged veils which hang over the face or encircle the entire small hat, and which may be thrown back from the face, or veil it—as one will.

WHEN Madame Vionnet pulled lustrous satin under one arm and up to the opposite shoulder-top, in her recent evening gowns, she did a very charming thing. A beautiful shoulder, emerging from this becoming setting, reveals a line unbroken from throat to finger-tips.

NOW is the lull before the storm. The creative brains of the great Paris couturiers are resting in their châteaux in the hills, or at the seashore, and gathering force and inspiration for the enormous August collections. To go through those weeks with them is a privilege, an exhausting privilege. The endless pageant of clothes unrolls before one's eyes, morning, noon and night, with from 250 to 300 creations shown at every collection. When you have seen them, as I soon shall do, you know the clothes story in its entirety. Then the New York separator begins to function, and the high spots, the outstanding models, are collected by New York buyers for the delight of the American woman; the cream of all the gorgeous market is presented to her for her selection.

YACHTS of all kinds, motor, steam and the delightful, primitive, wind-propelled models are gaining steadily in the affections of the American public. New York business men rush to their offices down the Hudson and the East River and their boats are tied up nonchalantly on Manhattan's doorstep, ready to speed their owners back to country life at the day's close. Women of all ages are taking more and more to yachting and that is why we have paid special attention to them in this month's pages. From low-heeled shoes, specially planned to cling to immaculate, slippery decks, to the close-fitting bérets of many materials, the woman who loves the silent, breezy progress of watercraft should be costumed in appropriate detail.

THERE is no more useful garment for summer wear than a fur coat specially designed for that season. I have seen one recently, made on swagger lines, of white galyak. Another was of *café au lait* kidskin, flat and supple as a handkerchief, made on sports lines, while a third was of intricately worked gray galyak, no bulkier than a dress of summer silk and hardly heavier in the hand. Then there is always the distinction of summer ermine, if one's purse is adequate.

I WAS struck by the beauty of workmanship of the jewelry designed and made by Americans, at a recent exhibition. A high standard of perfection has been reached by this art in this country.

ARE stockings emerging from their beige monotony? A cable from Paris says the Princess de Faucigny Lucinge wore thinnest black silk stockings, finely dotted with white, at a smart gathering. With these she wore a slim black coat with a narrow astrakhan collar, a black crêpe frock, a small black hat, and black lizard pumps.

FRIDAY night dinners at Ciro's in Paris are rich in fashion notes as well as in good fare. Lady Davis and Baroness Styrcea both were wearing pale pink chiffon gowns the other evening. Lady Davis wore the new color satin sandals, a deep red-violet. These were also worn with a black taffeta gown and with a pink and red flowered chiffon.

AT THE first night of the Ida Rubinstein Ballet was seen a short three-quarter length, supple white satin evening coat, bordered with a wide band of mink. The coat had no collar, but the deep cuffs were of mink. The gown under this coat was of chiffon exactly the color of the wearer's light beige stockings.

Do you serve Chocolates in Summer?

Someone does! . . . . . .

Figures for eleven years show the American people buy one-third more Samplers in July and August than in February and March.

It is the chosen assortment to sweeten outdoor sports; comrade of the car, the canoe, the yacht, the game of golf.

It cheers the summer camp and the seashore cottage. It is the quiet but effective support of the strenuous, happy life out of doors.

And it can be bought conveniently, and fresh, wherever summer trails may take you.

Whitman's Sampler

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WAITING

ONE of the *bon voyage* messages which came to me when I sailed for Europe in the Spring was from my friend, Fannie Hurst. She said: "So you are going to Italy! She has waited a long time for you. Do not disappoint her. She will not disappoint you."

Now, there are travelers who think mostly of creature comforts, and the sorry process of packing and unpacking bags and trunks. I am, fortunately, not one of these. Always grateful for any crumb, I can endure even creeping trains and boats (which one does not find now under the blue-and-white Italian skies) if at the end of my pilgrimage I know there will be awaiting me some long-dreamed-of beauty, some vista that will cause the dust of the daily grind to be thrown from my brain.

One's first entry into a new country is always exciting. To peer from a train window after an all-night ride from Paris, and see for the first time the vineyards and olive groves that are Italy's only—there comes, we do not know just why, a little tremor at the heart. And to see one's first Italian lake in the Simplon Valley as one speeds toward Venice—why is it that our senses swim and our lips part in a smile of delight? Hill towns flutter by us—the hill towns of Italy at last! We are actually seeing them; and it is true, as we had hardly dared to hope, that the Italian skies above them *are* bluer than other skies. And the rugged mountains do fold together with that strong sense of purpose of which we had dreamed.

It is unaccountably different. This is not English countryside, nor French countryside, nor even Swiss scenery. It is essentially Italian; strangely, mysteriously, even mystically different.

We think how many centuries it has been waiting here for us; how many eyes now closed have looked upon this ripe loveliness; how many hearts now dead once beat a little faster, as our own has done, at their first glimpse of this passionate beauty.

It is something to have crossed the sea and come at last to Tuscan hills, blue and sweet, folding themselves away at evening in the purple haze. To hear Umbrian bells at twilight, singing and swelling in Firenze over coral roofs; and to stand at midnight in a high arched window looking down at those crooked roads in the moonlight which now seem like dusty serpents crawling along the still and haunted valley. It is something to come to a hushed room in the Uffizi Gallery in Firenze and stand at last before Botticelli's "Annunciation"; to be alone with paintings that breathe and almost whisper, even after centuries of time have sent the artists who created them to the dust of oblivion. And it is something to dream of the Renaissance while one is treading the ghostly little streets of Firenze, and to realize that perhaps over these very cobblestones Dante once walked and dreamed his high dreams.

It is not a little thing to motor from Firenze to Rome and see in the distance, for the first time, the massive dome of St. Peter's, and hear the peaceful chimes that sing from every tower. To see those Seven Hills; to wander out to Tivoli and wonder at the splendor of the old Appian Way; to contemplate the vanished glory of Hadrian's Villa, and strive in imagination to reconstruct its crumbling walls; to touch the doors of palaces and castles that have endured through the rushing years; to visit dim subterranean chambers where men tortured their brothers and even buried them alive in the thick walls, as they did at Castle Sermoneta; to see finally that monster, Vesuvius, rumbling his eternal warning, yet finding Napoli dreaming quietly across the Bay, though the shattered dreams of Pompeii are but a few kilometers away; to realize that all this has been waiting through the ages, tirelessly, ceaselessly, quietly; to know that it is waiting now for you, or for me, and for generations yet unborn—surely one must pause and ponder on "the grandeur that was Rome," and experience those emotions which we are privileged to experience all too seldom.

Yes, waiting for us. Eternally. Blue-eyed land of Assisi; hills that poets adored, and will continue to love until the stars go out forever in those unbelievably blue skies.

THE EDITOR

DUCHESSE DE GRAMONT IN AN ALEX HAT OF NATURAL-COLORED STRAW

DEMEYER

By BARON DE MEYER:

A charming bridge frock in brocade from Dove, of London.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PYJAMAS

AND A DISCUSSION OF THE QUAINT BATHING COSTUMES OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS

THIS is being written in the South of France on the sun-baked terrace of the Villa I've rented for the month of July.

Here, most of my time is spent watching both sky and sea, my immediate foreground being the Mediterranean with its radiations of cobalt blue.

Close by is the new Beach Club which comprises a narrow stretch of fine sand, luxurious bathing-tents and a swimming-pool. We are all of us in and out of the water during the twelve hours of daylight, not counting occasional midnight dips on sultry nights.

Women down here wear nothing but bathing-suits all through the day and evening.

Simple *maillots* for the forenoon, more elaborate suits for the sunset hour, and velvet and metal tissues for moonlight effects. The only alternatives are pyjamas.

Most women combine theirs with one-piece *maillots* as a foundation, to which they add beach wraps, beach hats, and beach parasols.

My house-party varies from day to day. Only those I have room for can be put up at the Villa. The overflow has to stay at the club-house.

My women guests are every one of them good looking. The men might be referred to as jolly. They have filled my garage with their splendid motors, most of them having come down by the road. Except Miss X, a journalist, the only one to have endured a hot, sleepless night in the stuffy *train bleu*.

Like most journalists, she is bent on getting information for her American readers. She wants to know how long it takes motoring down from Paris.

"Where does one sleep on the way? What's the accommodation like?"

Edward obligingly tells her all about it, and she is seen busily taking notes. Edward's wife adds first-hand information; tells Miss X. about the way she dresses for motoring. She thinks it might interest her readers.

"You might say I get all my leather coats at Hermès, and add that I own a lovely white one, extremely smart, but oh! so delicate. It spends most of its time at the cleaners, and perpetually smells of benzine. The coat I came down in from Paris is of tan leather. I had it lined with kasha to match. Belted, of course. It has many leather straps and buckles. I somehow can't bear having to button a motor-coat.

"My leather caps are, of course, all of them close fitting, and my goggles the biggest imaginable. Triplex safety glasses, of course. Tell your readers that in order to look smart, seated in a car, one's appearance should be thoroughly businesslike, serviceable in fact, nothing picturesque in the way of gauzes and fancy costumes being even tolerable.

"My own outfit has to be suitable for every kind of wind and weather, for Edward never allows the car to be closed. The pace we drive at is terrific! Anything not securely fastened gets detached almost before we've really started, flies about in the wind.

"Beneath my motor-coat I wear, both winter and summer, a box-plaited navy skirt. Why not linen or Shantung in summer? Because sitting on linen any length of time has disastrous results. One never gets rid of the creases.

"With my navy skirt I wear a jersey jumper, several woolen mufflers and layers of cardigan jackets for warmth. How many? It depends upon the temperature. However, believe me, one is never too much covered up driving at a hundred kilometers an hour. It's easy to discard some of one's woollies, should one be really too hot.

"Motoring in Italy, one summer, I remember

wearing nothing but a white cambric shirt and a soft collar and sailor's knot tie. Over this a tan tussore dust coat and cap, the exact shape of my Hermès outfit, buckles, straps and all. I have never had a chance to wear it again. It has never been warm enough."

Late in the afternoon. My entire house-party is assembled on the Club Beach, sheltered by a petaled linen palm tree. In other words, by a parasol.

Elaborate beach furniture (all of it luxuriously uncomfortable) includes rush mattings, wire mattresses with chintz cushions, rows of bamboo chairs, canvas seats.

VIOLET, Iris, Rose—all of my women guests are clad in pyjamas which I intend describing later on; I am at present intent on listening to what's being said around me. I find it good material for an article. It's all about bathing girls: their transformation throughout the century. Some of it sounds like the description of a snapshot I might have taken a hundred years ago. In 1829.

The girl in the picture has ringlets; she is being wheeled far out to sea in a cumbersome bathing machine.

The company assembled on the beach is most genteel, looks the other way discreetly. Any apparent interest might be considered immodest.

Another exposure—the same pretty girl. She has, in this picture, her curls encased in a "sponge bag". She clings to the bathing machine. Unable to swim, she is observed bobbing up and down in the water.

Third picture. An interior. A glimpse into the bathing machine, which the girl has just left. Frills and furbelows discarded by the fair bather lie about all in a heap.

Noticeable in this picture is, to start with, a muslin chemise, beruffled, beplaited and betucked, which looks as if it might reach to the girl's ankles (as the lace betrimmed pantalettes certainly do).

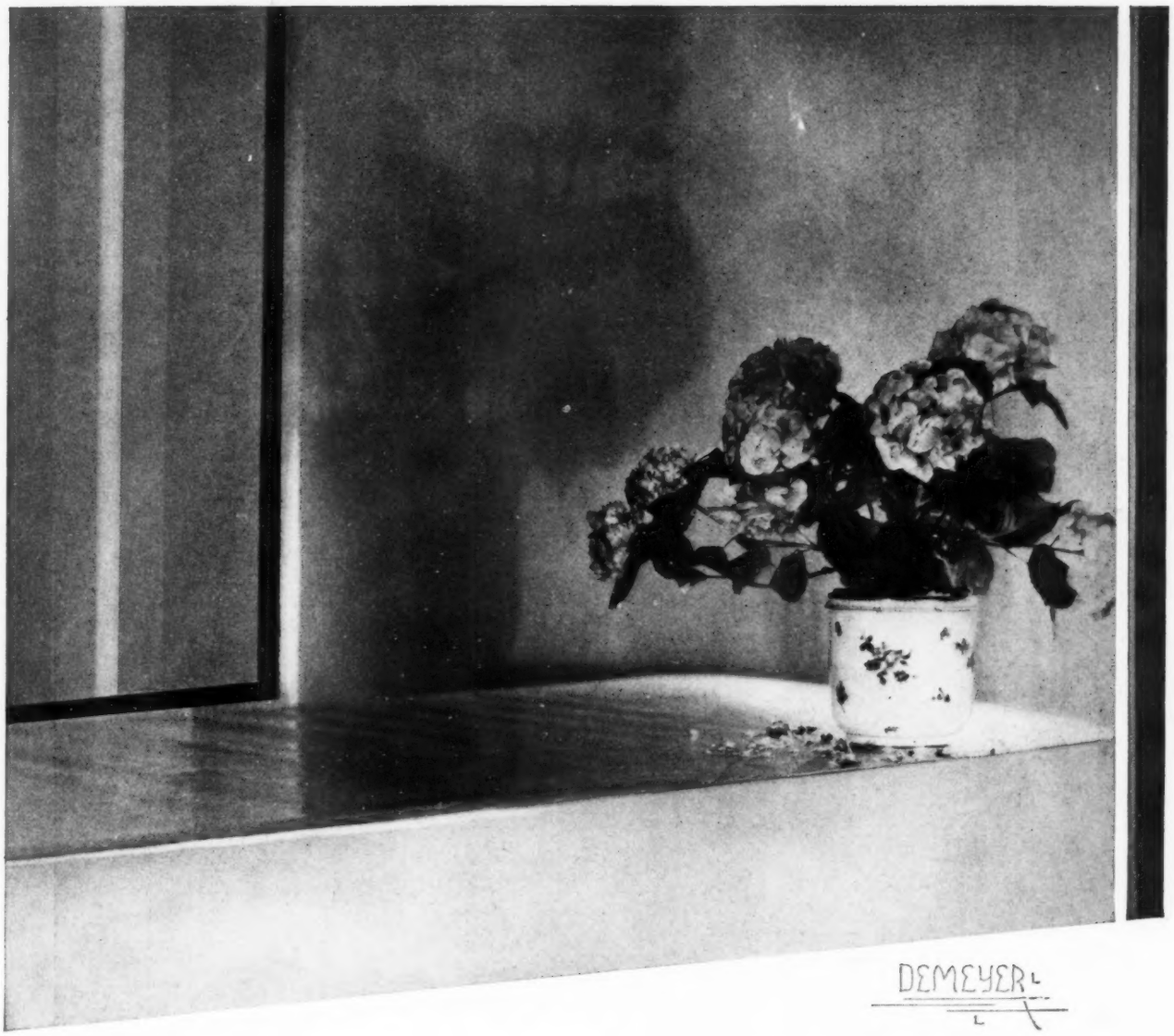
Beside a heavy looking flannel petticoat lies another garment, all quilted and stiffened out with whalebone. Nearby a further starched linen petticoat, as well as a beautiful creation of fine muslin, trimmed with endless flounces of lace evidently meant to be worn immediately beneath what looks like a heap of billowy rose taffeta but which is undoubtedly the young woman's gown.

Violet has started telling us about "Grandma Van Benselar" and of the bathing dresses she is supposed to have worn as a girl.

"In Grandma's young days," Violet says, "fashion magazines advertised nothing but the heaviest kind of navy flannel as the most suitable material for smart bathing-suits. Its principal asset and recommendation seem to have been, 'Materials are guaranteed not to cling.' You should all of you bear in mind that the merest glimpse of the human form was at that time considered an unpardonable 'social' sin. Anything clinging would have been unthinkable.

"Grandmother's favorite costume seems to have been a box-plaited scarlet blouse worn with baggy scarlet trousers down to her ankles. Of course, profusely decorated with white cotton braid."

Iris, smoking the longest possible cigarette, dressed in the shortest possible *maillot*, is heard



(Opposite) Cool and lovely is this summer frock and fichu scarf from Molyneux, made of printed chintz in ecru with a design of flowers and green leaves.

to make most disrespectful remarks about the venerable Mrs. Van Benselar. She mutters, "Surely a sight for ye gods!"

Violet pretends not to hear. She goes on with her story.

"Grandma," she says "was, when young, known as the best-dressed woman in society. She was a leader of fashions, and moved in exclusive circles yet—would you believe it?—she used to cut up her discarded woollen winter dresses into bathing-suits.

"She, in her turn, remembered her own mother's bathing-suit, and talked of it as of an amusing costume. According to her description it must have been a dark woollen nightgown looking affair, which, if I'm not mistaken, she called 'a shift'."

"What's a shift?" we all of us call out.

"An evidently long forgotten flannel garment," Violet explains, "which had sleeves to the wrist, was high in the neck and reached right down to the ground. Dear old Granny used to tell us children how such shifts did service as a bathing-suit for enthusiasts at the time sea bathing was first invented."

"And when might this have been?" they all want to know.

Here, at last, I was able to give information on a subject I knew something about, could hold forth myself, and tell my friends that sea bathing is one of the numerous institutions and fashions which is known to have originated in England, that, however, the first woman to have introduced sea bathing into France had been the Comtesse de Boigne, a great lady and famous wit, who, on her return from England, where she had been an *exilée*, scandalized Dieppe in 1806 by venturing into the sea, being, as goes the story, "fully dressed."

She would insist on being carried to the water's edge in a sedan chair and, surrounded by serving-women and attendants, would walk into the sea in state.

In America, I'm told, sea bathing became popular soon after. It must have been during the first quarter of last century.

Violet seems to think it strange that customs and costumes should have changed so much in a hundred years. Between 1829 and 1929.

"Hardly more so," I tell her, "than between 1904 and now. Remember, twenty-five years ago golf clothes and ball gowns were still cut on identical patterns.

"Let me remind you of some of the 1904 fashions. The terrifying seventeen-inch waist. The straight-front corsets. The swinging bell-shaped skirt. The heavy load of hair and (as a crowning glory) the cartwheel hat."

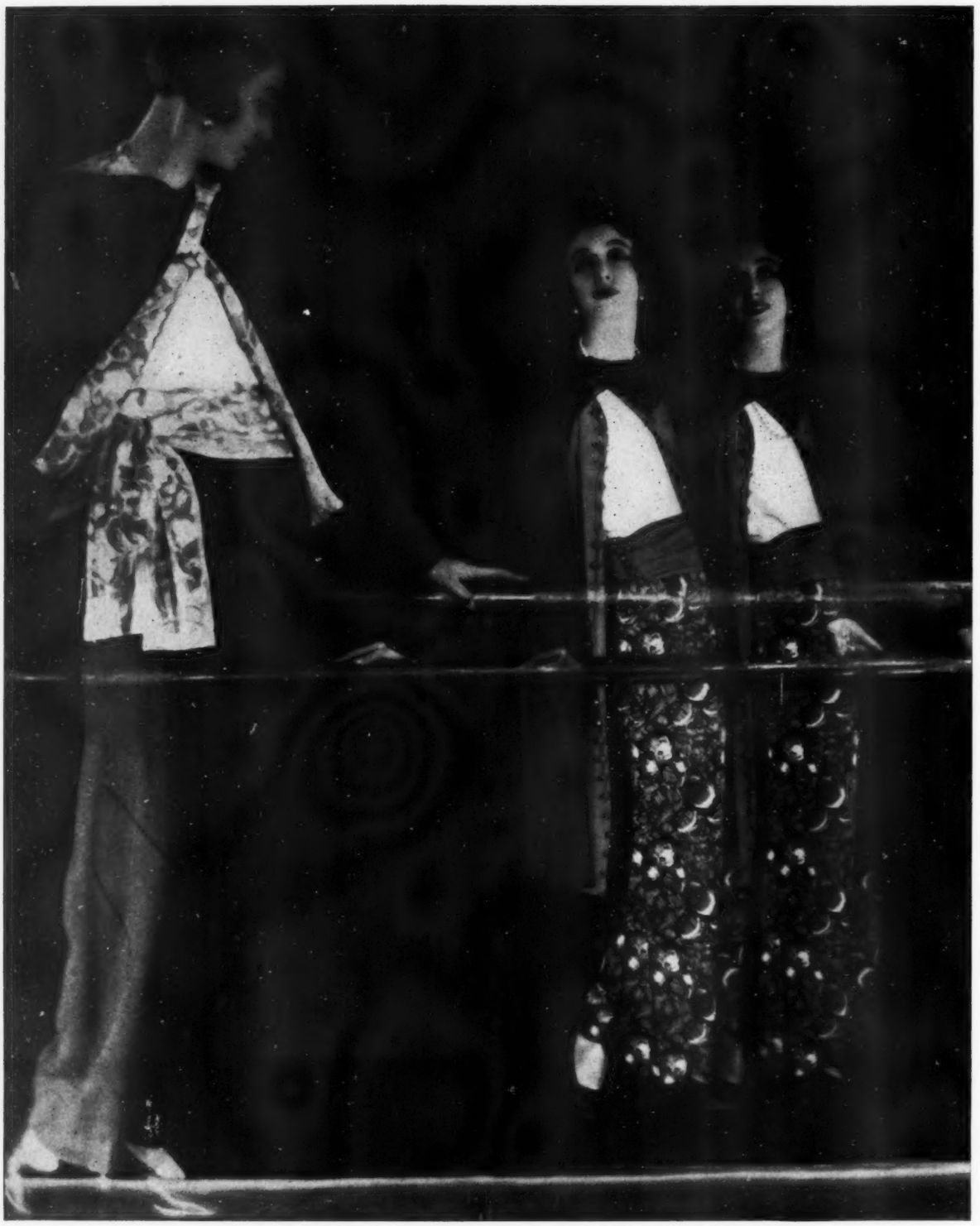
"These are fashions," Iris tells us, "I know nothing about. I wasn't even born in 1904!"

Violet, however, wonders if short skirts, flesh hose and the present-day tiny headgear, are likely to be spoken of as "absurd" twenty-five years hence, in 1954.

"Hardly," I tell her, "for only what was exaggerated at the time it was fashionable becomes grotesque after it has ceased to exist. The year 1920, on the contrary, should be remembered for its logical fashions adapted to both work and pleasure, as well as for the revival of more feminine styles frivolously expressed by fulness, flounces and frills."

The sunset had been quite glorious.

Because of this evening's Gala night at the Club, the ladies have (*Continued on page 52*)



DEMEYER

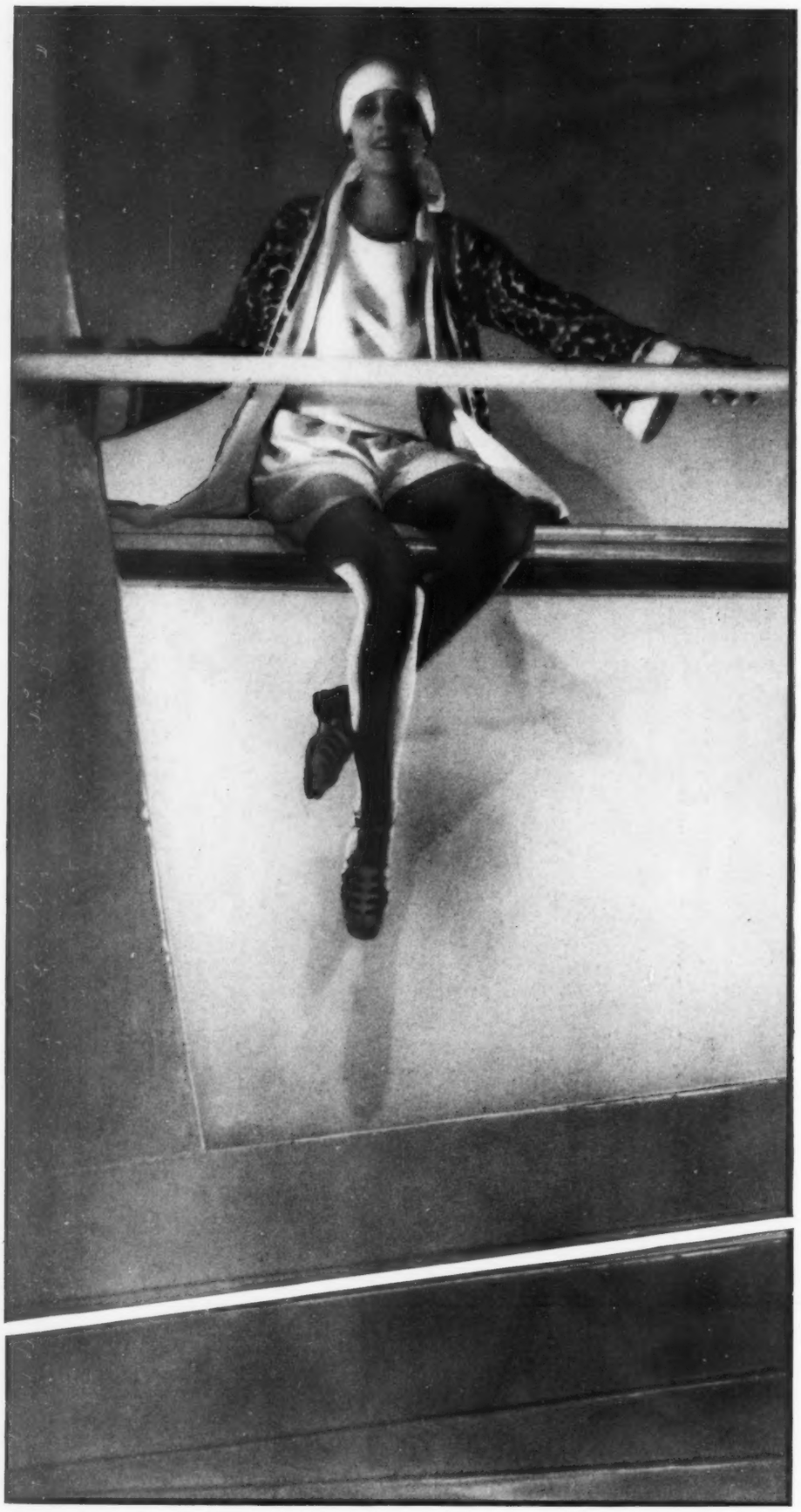
CHANTAL CHOOSES TUSSORE AND CHIFFON FOR THE BEACH

Beach pyjamas in a navy blue woolen material, with a cream tussore blouse and belt. Also a beach ensemble in black and white printed tussore, with two coats, the inner one apple-green tussore and the outer one of black chiffon.

DEMEYER

MARY NOWITZKY SPECIALIZES IN BIZARRE BEACH EFFECTS

A bathing-suit in two shades of fine woolen jersey with one section of zigzag jersey in blues. The skirt is chintz, a cream ground, studded with flowers in mauve, blue and green. With the ensemble is worn a wide hat of coarse straw.



DEMEYER

A Lelong beach costume with culotte and blouse in white crepe, and a coat in printed tussore.

gone home to dress early. It's Gala night with a show. A "fashion show" both in and out of the swimming-pool, advertised as a pyjama parade to include clothes for "Bed, Boudoir and Beach, as well as some dinner costumes on pyjama lines. Besides an address, to be delivered in form of an introduction."

9.30 p.m. A table has of course been reserved for us. We are the first people to arrive at the Club, all my women guests being beautifully dressed.

They have decided on what they call *un effet d'ensemble* pyjamas, to be almost identical in shape, if not in color.

Violet's lovely trousers are of a silver tissue, shot with mauve, worn with a pink chemise-like shirt beneath a knee-length mauve georgette garment edged around both hem and cuffs with flowerlike ruchings of rose, blue and mauve petals made into garlands.

Iris has elected to appear in a set of heavy cream satin pyjamas with a coat of white gauze, finished off by a border of silvered ostrich feathers drooping like an irregular fringe almost to the ground.

Rose is entirely clad in diaphanous, almost transparent, pink velvet. There are bands of pink fox, dyed to match, weighing down the capelike sleeveless wrap she wears above her pyjamas.

As to Edward's wife, "divinely tall Mrs. Edward," as we call her, she looks particularly lovely in patterned gray and white chiffon trousers, worn over a pink faille maillot-looking foundation, the entire costume enveloped in a trailing overdress of irregular points in the same gray and white chiffon as her trousers.

This trailing over-garment gives her pyjama the appearance of what was formerly known as a tea-gown.

The Club terrace has gradually filled.

Most of the women have appeared in pyjamas. The result being elegance combined with originality!

The first part of the dinner offers but little interest, nothing worth while happening. Not until the "arbiter of elegances" (a literal translation from the French) appears high up on the diving board and starts addressing the audience. Only very little of what he actually says reaches me distinctly enough to repeat. He seems to talk about what he calls the outstanding fashion feature of our period, "pyjamas for women," and thinks their development is likely to revolutionize the Mode, generally speaking.

He calls it a garment as typical of our modern era as was the farthingale and ruff of Queen Elizabeth or Empress Eugénie's crinoline.

"Pyjamas," I hear him proclaim, "were never really meant as a garment for men. For trousers were primarily invented for women in China, and have merely been biding their time to become the graceful

garments pretty women have made them. No woman should be without them."

He goes on talking about sleeping suits; negligées and pyjamas meant for teatime, for the cocktail hour and informal dinner; at which point "the arbiter of elegances" raises his voice perceptibly to mention the garment's crowning utility—its use for the beach.

Next day. What impressed me as most noticeable at last night's show:

The turbanlike caps made out of scarfs.

Their completion by a single earring: a circle of gold worn on one ear only.

The wide cotton skirts cut into irregular points to be tied over bathing-suits (for beach wear outside the water).

The thought that no "Oxford bags" had ever seemed wider to me than some of the pyjama trousers shown last night.

That Mary Nowitzky's suits in Indian-patterned linen were voted a real success, particularly the one with a yellow coat and green belt. That another of her suits, red and white shepherd's check trousers with a white cambric shirt and black leather belt had been worn by a Russian girl beautiful to look at, and that the same designer's wide brimmed beach hats, made of coarse straw called in French *paillasson*, will make sunshades superfluous this season.

I gathered from what was presented last night that futuristic patterns for bathing-suits have had their day, for squares, triangles and circles were not applauded at all.

That, though certainly designed for a northern beach, nothing could have been smarter than Chantal's long trousers and short bolero in navy serge worn over a flowered pink and white shirt.

That another Chantal creation—a pair of black and white crêpe de Chine trousers, a leaf green knee-length coat partly veiled by a similar one of black chiffon, was delightful, including the pale blue buttons on green.

That the white shantung costume we were shown called "Bain de soleil", from Lelong's, had pants which reached well above the knees, and that with this suit the short jacket of bottle green crêpe spotted with large white discs, was exceptionally successful.

I recall a similar "sunbath suit" from Patou's in heavy midnight blue taffeta which had no shoulder straps and no back—the front being merely held up by a band encircling the neck. That this suit had called forth much applause and was shown with a wide sash of the same midnight blue material.

I recall the Worth bathing costume composed of a jumper and pants of some diagonally woven silk material embroidered with blue and coral-colored fish.

That the bath robe which went with this suit had been of Nattier blue "tissue éponge" and that the texture of the shawl collar, pockets and belt had matched the bathing-suit.

Jane Regny's exhibit, I remember, impressed me as being trim, neat and practical, especially her apple-green tricot suit. The jumper had been shown over short trunks belted in by white leather.

That a similar suit in brown and beige had its back entirely cut away as low down as the belt.

I remember that I thought Schiaparelli's specialty this season to be bathing-suits, made of water-proofed velvet.

Quite a number of them were shown. The one I liked best had been a bordeaux red velvet *maillot* combined with banana colored shantung trousers and a bolero which had been spotted in red. This was one of the most attractive outfits the Gala night had brought us.

A lovely Lanvin gown of white faille, with a belt and collar ruche of Madonna blue in a fan design.

A Story by Zona Gale:

SUMMER FOLLIES

A finely Wrought Mystical Tale from the Pen Of the Author of "Miss Lulu Bett"

Illustrations by Will Foster

LORA LINDSAY had finally said "Right-o, Dad," said it as casually as if her father had asked her to take out one car instead of another. But he had asked her to try to marry Maxfield Parr—asked it as casually as if he himself were the father of Clarissa Harlowe. But his reasons were more modern.

"We have a rotten line," Arthur Lindsay had insisted, as he had insisted before. "We have elopements, childlessness, intolerance, and tolerance to the point of blah. One of us is out of jail on a technicality, though, to be sure, the amount of the embezzlement was so large that it would be forgotten in any case. We are loose—no fiber, all mesh, no resistance, all pull. We can't go on like this."

Lora, too, had often boasted to her friends: "We are impossible. We ought to run out—we *are* run out. We haven't had a new idea since 1895, and that one was graft. I might be a wife, as wives go—I said, as they *go*—but as a mother I'd be ludicrous. With the rest of the family it's the same. We're through. It's immoral to go on."

Her friends asked: "Even to marry Peter Bath?"

And she held: "Even Peter Bath."

Her father, Arthur Lindsay, only twenty-four years older than she, who had watched his children and had even watched himself, had agreed that it was absurd to go on propagating even at the moderate Lindsay rate. It was as if they were blind horses on a treadmill, and getting no pleasure out of it either. Then he remembered the Parrs.

He had met the Parrs at Miami, had been invited by them to their country place, had spent a fortnight in their restrained and practised household. There was his own Long Island home, with a routine like that of the Parrs, but not their power, their spirit, their essence. Not all the king's own, man and beast, could combine to integrate his own perfect appointments, trained servants, formal gardens, abundant books and late hours into the mellow and habitized living of the Parrs. Perhaps the Parrs had not been resident in that house when the Lindsays were still mollusks, but so it seemed. The blood of the Parrs would cleanse the Lindsay line into righteousness, Arthur Lindsay said sententiously. Maxfield Parr was invited down for the summer.

Lora told Peter Bath what she meant to do. Peter listened and said, "Expecting me to approve—no?"

"If you love me," Lora said, "you will approve of everything that I do."

"I love you, God knows," said Peter. "I can't remember when I didn't, except the times when you've been unreasonable, which is nearly always. But I love you, though I approve of almost nothing about you."

"You'd go on," said Lora, absently kissing him, "propagating without a thought of the race. Go pick out a proper mother for your children."

"When I do," Peter mentioned, "it'll not be because she'd be a proper mother for anybody. It'll be because I love her. I'd trust myself to love the right sort and that'd be the end of it."

"Primitive," said Lora. "Look at the rotten race that idea has raised."

"The race," Peter repeated. "*I'm* in the race. Am I so rotten as you think?"

"We need the controlled, the dependable, the habitized . . ."

"I'm not those names, but I love you," said Peter.

"We wouldn't contribute . . ." said Lora.

"We would, too," said Peter, rudely.

"Peter," said Lora, "do you really want to manufacture more of the kind of young people we know?"

"Why, yes," said Peter, "I'd love to."

When she stared at him reproachfully, Peter said, "Can't you stick it till we understand *anything?*"

"I understand too much," Lora told him.

Maxfield Parr accepted the Lindsay invitation, for he had been wondering whether to buy a ranch in Alberta, hunt big game in Africa, or go out to India. He came to Long Island instead, came with a working idea of all that his invitation involved.

He came to Long Island. Expected in August, he performed the ancient trick of arriving, but not formally, in July.

For a day he roamed the grounds of the Lindsay place, all those acres, stretching to the Sound. In the afternoon, he saw Lora, putting, alone. He parked his car and moved toward her, noted her listlessness, her inevitable four strokes to reach the cup, her beauty, faultless, inexorably refusing to permit itself a flaw. Was this the Lindsays' place, he would know. And this Miss Lindsay, of whom his friend, Maxfield Parr, had told him? And Mr. Parr, had he arrived? No? But he was expected? Too unfortunate . . . A very old friend. And so on.

Tea was waiting in the garden. There they sat before some exceptional hollyhocks, of a giant variety, very rare. Lora was small, white, languid, no more than partially incarnate, one would say. Parr was brown, fit, complacent.

"Is marriage at an end in America?" Parr, incognito, inquired.

"It is so far as I am concerned," said Lora, who divined perfectly who he was.

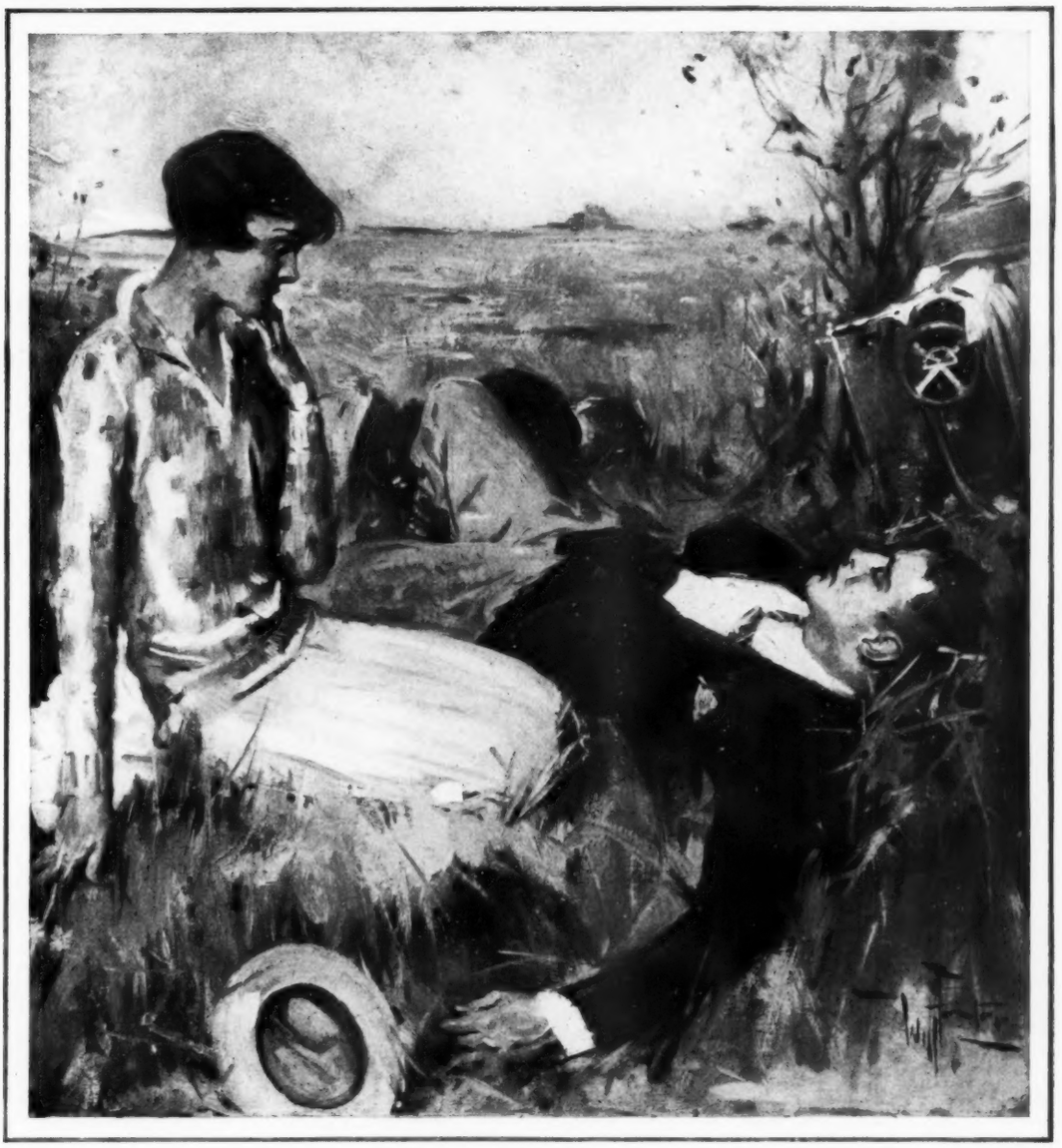
"Perfect mate impossibility?" he hazarded.

"I left that sort of thing in my cradle," Lora told him.

"Then why . . ."

"I do not care to propagate my own specific kind," she explained, with the wide look

"How stern he looked, thought Lora. Peter had never been stern with her."



"For a long time Lora sat there saying things to Peter, but neither Peter nor Mr. Parr so much as opened his eyes. But at last she got to her feet and said aloud, 'I must find some telephones . . .'"

of one pretending to be daring and at ease.

"But surely . . ."

"Nothing is sure. The most advanced thinkers have children."

"You expect . . ."

"I expect nothing. I play fair golf. Isn't that enough?"

"Perhaps," said her guest, "it is."

Peter came swooping down the drive in his canary-colored "open job." The stranger had given his name to Lora as "Mr. Field," with that inclination of the pseudo-name to repeat some syllable of the name itself. As soon as he heard that name, Peter, too, divined who the stranger might be. And on seeing Peter, the stranger discerned at once Peter's state. The long sun washed indifferent shadows across the putting-green, and the hollyhocks blazed in naked beauty.

Lora observed the two, who observed each other.

Maxfield Parr addressed Peter. "Men," he began, "are able to consider the abstract. Women are—otherwise gifted. To my inquiry as to whether marriage is at an end in America, Miss Lindsay replies that her own is at an end . . ."

"She hasn't got any," Peter intervened.

". . . prospectively. That is not only deplorable, but concrete. In the abstract, Mr. Bath, how would you reply to that question?"

"That if Miss Lindsay's is, mine is," said Peter, replying.

"To speak in the abstract," said Maxfield Parr, smiling, "the English are easily tempted. The Americans are—otherwise gifted."

"If you want to be abstract," said Peter, "marriage in America still goes on. Except, if you want to be concrete, among a lot of such as are looking for the next biological program, as an excuse for all sorts . . ."

"Oh, come," said Parr, "that is not scientific."

"Are *they?*" asked Peter.

"Miss Lindsay is," said Parr, "I am sure."

Lora, a slim white tube against the fire of the hollyhocks, said very gently:

"When one loves, one is not scientific."

She lifted her lids, to catch Parr's derision. Instead to her surprise, he nodded sympathetically.

"When one loves, one is merely biological," snapped Peter.

"And spiritual," said Parr, gravely.

Peter lifted his head.

"Are you stringing us?" he demanded sternly.

"Stringing?" said Parr blandly. "How do you mean?"

Peter explained rapidly and without looking at him: "A string, a chain, a cord, a cable. That's from Webster."

"Really," said Parr, vaguely.

Since both men were now looking baffled, Peter said, "Will you both come for a run in the new coop?"

"Coop?" said Parr. "Coop?"

"Coop," said Peter firmly, and led the way.

The way stretched before the canary-colored "open job." It looked like any other way, done in summer and the country. After forty miles, a truck pitched blindly from a side road and with a reaction automatic, unconditioned by decision, Parr leaned, caught the wheel from Peter, wrenched at it, and the truck rammed the "open job" in its canary-colored ribs.

"Can't you drive your car?" Parr shouted, with deadly calm.

Peter had time to look over at Parr. Lora saw Peter's face, white, horrified, but without a shade of resentment. "Seems not. Others do it for me," said Peter, as the little car reached the ditch.

Contrary to all manifestations of chivalry required by the occasion. Lora opened her eyes first. Maxfield Parr was lying across her feet. Peter was at some distance, beneath burdocks. Disentangling herself from Mr. Parr, Lora crept across the concrete (*Concluded on page 102*)

VIONNET

PARIS REMAINS LOYAL TO THE FORMALITY OF BLACK

An afternoon gown from Vionnet, illustrating her way of outlining the upper part of the body and marking the natural waist-line by cutting. The gown is of black crepe marocain, and the two scarfs, one over the other, are in black marocain, and red crepe romain. The skirt is uneven, and has soft fulness.

Vionnet's most interesting coat. It is in black velours de laine, cut so as to suggest a bolero, and fastening on the shoulder and to one side. The front section may be worn turned back, and is lined with ermine. The collar, fastened to one side, is of ermine, and from it hang two black and white scarfs.

CHERUIT

Cheruit's new type of suit, in a diagonal hard woven tweed or mixture, in two browns. The coat is slim, straight, slightly fitted, and buttons right up the front to the plain revers. On the cuffs and pockets is a stitching of beige silk. The blouse is beige tussore, and the skirt is cut circular in part.

New in feeling is this Cheruit frock in hazelnut colored woolen material, with a fitted bodice and high waist-line. The circular skirt is set on in overlapped points, and belted below the points with a belt of red and blue leather. The new Cheruit scarf collar, in navy blue and red georgette, is used.

TWEEDS AND WOOLENS FOR SMART PARISIENNES

PATOU

Patou's newest black chiffon gown, with its fitted-to-the-figure silhouette, is extremely feminine in its elaborate arrangement of full panels and little ruffles.

PARIS PREPARES FOR MIDSUMMER AND EARLY FALL

by Marjorie Howard

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

THE mid-season collections always remind me of a Roman statue of Janus, with his two faces looking in two directions; for they continue to combine models for midsummer, designed for special clients, and first autumn models, designed for professional buyers of other countries who are obliged to prepare their wares many months in advance. In illustrating this article, I have chosen rather the midsummer than the early autumn models, because this magazine will reach you during vacation time, all too short at best, and I am sure you do not want to look at anything that will seem to hurry the passing of these pleasant days. I have included one or two early autumn things, because of their important "fashion points," such as the fur-trimmed three-quarter suit from Redfern on page 61 and the interesting coat from Vionnet, on page 56. In the next number, there will be a few more of them.

The three-quarter coat has taken a new lease of life. It appears in all collections, and for all times of day, morning, afternoon and evening. For daytime wear, it is infringing heavily on the long-coated ensemble that we have had for several seasons. The length of the jacket varies from finger-tip length to knee-length, and slightly longer. It is almost always fur-trimmed in a variety of ways. The circular flounce of the Redfern model is a favorite one, giving both femininity and formality.

Another favorite is the turned-back facing of fur, running round the neck and down both fronts. Flat furs are often chosen; but the fluffy ones are also seen, though they are more often used on full-length, or seven-eighth coats. They seem rather to overweight a three-quarter jacket. For sports and travel, the three-quarter coat, in tweeds and mixtures, is usually without fur. Patou has a whole series of costumes, of tweeds and mixtures, with finger-tip or three-quarter length jackets, flatly tucked, stitched, or strapped with bands, belted and pocketed, while the frocks are stitched or banded to match to a point well below the hip, and then left softly full. The so-called sports furs, shaved lamb, antelope, calf, chevrette, et cetera, are frequently made in three-quarter length.

The three-quarter coat is particularly good in the evening. Several houses feature it, and I see it worn at important concerts, theatrical premières, balls, and dinners. It is one of the prettiest solutions of the problem of a good-looking wrap to wear with the trailing skirt. Of course, there is nothing new about it. Louiseboulanger introduced it several seasons

ago. It may be in the same material as the gown, and matching in color, or in a different color and material designed, however, to make an interesting harmony or striking dissonance. Lelong puts a three-quarter wrap of the new deep mahogany velvet over a white long-skirted gown. Chantal shows one in turquoise velveteen over a frock of peach colored satin. Chéruit prefers the cape to the coat form and chooses supple gold and silver lamés. One of her gold tissue capes has a waistcoat front to hold the sleeveless cape in place without continually fussing with it. One of the prettiest models I have seen worn was a three-quarter coat of string-colored moire, collared with tawny cross-fox, cut to flare slightly at the edge, and worn over a string-colored gown of lace, trailing long panels in the back.

The rival of the three-quarter evening wrap is the long slim evening coat, flared at the hem, and dipping in the back to follow the lines of the gown. Patou still does this in his mid-season collection, and one sees his black velvet and tulle and other evening ensembles worn everywhere. One of the loveliest wraps of the mid-season is a creation in silvery lamé from Vionnet, a slim cape, hugging the shoulders, the material twisted in her inimitable fashion in the center of the back, and hanging unevenly and softly full below, with a huge collar of her favorite blue fox.

On page 61 is an evening ensemble from Redfern, deep sapphire blue, a color that many houses, including Lelong, keep well in the foreground for evening. The coat, seven-eighths length, is in blue and silver moire, and the frock, flared on the same lines but much longer, is in blue tulle. This is shown with the rest of the collection, in Redfern's new salons, on the rue Royale, in an historic mansion, built for himself to live in by Gabriel, the architect of the rue de Rivoli, which is classed as an historic monument and may not therefore be materially altered. Redfern has redecorated the lofty rooms in a warm cream, walls, floors, and ceilings, and added delightful side-lights in opaque crystal and silver, in just the right combination of modern practicality and eighteenth-century feeling.

IN SPITE of the fact that some of the leading houses show some evening gowns that must be described as more short than long, the trailing evening skirt shows few signs of leaving the mode at present. A short model that I see frequently is Chanel's fine lace and lace net, sometimes black like the original, sometimes string-colored, the skirt even all round a few inches below the knee, the lower part all narrow lace frills, and the shoulders covered with a net fichu bordered with the same fine lace of the Chantilly type. There are three other evening types in the majority at present, and these three are found in equal importance in the mid-season collections. They are the sheath-to-the-knee with flare below; the short-waisted, more fitted bodice with skirt that trails in the back and is often not really very short anywhere; and the important-looking gown of taffeta or faille, owing a remote inspiration to the *robe de style*.

One must call this inspiration remote if one wishes to include such a gown as the black broché taffeta from Louiseboulanger, sketched on this page with its rudimentary panniers, placed in the new way, low on each side of a tightly swathed bodice. Opposite is Patou's latest black chiffon model, and examination will show how complicated are its arrangements of circular panels and little frills. Feminine, indeed! From Worth is the black lace frock (black, you see, still keeps its evening importance), the feature of which is a slip of black

LOUISEBOULANGER

Louiseboulanger's new version of the "pouf", which has become a fan-plaited section, set very low. The material of the gown is a very lovely new taffeta broché.

WORTH

This gown from Worth has already been ordered by several important clients. It is of black lace, of a heavy close pattern, bordered with black tulle, and made very long and rather uneven in hem-line. The bodice is fitted snugly and the natural waist-line is marked by a lace belt.

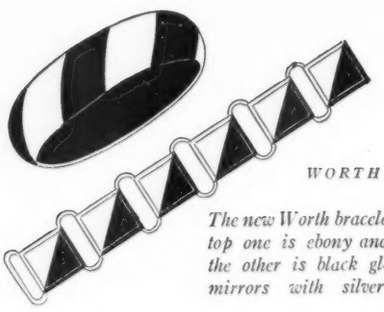
satin, edged with lace, which finishes in pantalettes. Several clients with "big names" have ordered this model, because the skirt may be left as transparent as one chooses when it is worn over a bifurcated foundation.

While writing of new silhouettes for evening, I must mention Louiseboulanger's, though it is also adapted for afternoon wear. It begins with a bodice fairly well fitted, but slightly bloused in the back in a raised waist-line. This blouse part comes down smoothly over the hips, is slit in front, and bordered all round with a fourteen-inch plaited frill. In the front, where it opens, one sees a tighter straight underskirt. This silhouette appears in some of the thicker silks for afternoon, such as plaid twill, or warp-printed taffeta, and in gold-striped printed gauze, and gauze lamé for evening. Something like this silhouette, without the slit overskirt, is found in several houses. Drecoll-Beer shows a long slim tunic below the knee, with a short plaited frill under it; Redfern uses it in the plain and printed chiffon model drawn on the Last-Minute pages. Chéruit has adapted the same line to the suit drawn on page 57. This has a long, slim slightly fitted jacket, buttoned right up the front, and a skirt circular in the front only, which looks like a sort of frill when the jacket is closed.

Among Chanel's new models is an interesting and striking evening gown in bold black and white, or perhaps one should say white and black. This gown, done in jersey tulle, molds the silhouette to the knee, where there is a swathing of black and white sashes, with a very full frill, alternating in black and white vertical patches, and almost touching the ground. This line is almost as difficult to walk in as the famous hobble skirt, but the tall mannequin manages it beautifully.

One must not forget, in talking of silhouettes, the tunic, or peplum, which was seen in the February collections, and is being continued in the mid-season ones. While it is not perhaps a "first" fashion, it is an important one. Lelong uses it a great deal, sometimes running the peplum frill downward in the back, in a way that tends to make the waist-line look slightly higher in front without really raising it. Louiseboulanger uses it for a suit, with a tight, short jacket bound with fur, and a tunic skirt, the top tier also edged with fur.

While evening skirts will continue to be long somewhere, the somewhere is not always in the back. Many of the mid-season models prefer to make their skirts long on the two sides. See the model from Maggy Rouff on page 62, a lovely adaptation of the princess line, a silhouette which retains all its popularity, with a handsome three-quarter wrap to match. On the same page is an evening cape in gray-beige chiffon velvet from Madeleine, trimmed with odd cross bands of gray-beige squirrel. Madeleine, once the associate of Madame Besançon-de Wagner, (who is known to us now as Maggy Rouff), has opened her own house on the rue des Petits Champs, where she showed a collection, the high lights of which were striking dark blouses with light crêpe suits and a new color for evening, exactly like ochre powder. There



WORTH

The new Worth bracelets. The top one is ebony and silver; the other is black glass and mirrors with silver loops.

is a model in this color, on the Last-Minute pages.

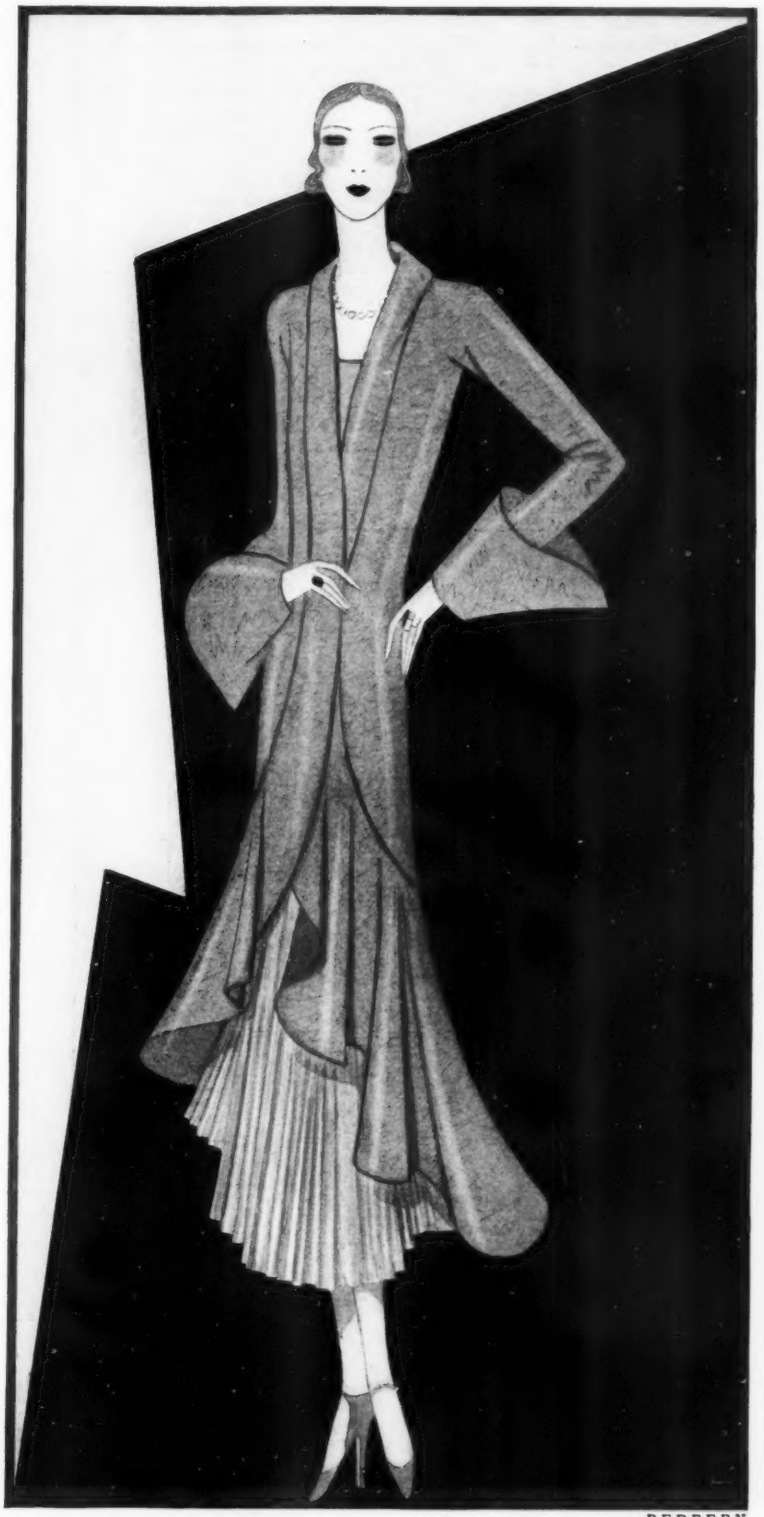
Combinations of plain and printed chiffons, while not, strictly speaking, a novelty (again I must refer to Louiseboulanger) appear again in charming guises in the two models from Irene Dana and Lucile Paray, on page 63. On the Last-Minute pages, there is an afternoon suit from Lucile Paray, illustrating the new elaboration in these types of models, the richly fur-trimmed, three-quarter length coat, and the new silhouette for afternoon gowns which has received attention from a good many houses. This shows the princess silhouette, altered and modernized by the introduction of shirring round the hips and waist. We find this shirring in many models, both for afternoon and evening. It recalls the model from Premet published in the April number.

While evening skirts remain long, or long in spots, daytime ones are trying hard to come down in the world also. Lelong, Louiseboulanger, Patou, Jane Régny, Goupy, all bring them down about two inches. Patou, of course, did this in February. For formal afternoon gowns, long points, or dipping backs, are often shown, especially in thin materials. One might say that the more formal the occasion, the longer the skirt. But as Schiaparelli says, skirt lengths and waist-lines are matters for adjustment to the special model and the individual figure, and it is hard to make rules for either of them.

While skirts are still going down, waist-lines are still coming up. The designers are using much cleverer means than a simple belt to achieve the look of the normal waist-line. Look at the Vionnet model on page 56, a marvel of cutting and handling of material. The Chéruit frock, drawn on page 57, has a belt, but the normal waist is also indicated by cutting. Even where the long slim sheath-line is preserved, the waist is indicated, if there is one. Molyneux and Lelong, it is true, seem to prefer slim, perfectly straight body lines, and continue to place their belts

REDFERN

An elaborate three-quarter coat suit in beige-gray broadcloth, trimmed with shaved lamb, is made by Redfern.



REDFERN

A Redfern evening ensemble in dark sapphire blue. The coat is in blue and silver moire, cut with fitted body lines, and the sleeves finished with the gauntlet cuffs that appear in so many mid-season collections. The frock is of deep blue tulle, with a sheath top and full skirt.

invariably over the hip-bone. Lelong, indeed, suggests a higher line in a few models, two of which I shall show you in the next number. All this was indicated in the February collections; in the mid-season ones, there are more models with higher waist-lines, and more houses making them.

On page 56 is Vionnet's most interesting coat. I hesitate to talk about coats just at the beginning of the dog days, but I must say a few words about the advance models. There is a strong tendency away from the simple straight garment that we have worn for so long. The great majority of coats no longer consist of one back section, and two side ones, put together with long straight seams. Many are cut with flare, sometimes only in the back, and with fitted body lines. Complication of cut has set in with a vengeance. Some of the smartest women in Paris, including Madame Martinez de Hoz and Madame Revel, are wearing Vionnet's "corkscrew" model, which preserves a straight silhouette without using a straight line. Paquin's coats, while some of them are straight in effect, all have some elaboration. Chanel's remain straight, but when one looks closely at them one sees that she has all sorts of ways of elaborating the edges or the seams. These are three of the most famous coat houses. Even in sports and travel coats we find

MADELEINE

MAGGY ROUFF

Maggy Rouff makes a lovely evening ensemble of black velvet, white satin and ermine. The coat is the new three-quarter length. The gown has a princess top, with three very full ruffles of the velvet at each side, touching the ground.

From Madeleine comes this evening cape of silvery gray-beige chiffon velvet combined with gray-beige dyed squirrel. The cape is shirred in a yoke round the shoulders. The fur bands are tied once over in the back like a cravatte.

IRENE DANA

This model from Irene Dana is in plain black chiffon and printed chiffon with a spaced design of large pink roses on a black background. The uneven hem-line persists everywhere. Here the skirt is much longer on one side, reaching the floor.

Rather new is the combination of plain and printed chiffon which has appeared in several houses in the mid-season collections. Lucile Paray combines them in plain gray and a peony design in pink and green on a gray background.

"trench" models, with belts set high, raglan sleeves and rather full skirts; or coats hung from the shoulders, as Jenny likes them. There are cape backs and cape sleeves on many models. Lelong shows an afternoon model with three overlapping cape ovals in the back, and two in the front, giving a three-quarter length in front and a seven-eighths length behind. Fur trimmings are apt to be smooth and tailored for the morning, with immense fox collars, the kind that stand up from the shoulders and frame the face, for more formal afternoon wear.

Interesting things are done in the placing of furs on advance fall models. Lanvin likes to put fox trimmings on the under side of the sleeves, giving the effect of fur "pillows." Jenny prefers fur at the elbows rather than at the wrists. Lucile Paray has two interesting models, one of which has fur cuffs on the sleeves of the frock, which are pulled through the shorter furless sleeves of the coat; while the other has a white ermine cravatte on the frock, which makes a collar for the coat when both are worn together. Many houses are using fur gauntlet cuffs, for this shape is a favorite in the midseason collections, even in the material of the coat.

Tailleurs figure in most collections in some form or other. There are many in crêpes. Worth has particularly charming (*Continued on page 112*)

LUCILE PARAY

LENIEF, S. A.

Deauville is the setting these days for sports costumes of every hue and for every occasion. Practically all the active summer sports are represented sartorially, and occasionally a clever designer combines two sports in one garment. Such a double-functioning costume is this attractive tennis suit, from Lenief, S.A., in white or colored flannel. The tennis racket is carried in a new Basque cotton case.

After a game of tennis the player may easily slip off her jacket and her skirt, which buttons up the front with pearl buttons, and she is ready for bathing in a two-piece tricot bathing suit. The figure at the right is in the act of taking off the skirt, and the recumbent figure gives a better idea of the bathing suit. The latter is hand-knitted and may be had in white or color to match the tennis costume.

ON THE SUN-DRENCHED PLAYGROUND AT DEAUVILLE

GOUPY

DEVOTEES OF SPORTS AT THE BAR DE LA PLAGE

For the feminine golf enthusiast Goupy suggests a plain sweater blouse in heavy silk jersey, worn with a white tussore skirt and a belt of black and yellow leather. Beside the golfer is a yachtswoman, also dressed by Goupy, wearing a double-breasted jacket of navy cheviot with silver buttons, over a blouse of striped wash silk, red, white and blue, and a white or a navy skirt. A charming ensemble.

Goupy has designed a lovely sports frock which is useful for many occasions. It is in white silk pique and the only trimming is formed by an ingenious arrangement of the ribbed material. The belt is of red leather. Over the frock may be worn a jacket of scarlet crepe de Chine, as shown in the figure at the right. The trimming is a quilted embroidery done in the material, and forming a raised design.

A Novel by Harford Powel, jr.:

"'The bride—bless her!' said George Hamill, and threw his mug with fine ceremony into the fireplace."

MARRIED MONEY

Continuing the Adventures of a Poor little Rich Girl from Boston Town

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

Part Two

JERRY and Wee went silently out of the house together, like children facing a punishment for sin.

For three days after that he went through the motions of bond selling. But he sold no bonds. Every detail of that incredible interview with Mr. Legg was too firmly etched on his mind. It was his first great rebuff. He was not used to rebuffs, and he tried to exorcise the memory of it by letting his mind dwell on the happiest incidents of his life.

His life had been studded with successes. He remembered Prize Day at his school, and how the boys had cheered when he went up on the platform to receive silver cups and leather-bound books. Prize Days always brought him a shower of prizes; he could close his eyes and hear the bishop's saccharine congratulations, the thunder of applause from the benches.

He thought of his college days. Varsity football is purgatory for most players, but Jerry was so much bigger and stronger than the others that he almost enjoyed it. He remembered the smell of wet uniforms and chloroform liniment in the locker room, when the team tramped in after burying Yale under an avalanche of touchdowns. He thought of his rowing days; the long spring evenings on the river at New London, the mad agony of the races, the whistles screeching from a hundred yachts.

All these successes had been easy for him. It was no wonder that clubs and societies had been so much interested. He remembered the evening when he had been taken in by the best club at Harvard, the Glim . . . He thought of the day when George Hamill and Sam Purvis had come running up his staircase at Holworthy Hall, to tell him he had been elected First Marshal of the senior class.

That had meant something. How little it meant now! For perhaps the first time in his life he had tried to do something thoroughly unselfish and fine. And what had he got from it? He had been pilloried as a fortune hunter. That little gray goblin, on Beacon Street, had tantalized him by spreading out a Barmecide's feast. The deed of gift had been drawn; Jerry had a copy of it in his room. It seemed to offer ten million dollars, but it offered nothing at all. Wee was crushed by it, as much as he was. More! Uncle Roger knew how to torture her. He struck at her through Jerry, showing her that he considered Jerry a fortune hunter.

A dozen times in those three days, Jerry screwed up his courage to call on Uncle Roger again.

He would go in, and say to him: "Mr. Legg, I don't want your money. But it's Wee's money, as much as your own. Surely you want her to be happy and comfortable. Surely you feel she can be trusted to spend it carefully."

And what would Uncle Roger say? He would shake his little gray beard. He would say: "*You* will provide for my niece now, Mr. McCoy. I have decided to withdraw her allowance of $35 a week. By the way, have you noticed my clothes? I have had them turned twice, so the buttonholes are now on the usual side again."

Yes, that was what Uncle Roger would say. Twice Jerry took his hand from the Beacon Street bell handle, before its jingle-jangle could bring old Abigail. It was all very well to read about bearding the Douglas in his hall, but not so easy to do it.

"I'll forget him," thought Jerry at last. "I'll run away with Wee to Shanghai. Then I won't have to be polite to him. Good morning, Mr. Legg. My humble duty to you, Mr. Legg. No, thank you, I won't take a cup of Psawdusto, Mr. Legg. It's too rich for my low plebeian blood, Mr. Legg. Brrr! It makes me shiver just to think of you, Mr. Legg—your million dollar china in the cabinets and your newspaper between your knees. Jerry, you're a fool."

Better to be a fool than a fortune-hunting knave. Carr & Daland did not consider him a knave. He had done well for them, throwing himself into bond selling with as much gusto as if it had been a game. At the start he had

told himself that it was a fascinating game—one in which superior patience, geniality, wits and courage were sure to count. And they did. He sold more bonds, and more difficult bonds, than any other young man in Boston.

Noticing his depression, the sales manager, Caleb Spinney, sent him an inspirational booklet to read. It was by a man named Barnham Dunn, and its title was "The Six Best Sellers." It contained short, optimistic accounts of Buddha, Confucius, Mahomet, Socrates, Mirabeau and Franklin. Their examples were upliftingly recommended to all salesmen.

Jerry read it mechanically, until he came to an underscored paragraph. "A bond salesman is the ambassador of prosperity, the herald of progress and thrift." The word "thrift" set his resentment ablaze.

"Want some uplifting junk to read?" he called to George Hamill, and threw the booklet on his friend's desk.

"What's the matter with you, Jerry? You've looked sick for three days?"

Jerry got up and walked across the room.

"I saw Mr. Roger Legg last Tuesday," he said.

"You look it," said George.

"The fact is—"

"I know what the fact is," said George. "I've seen you out with Wee Legg. Can't I congratulate you, Jerry?"

"It isn't announced, but—"

George shook Jerry's limp hand.

"It's great!" he said. "You'll be very happy."

"I am very happy, George," said Jerry.

George Hamill forebore to tell him that he didn't look it.

"Are things breaking too fast for you?" he asked, sympathetically. "Did you have a knock-down and drag-out battle with the old man?"

"You can't fight him," Jerry said. "If you blew hard at him, he'd fly out of the window. He's a mean one, George. I thought he was going to tie a can to me. But instead of kicking me out of the house, he gave Wee and me ten million dollars for a wedding present."

George's whistle filled the office with unaccustomed noise.

"Oh, he took it back again," went on Jerry. "He has given Wee a deed. It sews everything up. George, up to last Tuesday I didn't think Wee had a cent." (*Continued on page 122*)

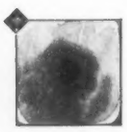
"'If you will hurry a little,' gasped Wee, 'we can catch the next trolley.'"

A Guide to Perfume

Guerlain's "Djedi"

Gabilla's "Mon Talisman"

Isabey's "Mimosa"



Ybry's "Mon Ame"

Ciro's "Le Chevalier de la Nuit"

Lionceau's "Parfum pour Brunes"

	Straight Floral	Bouquet	Oriental
Guerlain	Jasmine, Sweet Pea, Gardenia, Geranium, Lilac, Heliotrope, Verbena, Muguet	Light: Après, l'Ondée, Djedi—Mitsouko Heavy: L'Heure Bleue, Rue de la Paix, Vague Souvenir, A travers Champs, Champs-Élysées. Liu	Shalimar Bouquet de Faunes
Gabilla	Violette, Pois de Senteur, Mimosa, Gardenia, Muguet, Jasmin, Lilas, Narcisse, Rose, Heliotrope	Light: La Vierge Folle, Mon Cheri, Musardises, Xantho, Mon Talisman, Fleur du Jour, Folle Passion Heavy: Chin-Li	Musc du Tonkin Santal des Indes
Caron	Rose, Violet, Mimosa	Light: N'Aimez que moi, L'Infini Heavy: Nuit de Noel, Bellodgia, Pois de Senteur	Narcisse Noir Tabac Blond
Chanel	Gardenia, Rose, Iris, Chypre	Light: No. 22 Heavy: No. 27, No. 14, Magnolia	Bois des Iles No. 5 No. 55, Special
Isabey	Mimosa, Jasmine, Lilac, Rose, Violet, Gardenia, Lys, Bleu de Chine (the lotus flower)	Light: Sourire Fleuri Heavy: Mon Seul Ami	Ambre de Carthage
Coty	Rose Jacqueminot, Muguet, Jasmine, Cyclamen, Iris, Heliotrope, Jacinthe Lilas Blanc, Lilas Pourpre, Violette, Violette Pourpre, L'Oeillet France	Light: L'Effleurt, Paris Heavy: L'Origan, Styx, Emeraude, L'Aimant, L'Or	Chypre, Antique L'Ambre L'Ambreine
Lenthéric	All florals on order from France	Light: Forêt Vierge, Lotus d'Or, Le Pirate Heavy: Asphodèle, Au Fil de l'Eau	Miracle
Houbigant	Le temps de Lilas, La Rose, France, Jasmin Floral, Quelques Violettes, Violette Houbigant, Oeillet du Roy, Royal Cyclamen, La Giroflée	Light: Quelques Fleurs, Au Matin, Subtilité Heavy: Essence Rare, Idéal, Mon Boudoir	Parfum d'Argeville Un peu d'Ambre
Ybry	Les Fleurs d'Ybry	Light: Mon Ame, Désir du Cœur Heavy: Femme de Paris, Devinez, Les Bourgeons	
Lelong		Light: Parfum "C" Parfum "N" Heavy: Parfum "B"	Parfum "A"
Ciro	Doux Jasmin, Gardenia Sauvage, Chypre du Nil	Light: Bouquet Antique Heavy: Chevalier de la Nuit	Maskee Ambre de Jadis
Hudnut		Light: le Début Bleu, le Début Blanc Heavy: le Début Vert, le Début Noir	
Corday	Gardenia, Jasmine	Heavy: Femme du Jour	Blanchette, Toujours Moi, Orchidée Bleue
d'Orsay	Rose, Violet, Lilas, Muguet, Jasmin, Chypre, Mimosa	Light: Fleur de France Heavy: Toujours Fidèle	Le Dandy
Lionceau	La Saison des Fleurs La Violette Le Jasmine	Light: Place de l'Opera Parfum pour Blondes Heavy: Parfum pour Brunes Le Fleuve Bleu	Brise des Indes Poéme Arabe Nuit d'Egypte
Babani	Jasmin de Corée, Chypre Egyptien, Gardenia	Light: Sousouki Heavy: "Just a Dash"	Ambre de Delhi Yasmak, Ming Saigon, Abdulla Nandita, Ambre Gris

Perfumes classified by the manufacturers

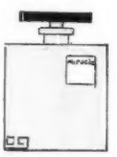
Coty's "L'Aimant"

Patou's "Adieu Sagesse"

Babani's "Just a Dash"

Caron's "Bellodgia"

Chanel's "Bois des Iles"



Lenthéric's "Miracle"

Lelong's "Parfum N"

Houbigant's "Essence Rare"

D'Orsay's "Le Dandy"

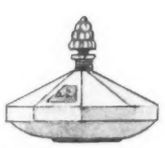
SWEET ARE THE USES OF PERFUMERY

So the clever Woman Discriminates, and Considers How best to Enhance her Charm

By REBECCA STICKNEY

"PERHAPS nothing is more significant about perfume than its power of investing with charm and distinction everything with which it is associated, everything upon which it has left its lingering touch," so writes Richard Le Gallienne in that captivating essay of his, "The Romance of Perfume." "Whether they realized it or not, the men who first made perfumes were seeking to distill something like the essence of human romance, something that in an aromatic dewdrop would convey the drama of living, the intimation of the soul, and the spiritual thrill of love."

And with what fascinating ingredients they had to work: sandalwood from far off India; ambergris from the elusive sperm whale; patchouli from the East Indian herb; musk from the male musk-deer; and, of course, the myriads of flower oils—jasmine, rose, narcissus, violet, mimosa . . . They discovered that only after experimenting painstakingly with other bases and floral scents could they produce the true odor of the desired flower, for the natural flower essence, plus alcohol, was not quite accurate. In this careful study and blending lies the secret of the art of perfumery. To-day, in their modern laboratories, with every scientific convenience at their disposal, the great chemists of this most fascinating of industries, work as eagerly and as absorbedly as in bygone days, using the same bases, sometimes the exact precious formulas which have been handed down for generations, that the charm of the fairest ladies of the land may be enhanced by their precious creations.



Hudnut's "Le Début"

The very word, perfume, suggests France. "As the crusaders came back from Jerusalem," Le Gallienne continues, "they brought home to their ladies the sweet-smelling essences of the East, and among their gifts to St. Louis of France were rare attars and incenses unknown before to the altars and boudoirs of the West . . . The kings and queens of France, and its beautiful ladies who were queens in all but name, have all been, with scarcely an exception, patrons and patronesses of perfume . . . Charles V., himself, directed the planting in the gardens of the Louvre of a garden particularly designed for the distillation of perfumes—lavender, roses, lilies, sage and hyssop. Fair women eagerly sought after musk and ambergris." The perfumed bellows used by Cardinal Richelieu, Anne of Austria's perfumed gloves, the fountains of Paris playing perfume in Catherine de Medici's day, and many other historical points of interest recounted by Mr. Le Gallienne, all explain why it is that Frenchmen are born with the love of perfume in their hearts. It is only natural, therefore, that they should have proved themselves real masters of the art of perfumery, for over hundreds of years the lure of sweet scents has been in their blood. All along the Riviera the finest essential oils in the world are produced, particularly high up among the perfumed hills back of Nice, where lies Grasse, the dream city of flowers.

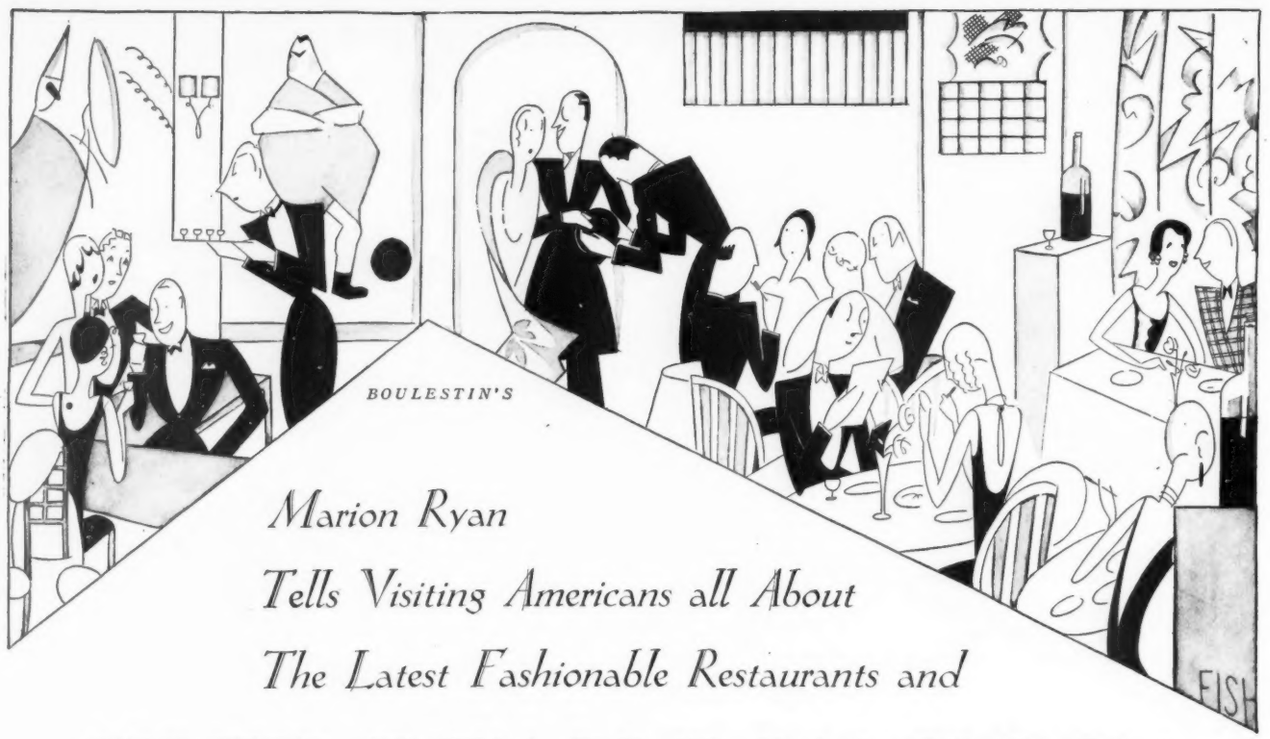
In England, the charm of perfume was considered so potent that the government became agitated over its hold on His Majesty's subjects, and in 1770 a bill was introduced into Parliament which read: "All women of whatever rank, profession or degree, who shall impose upon or betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by the scents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false stays, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes and bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft, and the marriage upon conviction shall be null and void." Fortunately, or unfortunately, for the poor defenseless males, this bill was never put through.

In order to get the most joy out of precious essences one must know how to use them. Most people walk into a shop, sniff eight or ten perfumes, decide on one, take it home and apply it carelessly here and there, and then wonder just why the odor doesn't smell the same as in the store, or last longer on their clothes. To begin with, the nose of the average person cannot possibly get the true bouquet of more than three perfumes, for after that the olfactory nerves are deadened. Next, the whiff you get from the bottle may be entirely different when applied to the skin, for after the alcohol has evaporated and the perfume has mixed with the natural oils of the skin, their chemical composition may kill the true odor absolutely, or change it so drastically that it is hardly recognizable. A Frenchwoman would never dream of buying a bottle of perfume in a hurry, but only after she had tried it out carefully and leisurely on herself. As for the lasting qualities of a perfume—a real perfume should be at its best an hour after it is applied intelligently. This is often the surest test of whether a perfume is as good as it is supposed to be.

Generally speaking, most perfumes are more satisfactory when used in an atomizer, sprayed upon lingerie, fur, hair, and the under hem of the skirt, as even this fine mist sometimes spots pastel frocks.

(*C'td on page 104*)

Corday's "Orchidée Bleue"



Marion Ryan

Tells Visiting Americans all About

The Latest Fashionable Restaurants and

WHERE THEY DINE IN LONDON

Illustrations by Fish

"ENGLISH Society has this eminent advantage, that it is above all others a dinner-giving society," said Thackeray. He was thinking of formal dinners in stately homes, with butlers and footmen moving about like participators in some sacred rite and the guests arranged according to rank rather than inclination.

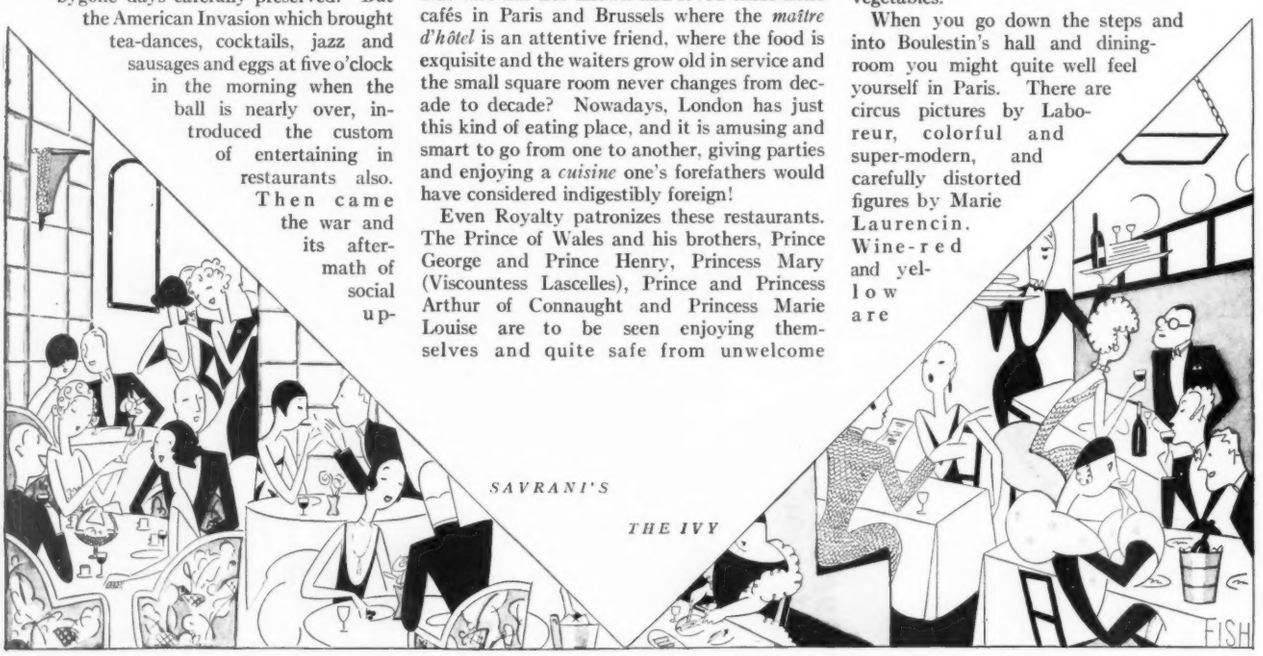
There are still some London hostesses who never dream of entertaining anywhere but in their own houses with the family plate well in evidence and all the ceremony of bygone days carefully preserved. But the American Invasion which brought tea-dances, cocktails, jazz and sausages and eggs at five o'clock in the morning when the ball is nearly over, introduced the custom of entertaining in restaurants also. Then came the war and its aftermath of social upheaval and a servant question; and the little intimate restaurant, with its *patron* an incipient Brillat-Savarin, which had struggled for existence in a place where people with homes stayed in them, suddenly became a feature of London life.

To foreign visitors in New York, intimacy in restaurants or elsewhere seems non-existent. New Yorkers appear to eat in crowds and restaurant managers keep well in the background. The moment a small place becomes at all popular it enlarges its premises and its charm is gone. But who has not known and loved those little cafés in Paris and Brussels where the *maître d'hôtel* is an attentive friend, where the food is exquisite and the waiters grow old in service and the small square room never changes from decade to decade? Nowadays, London has just this kind of eating place, and it is amusing and smart to go from one to another, giving parties and enjoying a *cuisine* one's forefathers would have considered indigestibly foreign!

Even Royalty patronizes these restaurants. The Prince of Wales and his brothers, Prince George and Prince Henry, Princess Mary (Viscountess Lascelles), Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught and Princess Marie Louise are to be seen enjoying themselves and quite safe from unwelcome curiosity, for it would be the worst of bad form for anyone to appear to observe them in any way.

There are many who feel that Marcel Boulestin is the most gifted restaurateur in London and they make their way to his place as to a sort of shrine. It is not in an attractive quarter, either, for it is flanked on one side by that part of Covent Garden Market which used to be a fashionable promenade and shopping place a century or so ago but which is now a center for receiving and distributing fruit and vegetables.

When you go down the steps and into Boulestin's hall and dining-room you might quite well feel yourself in Paris. There are circus pictures by Laboreur, colorful and super-modern, and carefully distorted figures by Marie Laurencin. Wine-red and yellow are



cheerful tones in the decorations and furnishings and every good American is charmed by the ornamental effect of a jereboam of 1869 liqueur brandy on a table by itself.

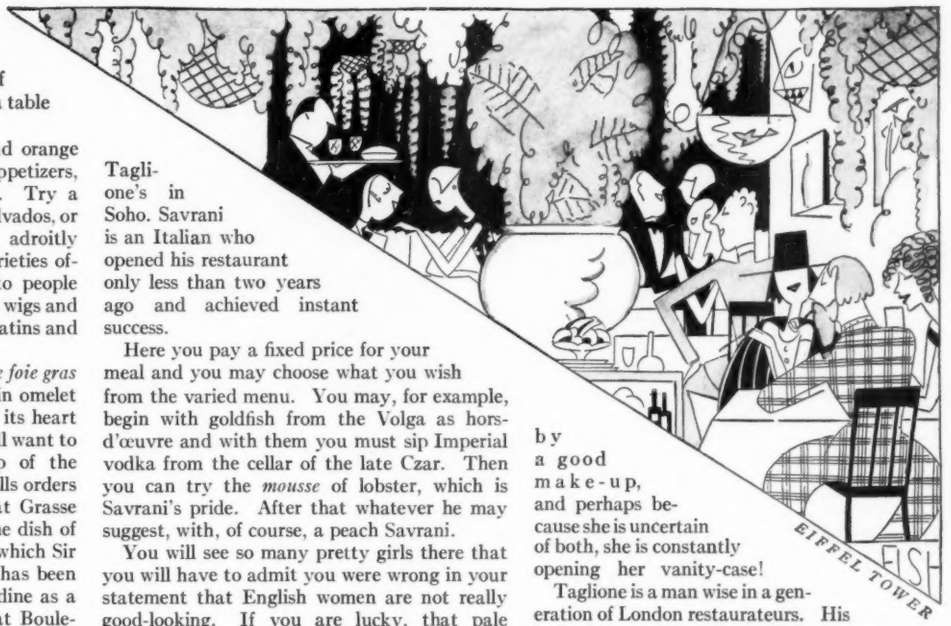
To one tired of the endless gin and orange juice which is an American slogan in appetizers, a Boulestin cocktail is sheer poetry. Try a Deauville which owes its subtlety to calvados, or a *Train Bleu* which is champagne adroitly treated, or any of the six or seven varieties offered, and you will almost be able to people dreary, dingy Covent Garden with the wigs and flowered head-dresses, the jewels and satins and gleaming swords of the past.

And you will be ready for hot *pâté de foie gras* with a wine grape sauce or a Boulestin omelet with mushrooms swathed in cream in its heart and cheese grated over it. And you will want to try the *bouillabaisse*, that fish soup of the South of France, which Mr. H. G. Wells orders when he has left his olives and figs at Grasse long enough to come to London, or the dish of prawns like pale petals in pink cream which Sir James Barrie fancies so much that it has been christened "Mary Rose." You may dine as a Frenchman from Paris or Bordeaux at Boulestin's just as you may have your chicken as a *suprême* with asparagus tips or boiled and stuffed with vegetables.

He is rather proud, this Marcel Boulestin, with his quick eyes and expressive hands, of having a restaurant for the Intelligentsia. Tucked away in a corner with a quiet party, which includes Miss Virginia Woolfe, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Nicolson (Vita Sackville-West) and Mr. and Mrs. John Maynard Keynes (Lydia Lopokova), you will find Mr. Lytton Strachey, always a gracious host.

Or again it will be Max Beerbohm and his copper-haired wife who are having a party, or Tennyson Jesse and her husband, Captain Harwood, or perhaps a slim, quiet, little lady who always lunches there when she is in town, Mrs. Hardy, widow of Thomas Hardy.

If you want to see those Bright Young People, as London has recently christened a certain smart and enterprising set, it is best to go to Savrani's in Jermyn Street or Taglione's in Soho. Savrani is an Italian who opened his restaurant only less than two years ago and achieved instant success.



Here you pay a fixed price for your meal and you may choose what you wish from the varied menu. You may, for example, begin with goldfish from the Volga as hors-d'œuvre and with them you must sip Imperial vodka from the cellar of the late Czar. Then you can try the *mousse* of lobster, which is Savrani's pride. After that whatever he may suggest, with, of course, a peach Savrani.

You will see so many pretty girls there that you will have to admit you were wrong in your statement that English women are not really good-looking. If you are lucky, that pale young man with a shy smile whom everyone avoids staring at will be the Prince of Wales and his livelier and rosier companion, Prince George. Perhaps Miss Elizabeth Ponsonby, leader of the Bright Young People, will be having a gay party there, but she will not stage a mock wedding as she did recently, for she never repeats herself. If there is a girl with daffodil hair and a particularly lovely frock it is sure to be one of the Guinness sisters and cousins, and Lady Victor Paget, a favorite dancing partner of the Prince of Wales, is likely to be in that party or another. So is Miss Olivia Wyndham, sister of the Duke of Westminster, statuesque and addicted to Grecian robes, and fascinating Miss Poppy Baring, who has the blackest eyes in London, is a great friend of Prince George's and a central figure among the Bright Young People.

Good food and wines and music are the prime factors in the success of Savrani, for his rooms are rather narrow and airless; the decorations are effectively primrose yellow, but not particularly artistic; and the dancing space is limited. But, anyway, it is the place to go in this Year of Grace and probably for many more.

Very few London restaurants are decorated and lighted with a view to making every woman look her best. New York women have all the advantage in that way. The Englishwoman has to rely on natural charm aided by a good make-up, and perhaps because she is uncertain of both, she is constantly opening her vanity-case!

Taglione is a man wise in a generation of London restaurateurs. His little place is a symphony of mauves and dull golds with a gentle, kindly glow. His curtains are not pulled way back to let in the cruel daytime glare, nor is his lighting of the kind which pours down viciously from a center bracket determined to show up one's best effort to conceal the ravages of the pointed fingernail of age. Taglione is a lover of beauty, so he lights it with rose-colored tenderness. After all, he is a descendant of that Taglione who danced her way to fame and royal favor.

Not only are his decorations artistic and becoming, but one sips wine from Venetian goblets with colorful rims round which peacocks strut and jolly cupids frolic and eat food creations from gilded plates. Indeed, he does his best for us in every way. From Paris by aeroplane, he gets the first asparagus and early peas and the little wood strawberries that are to be smothered in cream. His caviar is not to be missed. His sauces are silky and his *sole à la Russe* is cooked in champagne. His crêpe Bannerman, named for the popular actress, is of tissue-paper lightness and after a burning bath in maraschino has a spoonful of vanilla ice-cream rolled in it. He gives soft music and he comes to pay his respects to you, suave and grace-

(*Concluded on page 118*)

Drawn especially for Harper's Bazar by Mary MacKinnon

MRS. HOWARD LINN

Mrs. Linn is conspicuously placed in the smart world of Chicago, having been, before her marriage, Miss Lucy McCormick Blair, daughter of Edward Tyler Blair, Esq., of Lake Shore Drive. In Chicago Mrs. Linn is a member of the Casino, Arts and Fortnightly Clubs, and the guests at her delightful entertainments are culled from the exclusive membership lists of those organizations.

A Story by Isa Glenn:

"Angelica snatched the receiver off the hook, but the telephone had ceased ringing."

TANTALUS

Life Seems to be Made up of a Long Series Of too Soons and too Lates

Illustration by James Preston

"I'LL ring you up from the Grand Central at six o'clock this evening, Angelica; I'll arrange to get there with a few minutes to spare before my train leaves. You've plenty of time, between now and then, to make up your mind. Sure you understand that I've reached my limit of patience? A man can't dangle forever."

Angelica thought that if she lifted her eyes to his face she might love him, but also she might hate him, and she had not, in fact, made up her mind.

"This is the last time I'm going to ask you to marry me," he continued. His eyes smiled—she knew this, from his voice; but his mouth was hard, and she knew this, too, from his voice.

It was herself, meanwhile, that she hated. She hated herself because only a ruthless man could arouse her. She stared at the untouched food on her plate, food that he had selected for her; and in her mind she knew that her long lashes drooped against her cheeks with an effect of shyness, affection and hesitant withdrawal curiously intermingled. She was conscious that she did, in truth, feel a most curious intermingling of emotions. It was the force of his gaze, which claimed while appraising her. She knew she epitomized all that he wanted of life. She knew that in his imagination he was dressing her up, like a pretty doll that he had bought, hanging upon her the rare jewels that never before had he had a good excuse for buying. His bright blue eyes burned through the crown of her hat, appraising this also. "You wouldn't have to put up with cheap things, once you married me," he had promised.

She had told him that she went to parties in the Fifth Avenue bus, removing her hat before the servant at the door should catch sight of it. Anything could be hidden under an evening wrap, she had reassured him; and as to shoes, you could get away with gaudy slippers in the bus, for people would merely decide that you did not know how to dress. But he had not been amused by this; instead, he had bent over her with a yearning (*Continued on page 108*)

By John R. Tunis:

POUR LE SPORT

How Tennis helped the Modern Diana in Shortening her Skirts

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Skating in Central Park in 1900.

MISS Toupie Lowther—yes, it's a real name; she was the indoor tennis champion of England in 1901—had this to say some thirty years ago upon the question of clothes for women in sports:

"A lady's modesty does not prevent her from doing gymnastics, for instance, before a large audience, dressed in garments befitting the occasion; and yet she will appear on a tennis court in skirts very often so long that she is in danger of falling over them and injuring herself, not to speak of losing the stroke, or game, or match."

Thus it will be observed that even in those days sport was beginning to make its peculiar angle upon women's clothes felt. To appreciate fully the effect of athletics upon women's costumes during the past forty years, however, one must have before one the visual comparison of these sportswomen of the 'nineties and our modern Dianas. Only then is the influence of sport really perceived, only then can you understand how much athletics have assisted women in freeing themselves from the incubus of clothes that weighed upon them less than half a century ago.

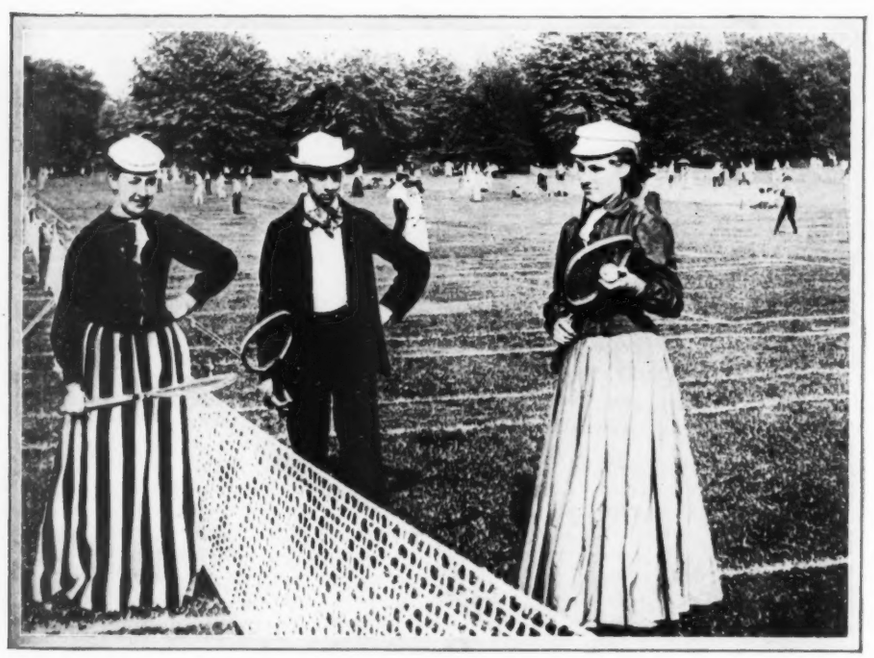
Sport has emancipated women's fashions. But one great drawback to a union of style and adaptability in informal clothes for the sex has unquestionably been the fact that, up to several years ago, at any rate, all such costumes were designed by a few *couturiers* in the well-known city of Paris, whose idea of a good afternoon's sport was to sit behind a *bock* or a *vermouth cassis* on the *terrasse* of a café on the Boulevards surveying the passing crowd. It was a gentleman of this sort who, never having witnessed a match of anything more severe than dominoes, would retire to his office and proceed to sketch out a dress entitled, "*Très Sport*," or, "*Pour le Sport*," or something with an equally euphonious and equally meaningless title. For the trouble usually was that *Très Sport*, when worn, proved to be about as well suited for a healthy, full-blooded drive as a strait-jacket.

HERBERT PHOTOS

Bicycling had a costume all its own.

But "*autres temps, autres mœurs*," as the great dress designer upon the Rue Royale said with a shrug of his massive shoulders when they pointed out that no matter how lovely a skirt was or how well it hung, it failed of its purpose, if made for sport, when it effectively prevented the wearer from navigating faster than a slow walk. Yes, times have changed, other customs and other clothes have come along. Few who praise the clothes of the modern woman, however, realize the debt the feminine sex the world over owes to sport, and how almost all the great women athletes have contributed their share toward a sensible and stylish costume. Now clothes are designed for special sport resorts. One often sees "Antibes skirts", "Antibes bathing-suits" and fascinating accessories created for, or made famous by, some particular beach or gathering place.

The short skirt, greatest of all blessings to the modern woman in sport or in business, was an idea of Mademoiselle Suzanne Lenglen's. She has never received the credit for it, and doubtless never will; but it was her refusal, as she grew up, to lengthen her skirts upon the court and thus handicap herself in her matches, that set the dressmakers of Paris thinking. Miss Helen Wills did just as much when she invented the eyeshade that is in such common use to-day, and if you don't think this is a blessing, cast an eye over the hats worn by the ladies in sport of forty years ago. To-day such monstrosities are a thing of the past; the dub and the champion alike wear the small eyeshade which keeps the hair in place and protects the face and complexion from the glare of the August sunshine. Senorita Lili D'Alvarez is responsible for the little white woolen sock worn so daintily over the silk stocking and coming to the top of a low shoe, that sock which effectively protects the long-suffering feet of the modern sportswoman. Coming straight from a couple of months of winter sports in (*Concluded on page 113*)



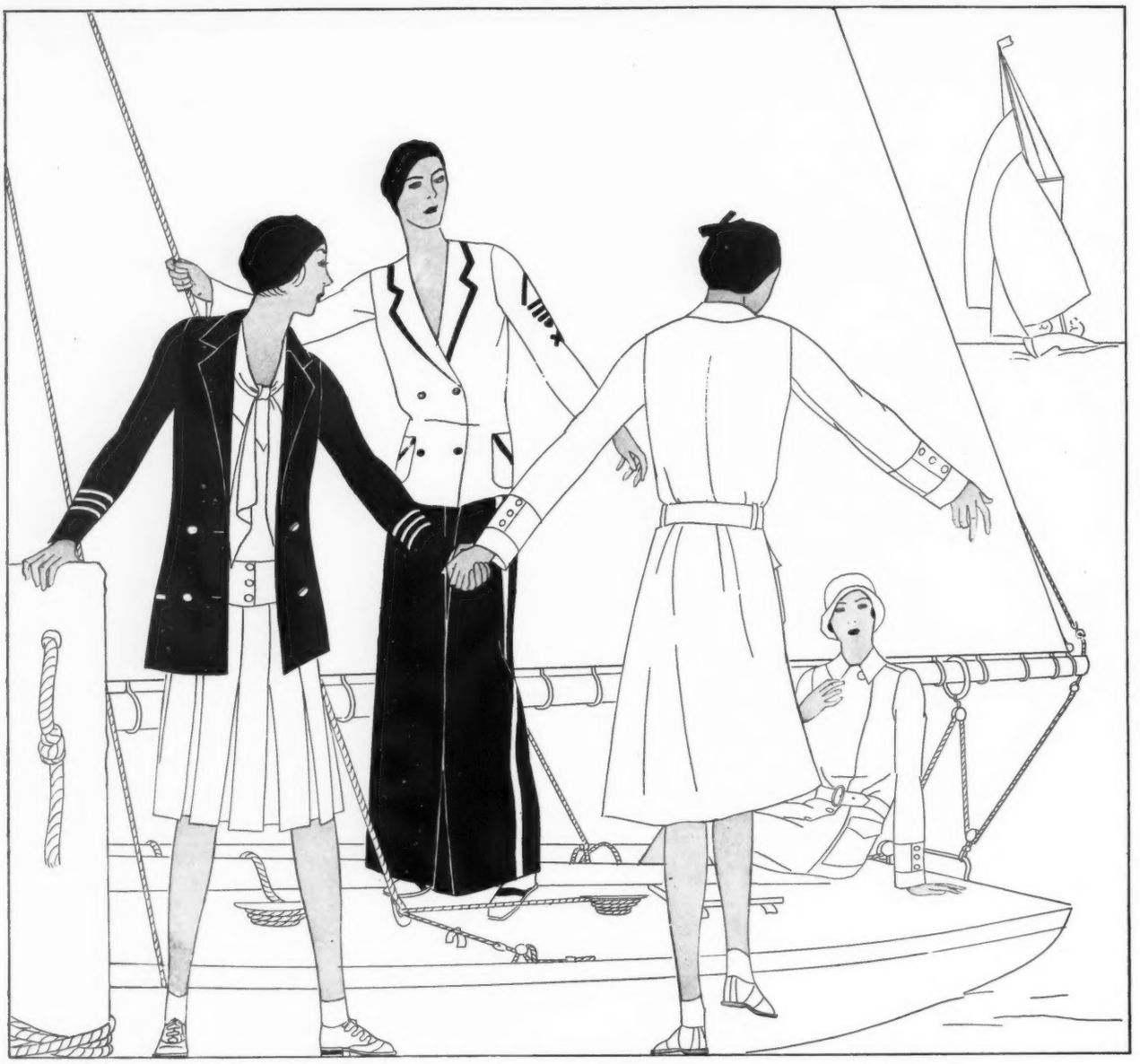
UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

What the well-dressed tennis player wore twenty-five years ago.

Sherril Schell

MRS. THOMAS MARKOE ROBERTSON

who was gracious enough to pose for this picture, is one of the loveliest young matrons in the fashionable Long Island set. She is the sister of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, jr., and divides her summer season between Old Westbury and Southampton. Mrs. Robertson's tennis frock, contrasted with the costumes of the tennis players on the opposite page, gives delightful evidence of the emancipation of feminine sports fashions.



THE SMART WOMAN GOES NAUTICAL

Altman imports from Vivian Porter a classic type of yachting costume. The navy blue flannel coat with brass buttons and sleeve bands is worn over a white jersey tuck-in jumper and white flannel skirt with hip yoke and box plaits.

Appropriately nautical in feeling for midsummer yachting is a shantung gob pyjama suit from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The loose trousers of navy blue are banded with white. The double-breasted coat has blue straps and interesting sleeve devices.

A yellow slicker of rubberized shantung from Altman is a practical and comfortable accessory for those who go to sea in small craft. It has patch pockets and wide belt and is shown here with a modified type of beret in gay orange silk.

A Prince of Wales type of sports shoe with perforations, rubber soles and flat heels. B. Altman.

A white buckskin sports shoe with rubber sole and saddle marked by perforated lines. From B. Altman.

SHIPSHAPE CLOTHES FOR YACHTING

A yachting jacket of brown, beige and cream knitted material in diamond shaped design is worn with a white flannel skirt which has gored fulness and buttons onto a silk blouse. The fringed scarf is triangular. From Bergdorf Goodman.

A smartly tailored Boievain frock, made in white flat crepe, has a shirtwaist blouse with a turnover collar and soft tie. The skirt is made on a wide yoke, accenting the natural waist-line, and has two inverted plaits in front. Franklin Simon.

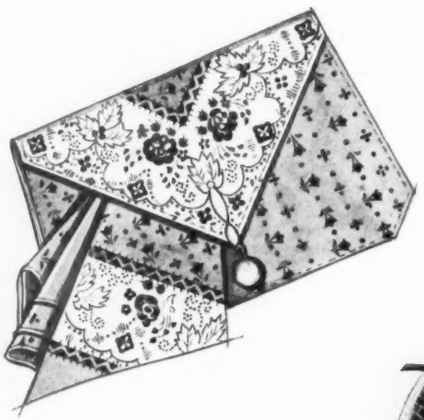
A chic and practical costume for yachting, made in a navy blue woolen material, comes from Mrs. Franklin. The jumper is cut exactly like a sailor blouse with a V neck, and a silk scarf is tied into a sailor knot. The skirt is finely plaited in front.

A smart costume for the sea is made by Lucile Paray. The skirt, which has a plaited peplum, is made in azure blue wool crepe, very light in weight, and the matching boucle sweater has a diagonal flag design across the front. Bendel.

A Sandalari shoe in white doeskin and brown calf with a medium heel. Abercrombie and Fitch.

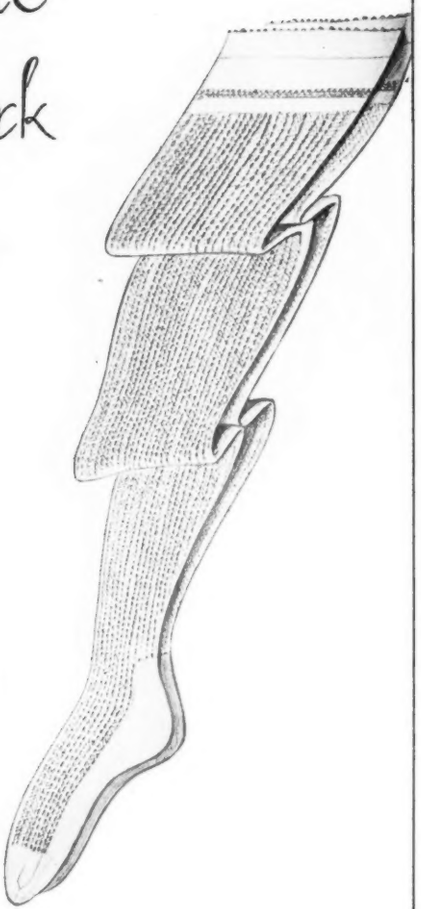
Mauvette kid Sandalari oxford with woven thongs and medium heel. From Abercrombie and Fitch.

From the New York Shops

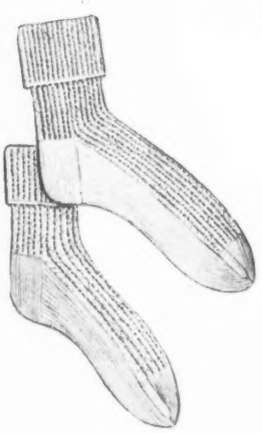


Kerchief and bag of printed cotton from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

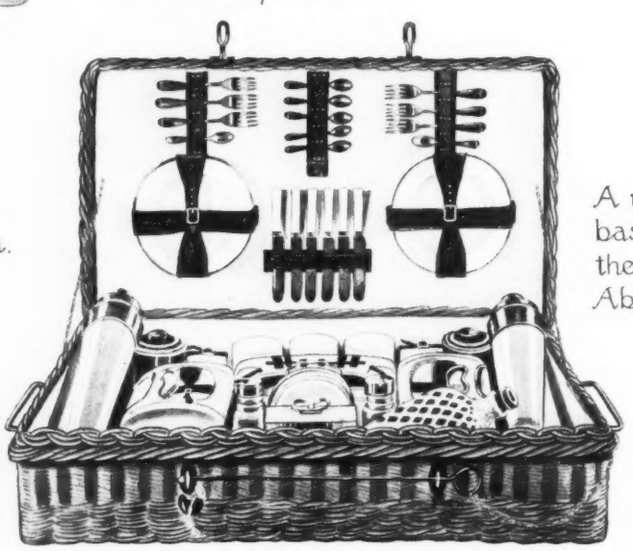
Black velvet béret, may be worn with or without veil. Saks-Fifth Avenue.



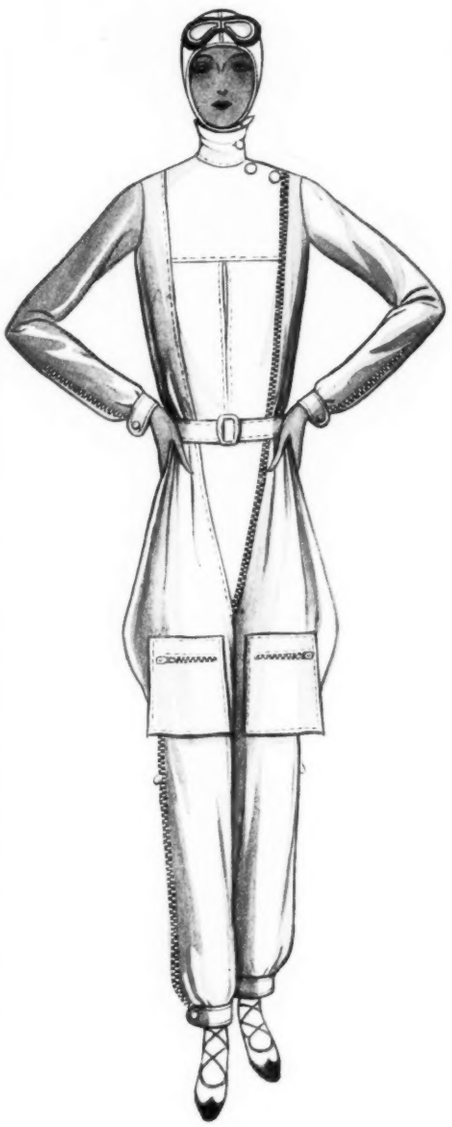
Summer stockings in a new square mesh B. Altman



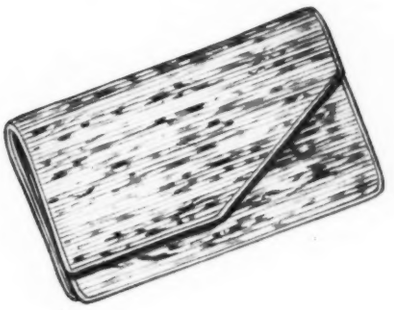
Sports socks of salmon pink angora. B. Altman.



A yachting luncheon basket, complete to the last detail. Abercrombie & Fitch.



A suit for aviation or speed boats of khaki or white gabardine with zipper closings B Altman.



Envelope bag, narrow, flexible strips of wood. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Envelope evening bag, iridescent beads, treated to make them luminous. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Agnès yellow béret, binding, and appliqué of pink printed linen. Matching printed scarf. Imported by Bruck Weiss.

Sports socks of silk mesh with turnback cuff. B. Altman.

A shoe of white buckskin, blue trim, solid leather heel. Vida Moore.

Veronica E. Kelley

Mignon makes a wide-brimmed hat for mid-summer wear in old-fashioned leghorn and trims it with braided grosgrain.

Rows of varicolored braid make the crown of this Suzanne Talbot hat and the soft brim is beige organdie. From B. Altman.

Fine natural-colored string is knitted into a charming hat by Agnes, giving the effect of old Spanish lace. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

WIDE OR NARROW BRIMS OR NONE AT ALL

Drawn in color by Malaga Grenet

Alencon lace is used for this afternoon frock from Saks-Fifth Avenue, made over a foundation of beige satin veiled in chiffon. The scalloped edges of the lace form the shoulder cape, peplum and skirt flounces. The balibuntl hat is a Patou adaptation.

Lenief makes a charming flowered chiffon dress in delicate shades of capucine, red and gray on a creamy background. Soft lines are achieved by the long trailing side panels and cape like sleeves. The garden hat of beige straw has hand-painted flowers and a twist of velvet ribbon which repeats the tones of the print. Altman.

FOR INFORMAL EVENINGS OR FOR AFTERNOON WEAR

Drawn in color by Grace Hart

FOR TENNIS UNDER THE FRIENDLY SUN

Made of white cravatte silk in a satin stripe, is this extremely practical, sleeveless tennis frock from Wanamaker. There is a round, high neck both back and front, and a red leather belt which c'oses with an attractive buckle of smoked pearl. The bright red note is repeated at the front in a striking monogram. The flaring godets of the skirt give a very circular effect and provide ample room for the active sportswoman.

A white shantung tennis dress from Lord and Taylor with tuckin blouse and a skirt cut with a yoke. It is part of an ensemble which is shown in its entirety on the far right figure on the opposite page, with a cardigan jacket of green shantung. The jumper has a round neck and buttons down the front, held by a belt of green. The full skirt has godets at the front, and circular sides, furnishing the necessary width for the courts.

Drawn in color by Grace Hart

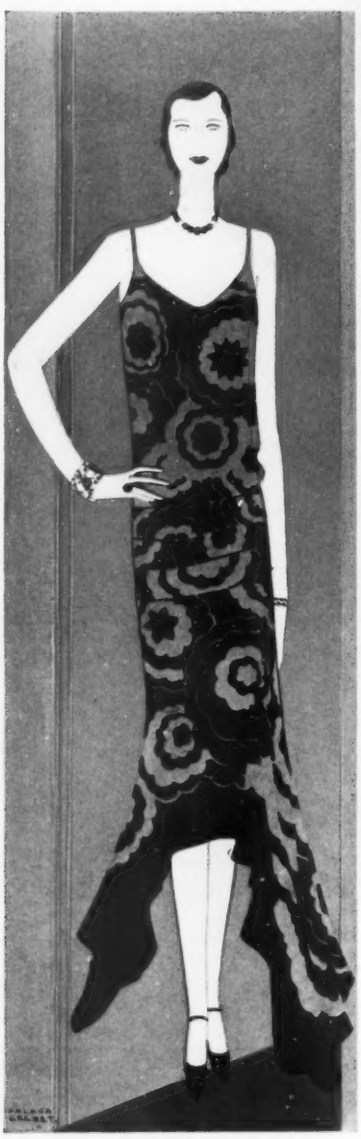
GARDEN OVERALLS AND SUMMER FROCKS

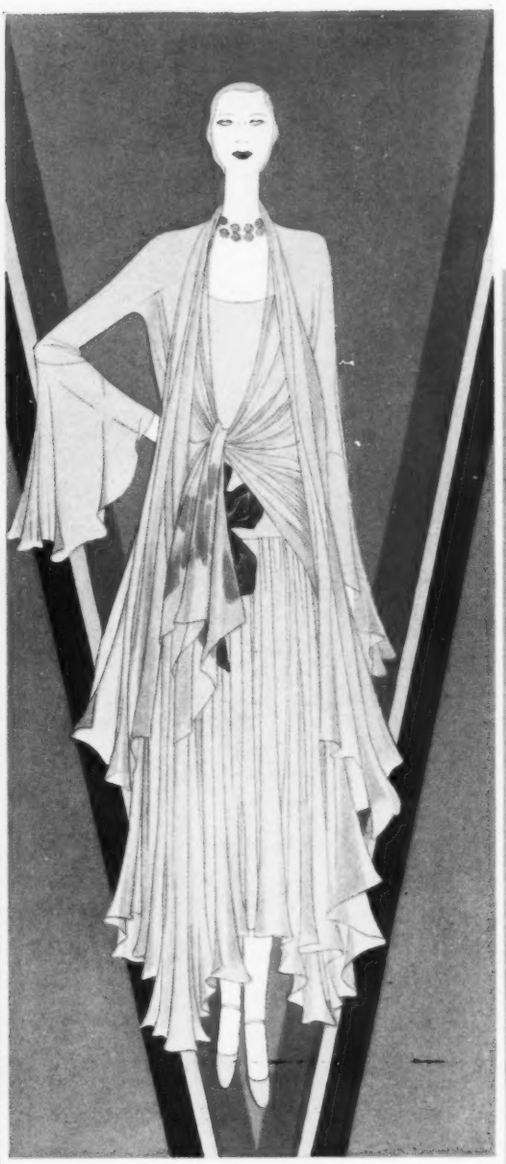
Overalls in bright rose linen with a short-sleeved white cotton shirt make a charming costume for garden, beach or any informal sports wear. The large leghorn hat has a rose band. From Best.

An imported tennis frock in white flat crepe, finely plaited and hemstitched, has a soft jabot down the front bound in red and a red stitched belt. The silk cardigan is the same color. Kurzman.

Bonwit Teller imports a simple little tennis dress in white tub silk with a turnover collar and plaited skirt. The sleeveless geranium sweater adds a pleasing bit of color as well as warmth.

This white crepe sleeveless frock from Franklin Simon has a note of high color in the king's blue lacing, which crosses the square chemisette in a diagonal line and ties in a big soft bow.





Drawn in color by Malaga Grenet

CHIFFONS ARE IMPORTANT FOR SUMMER EVENINGS

Jay-Thorpe uses green and black printed chiffon in a bold modern design for a charming frock for summer nights. Below the tightly molded hip-line, the skirt, edged with plain black, dips sharply on the sides. The green shoulder-straps are narrow almost to the vanishing point. The round neck-line becomes a deep V at the back.

A divine evening ensemble of chiffon in pale hydrangea blue from Stein and Blaine. The circular skirt, fashioned of layer upon layer of chiffon, dips in infinite points and is held at the hip with a satin bow of deeper violet tone. The matching coatee ties across the front in a surplice line with long floating scarf ends.

One of the season's favorite color combinations is emphasized in this printed chiffon frock, with large leafed motif of chocolate brown on a white background. The skirt, short in the front, has triple flounces shirred across the back in a dipping line, slashed in panels with edges picoted in petal formation. From Bergdorf Goodman.

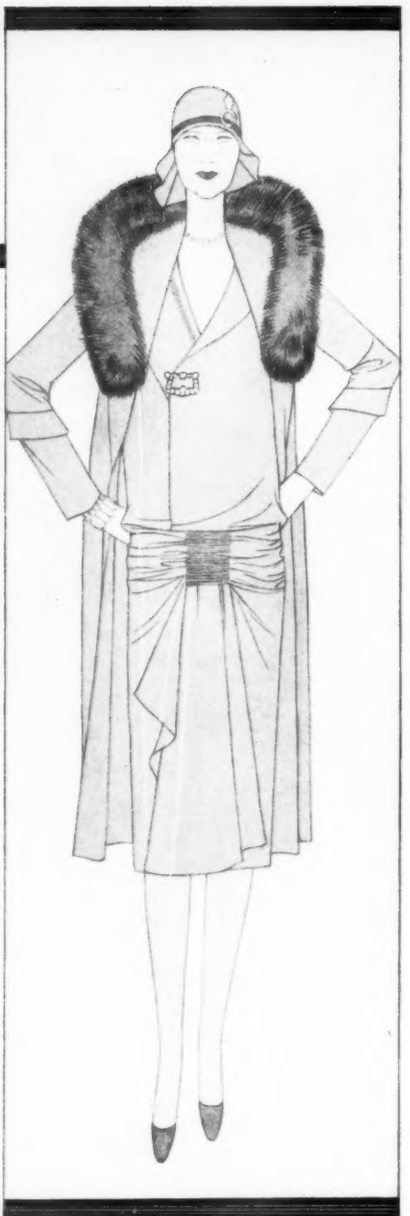
A Patou hat in fine black baku, edged with tulle and trimmed with a narrow band of matching grosgrain ribbon. Henri Bendel.

Coarse shiny straw in black, blue and white is used for this Reboux hat and a blue ribbon trims the crown. Wanamaker.

From Bruck Weiss comes a lovely warm-weather hat, with a crown of baku and a soft rolling brim of finely stitched black velvet.

SHADE YOUR EYES WITH TULLE OR VELVET

CLOTHES FOR THE WOMAN PAST HER FIRST YOUTH



Delft blue flat crepe makes this daytime ensemble for summer wear; a collar of blue fox furnishing a note of richness and a touch of warmth. The shirring about the hip-line of the frock is concentrated at the center front. The matching felt hat has wide back brim and band of grosgrain. Billie Kaye.

Here is a delightful summer evening gown in printed chiffon combining soft gray-blue and black in a striking design. Two huge poppies are posed at the center front—one of rose, one of mauve violet. The cape back and deep point of the hem give a straight, slim line to the figure. Thurn.

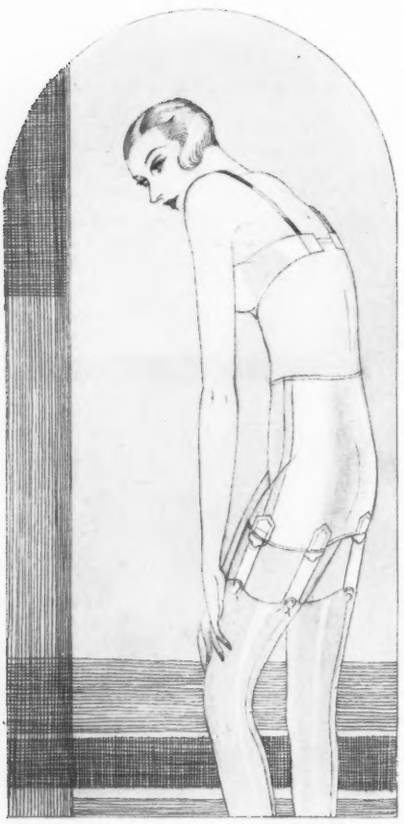
A charming example of the summer fur coat, of American lamb in a warm cream shade, collared in blue fox. Slenderizing lines are achieved by the slightly flaring front. A light fur coat for steamer or motor is a happy addition to the summer wardrobe. H. Jaeckel.

CHARMING ATTIRE TO FLATTER THE MORE MATURE FIGURE

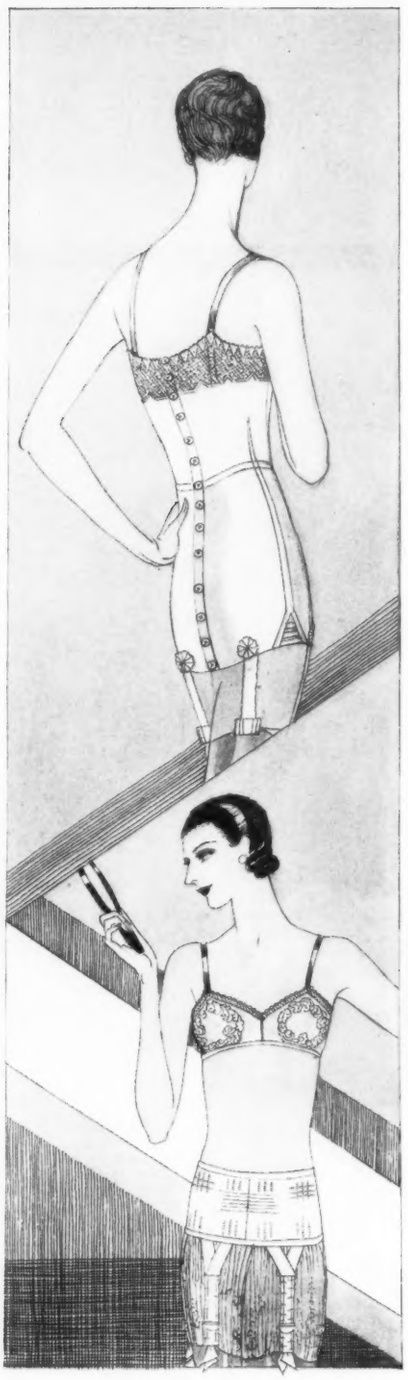
A useful type of ensemble from Bergdorf Goodman in which a light-weight gray wool sweater combines with skirt of gray broadcloth made on the wrong side of the fabric, giving the effect of super quality flannel. The made-to-measure sweater has a vestee of yellow linen. Hat of gray felt.

A most useful outfit for the street on warm days is a coat dress from Vionnet in printed crepe—brown and two shades of beige. A vest of plain beige, with brown bone buttons, and a brown leather belt are interesting details. The Agnes hat is of chartreuse baku. Imported by Henri Bendel.

An enchanting summer evening wrap from Vionnet. The upper section of black velvet is combined with circular pieces of black chiffon in double thickness, pointed at the sides. The softly rolled collar of ermine gives a stamp of distinction. Henri Bendel.

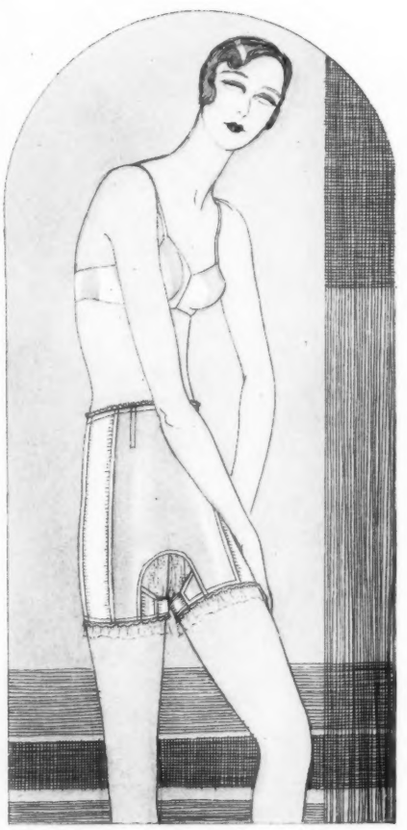


An excellent reducing girdle from Best and Company, designed for the active sportswoman whose figure has a tendency to plumpness. Made of substantial cotton rubber fabric in flesh color, it performs the double office of giving straight lines to the figure and at the same time effectually reducing one about the waist and hips. For tennis and golf it would be admirable.



For the slim young thing here is an ideal combination from Lord and Taylor. The brassiere is of very fine flesh net, ornamented by appliqued circles of Alencon lace. The Belgian garter belt is of flesh crepe Elizabeth, with hand tucks and hemstitching. Four garters are attached.

A very dainty corselette for the slender woman, who nevertheless wants her figure slightly molded. It is made of flesh crepe and satin, lace trimmed. From Madame Isabelle Campbell.



A very ingenious Gossard corset especially designed to meet the needs of the woman who would like to go without stockings. The new and interesting feature is two elastic straps which fit around the leg and hold the girdle firmly in place. These clever straps insure comfort and stability and effectually dispose of the problem of the dangling garters. It may be had from Best.

GIRDLES FOR THE SLIM YOUNG FIGURE

A three-in-one garment from Bonwit Teller has an all silk elastic girdle with two bones in back and front, fine Alencon panties, and molded brassiere. The shoulder straps are elastic.

A corselette ensemble from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The girdle has front and back panels of flesh satin and silk elastic sides. The brassiere section is Alencon lace appliqued on flesh-colored net and there are separate panties of matching flesh satin, with a yoke and wide band of the Alencon, which serve as a slip. The back, cut in a deep V, is designed for evening wear.

An excellent brassiere to wear with low-backed dresses comes from Franklin Simon. It is made in thin net with elastic shoulder straps and has nothing in the back except an elastic band, which crosses over and fastens in front. It is extremely well cut and has the new uplift shape.

Practical and attractive is this ensemble from Bonwit Teller. The girdle is flesh-colored satin with silk elastic side sections. The attached bodice, uplift brassiere, and over-skirt are of fine Alencon lace with shoulder straps of narrow ribbon. Being all in one piece and having a very low cut back makes it a particularly serviceable garment to wear with the low cut evening gowns.

SLENDERIZING ONE-PIECE GARMENTS

By the Duchess of Sermoneta:

IN LONDON SOCIETY

The English Capital Has long Upheld its Reputation for Ceremonious Formality

Lady Paget, a great beauty, was one of the most popular hostesses of London society in the early nineteen hundreds.

Part Four:

IN JUNE of 1904 I attended a Court in London, and the kindness of the Italian Ambassadress, Donna Maria Pansa, made this delightfully easy for me, as she loaned me a beautiful mauve velvet train of her own and took me to Buckingham Palace herself.

All the ceremonial interested me very much, as it was so different from any we have at the Quirinal. After we had waited for some time in one of the drawing-rooms, a roll of drums and the sound of "God Save the King" announced the arrival of Their Majesties in the big ballroom next door. Lady Lansdowne, as Mistress of the Robes, was the first to file past followed by the Diplomatic Corps, and as I was with the Italian Ambassadress we passed through together, performed our deep courtesies successfully, and then took our places on the seats reserved for diplomatists, on the left-hand side of the throne.

That evening was spoiled for me by a small tragedy. I had lost my eye-glasses! So I sat for hours seeing what appeared to be all the women of England file past, and wondering whether they were beauties or monsters. All I could see were pink, blue, yellow, green, gold and silver trains, sliding past as links of an enormous chain, and the King and Queen bowing to each one for over two hours. When I had given up all hope of it ending, the chain of many colored links suddenly broke; the King rose and took the Queen by the hand, the band played "God Save the King" and Their Majesties walked slowly out of the room.

The late Mrs. Potter Palmer, who entertained the Duchess in London.

Count Mensdorff came and looked for me and took me in to supper. They had told him to take in an Ambassadress, but he had answered that as the youngest Ambassador in the world, he wanted to have supper with whom he liked. In those days Albert Mensdorff was the *enfant gâté* of London.

It was in the same gay season that the Prince and Princess of Wales, now of course King George and Queen Mary, gave a lovely party at Marlborough House. It was quite a tiny affair, of only about a hundred and fifty guests, and the Prince and Princess received them, speaking to each one with the greatest simplicity and charm. I think we danced in an improvised ballroom built out in the garden, or perhaps it was the supper room that was the temporary affair; I only remember that the Prince of Wales made me sit near him at supper, and that Queen Alexandra, gracious and lovely, and *so* gay, sat on his other side. They began to tease me about an enormous latchkey that fell out of my bag. In my grandmother's old-fashioned house Yale locks were unknown, and I had had considerable difficulty in making the butler trust me with a huge and ancient key. Anyhow, it caused great amusement at the supper table, and the Queen seized it and hung it on her shoulder amid her many decorations.

At our table were the Duchess of Westminster (Sheila) then at the height of her beauty; Lady Cynthia Graham, the Aga Khan and the German Ambassador, Count Metternich.

In those days I loved balls and dancing, and how often I remember coming back to the old house in Eaton Square in the bright morning sunlight, with all the sparrows twittering in the trees; my arms full of cotillion favors and the chiffon flounces on my long skirt all torn to shreds! I thought nothing then of going out to dinner in broad daylight and returning when the sun had already risen, having seen the night through!

How many, many parties I seem to remember!

A gay fancy-dress one was given at Claridge's Hotel, by Lord Winterton and F. E. Smith (now risen to celebrity as Lord Birkenhead). I think in those days they were both bachelors. Lord Winterton was dressed as a French policeman and F. E. Smith as a rather dandified marquis, all in white satin and powder. It was in the early days of the Russian ballet, when people went mad about "Les Sylphides", and an exquisite pair of these fairies, with short tulle skirts, little wings and rose-wreaths in their hair, were Nancy Astor (at present Lady Astor and a Member of Parliament), and Lady Lytton, now the mother of such lovely daughters. They joined hands and danced gracefully round dear old Lord Chaplin, who looked at them with a gracious smile, murmuring, "The darlings, the darlings!"

I was a rather fanciful Empress Theodora, in red velvet with a gold crown, and a lily in my hand, simply because I liked its perfume. I don't know why I called myself "Theodora" at all! The two Grenfell twins, so well known as polo players, and both fated to be killed in the Great War, were dressed exactly alike as toreadors and were quite indistinguishable one from the other.

Count Felix Elsten, now Prince Youssoupoff, was there, and no one dreamed that the handsome, quiet youth would one day leap into notoriety as one of Rasputin's murderers! He wore a marvelous Russian costume of gold brocade and dark sables, (*Continued on page 120*)

By Richmond Barrett:

LOVELY DEAUVILLE, ENCHANTING BIARRITZ

These Two Summer Capitals of The Old World Reign Supreme — And Always Will

Illustrations by Léon Bénigni

"The sunlight catches a sail here and there and glorifies it into a slender wedge of warm gold."

IT OFTEN strikes me as extraordinary that Europe, with so many thick veins of successive histories and civilizations running through it, should never have achieved a watering-place of more than fugitive glory. The conventional smart bathing resort on the Continent is usually an exotic that is coaxed by some clever promoter into blossoming for a few seasons. On these unnatural growths human caprice acts with a peculiar venom.

In a way, Biarritz is a typical watering-place; but it has endured more sturdily than any of its rivals. Biarritz! The very name gives it distinction. There's an electric current humming through it. Those drum-like *r's* and the final spurt of the *z* make it a fascinating bit of vocal fireworks. Speaking the names of other famous resorts—Deauville, the Lido, San Remo—one feels a lack of sparkle after one has uttered that dashing, magical word, Biarritz.

Apart from its name, Biarritz can boast a certain tradition. It has lived to the venerable age of seventy-five years and still remains crowded and fashionable. A great snob, a *grande dame* among watering-places, Biarritz!

As a matter of fact, the much flaunted tradition of Biarritz dates back only to the Second Empire. What would the great families of France, the descendants of the Bourbons and the Orléans clan, say of that frippery little claim to fame? Poor, disconsolate, bilious Napoleon 3rd never inspired much awe in the bosoms of his more aristocratic subjects. And Eugénie? By some authorities she was considered the most beautiful woman in Europe. Without a doubt she was the most exquisitely gowned; and, by grafting strange shoots upon her family tree, she did make it groan with royal fruits. Still, granting all that, Eugénie never could quite carry off the rôle of Empress. She lacked repose; she was conscious of being on parade. Dowdy, dusty old Victoria, on the other hand, had the authentic air, *was* Queen of England and Empress of India and all the rest of her thunderous titles. Beside her, Eugénie looked the sham, the opera bouffe queen.

Biarritz owes its renown to Eugénie, was practically created in accordance with her mock-royal whim; and, therefore, Biarritz commands our respect. How ephemeral these European summer capitals are, when such an upstart can throne it by right of age and lineage.

"I know I shall love Biarritz," I have often said. Eagerly I looked forward to the day when I should stand on the famous Plage and divide my attention between the Bay of Biscay and the Hôtel du Palais, once Eugénie's favorite château.

I still love Biarritz—but only when I stand at the very edge of the surf, with my back turned squarely upon the Plage and the great hotels—even the Hôtel du Palais!—and with my eyes fixed on the sea. Never has a superb background been more wantonly marred than at Biarritz. To be quite brutal, it is one of the ugliest jumbles of massive bad taste in architecture that the earth can show. The cliffs that jut far out into the sea, on either side of the Plage, form a gigantic natural fortification. They have been chipped at and fretted and bitten into by the centuries till they resemble the mildewing ruins of some prehistoric castle; the sea has hammered them away at the base so that at any moment one expects great chunks of them to break off and crash down into the waves. They are really stupendous, those cliffs. And upon them and around them have been piled in disorder dozens of hotels and villas and shops.

Of course, the idea of consistency has never entered the heads of the men engaged in the building scramble. Biarritz contains specimens of every style of architecture that has had its vogue in the past half century. Some of the buildings are impressive, I admit. The Hôtel du Palais has solidity, a certain air of hauteur, though it isn't to-day the actual château Eugénie built. Having been destroyed twice by fire and enlarged many times, its claim to Napoleonic greatness rests largely at present on such accessories as the imperial bees on the carpet of the grand staircase and the interlaced initials N. and E. on the wrought-iron gates and the brick façade. Nowadays, the power behind the imperial bees is not an Empress in crinolines from Worth but a shrewd little business man in sober black. Cigolini he calls himself. I often wonder if that can be his real name; it seems too

perfectly in the Offenbach tradition to be genuine.

If you would hear the praises of the Hôtel du Palais sung with sweet incoherence, read the official pamphlet published by the management. The writer of the brochure says in part: "This prodigious nature, all teeming with life, with health, carved from the rock and flowered with twenty neighboring dales, worn by the sea, knows how to inspire and how to chronicle the praises of her splendor, varied by the panorama which is permitted to continue to the end. This castle evokes the memory of fairy-stories of 'A Thousand and One Nights.' With the Municipal Casino the Casino Bellevue, equally due to the same architects, in whom the genius of creation is inexhaustible, possesses also the sea, with nights of beauty and marvel of nature." For such style as this there's only one word—lapidarian!

I do wish that Monsieur Cigolini and his henchmen would exercise a more rigid control, not only over the syntax and punctuation of their laureate, but over the building activities at Biarritz.

The "genius of creation is inexhaustible," no one can deny it; it does, however, lack coordination. Even New York can't compare with Biarritz when it comes to ripping up pavements and tearing down houses. Every day, leaving the Hôtel du Palais for a quiet stroll on the Plage, I would have the unpleasant feeling that the whole world was on the point of collapsing about my ears. Biarritz, it would seem, is razed every night and reconstructed the next day in accordance with some new and fantastic whim of the ruling powers. It's all so untidy and illogical and disorganized. The steam drills sound like enormous and infuriated woodpeckers; armies of workmen carry pails of mortar; everywhere great planks and beams are being dropped carelessly within an inch or so of the toes of patient pedestrians. I have asked a great many people who know Biarritz well if the bees in this imperial hive ever rest; and they all assure me that some malign fairy has bewitched the place by laying upon it the curse of perpetual and unavailing labor.

Fortunately, one can escape from the dust and din. On the headland to the right of the Plage rises the pure shaft of the Pharos; to the left, beyond the fishing village, the Rock of the Virgin offers sanctuary. Climbing to either height, one enters a zone of hermetically sealed stillness. Nothing in the world is more beautiful than the prospect from the top of the lighthouse. Few dare to ascend those weary winding stairs, I know. Most travelers consider the trip just another of those wretched chores that would forever brand them with the awful stigma of "tourists"; why come to a smart resort, where one expects to spend a fortune, and then waste so many precious minutes away from the gambling rooms in the silly occupation of stair-climbing? Well, I for one am glad I saw the view from the summit of the lighthouse. (Shame is unknown to me; I have even scaled the Eiffel Tower, in my day, trailed by about fifty sailors on leave from American gunboats!)

AS I look down upon the Bay of Biscay from the Plâteau du Phare, I am always swept back to that thrilling moment of my youth when Homer first swam into my ken. I realize, of course, that only the Mediterranean should perform that classical service for me, that the waters around Biarritz have no association whatever with the world of the Greeks. Nothing daunted, I lean over the rail and, turning a scornful left shoulder to the frivolous French resort below me, I people the wide sea with ancient heroes. This is a treacherous coast; every jagged promontory would make a perfect setting for some rich old legend. Through the dark waters are strewn islands that resemble grotesque antediluvian monsters. For all the volumes of intensive advertising that Scylla and Charybdis have received from scholars, they would look tame and domesticated beside these savage rocks in the Bay of Biscay. A few hundred feet away from the Plage, there is an island like a great prehistoric horned toad, all covered in warts and barnacles; nearby, a sort of marine mastodon heaves its armored bulk out of the flood and seems to struggle toward the shore. It's actually possible, from one's vantage point on the Pharos, to spin a whole Odyssey of hazards and horrors for some mythical demi-god, to put him through more labors, right down there in that small basin beyond the polite beach of Biarritz, than Hercules ever endured.

The sea itself is wine-dark—and that helps the imagination. The prevailing color of the water is peacock-blue, deepening to violet, with here and there a streak of blood-red weed swirling about a rock; under that headland to the left—surely the Sirens must once have practised their scales and arpeggios on that particular cliff!—the sea has darkened to the tint of ripe purple grapes. The sun, dipping to the west, adds new autumnal dyes, till the whole expanse seems less a waste of waters than a great sheet of stained glass.

All at once a boat pokes its prow around an island—and alas, it's neither a trireme nor a galley with tawny sails. It's a rowboat, and in it sit two elegant youths in white flannels and a girl who twirls a yellow sunshade. Involuntarily, I follow them with my eyes; I watch them beach their mundane craft; and before I know it I've lost all my high-flown visions and am looking with a certain wistful curiosity at the glass and gilt and tinsel of the Municipal Casino. A vulgar confection, the Casino; but, when all is said and done, it's rather lonely and cold up on my mount of contemplation. I find myself ready for a dance or two down there, a drink, perhaps even some roulette!

And so, for a number of nights, I plunge into the conventional round at Biarritz. Yes, I admit frankly to this person and that, I'm having a jolly time; the place *has* an air all its own. In the evening, the rumble of trucks dies away and one forgets the gaping holes on every street from which next year's hotels will spring. The people at the nearby tables in the Hôtel du Palais look excessively smart and outrageously rich; or else they're so very dowdy that you suspect they must be legitimist pretenders to the French throne or members of some great British family whose ancestors snubbed the Conqueror. And an Egyptian Prince or a Hindu Maharajah is usually expected to-morrow morning with his suite and his new motor-car upholstered in Beauvais tapestries. The waiters intone pompous titles into the ears of the newcomers. I shouldn't be surprised to learn that the service-pantry contained an Almanac de Gotha (on one of those racks we Americans associate with Webster's Dictionary) for waiters to consult between courses. If, by some mischance, a royal party *isn't* expected to-morrow morning, Cigolini instructs his cohorts to tell the guests about the visits Queen Victoria and Edward VII. used to pay to Biarritz.

A typical Basque village.

"The much-flaunted tradition of Biarritz dates back to the Second Empire, and Eugénie."

And, of course, you never know when Alfonso may dash over in a motor from San Sebastian just across the border.

For a time, an unheralded, unmonocled stranger from New York is apt to feel extremely unimportant, little almost to the vanishing point, in this Graustarkian atmosphere, where instant recognition and homage come only to those who have issued a solemn warning that they are traveling strictly incognito. My sensations, I must confess, were much like those of a super at the opera—a member of the triumphal procession in "Aïda", for instance, who waves a peacock fan and is unceremoniously backed up against the scenery the moment the reigning family of Thebes steps upon the stage.

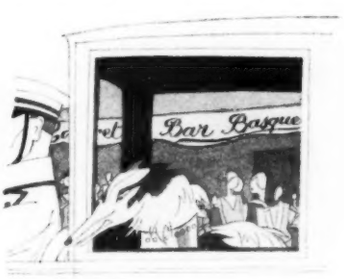
STILL, there *are* hundreds of us in Biarritz who don't wear crowns or carry scepters; eventually we get together. If some of us don't possess a penny, others are worth millions. Oddly enough, the most fashionable resorts abroad, though they talk in terms of escutcheons and armorial bearings, know nothing of the rigid exclusiveness of American watering-places. You can live in the biggest house in Newport for years and never win recognition; in Europe, no matter how inauspicious your little début may be, you will make enormous strides your very first week-end. A cat can look at a king; and the senior member of a dry-goods emporium in New York will soon be riding in a Duchess's landau—at Biarritz.

Brilliant motors and chic dressmakers' shops do add tone and dash to any place; and, so far as those two conspicuous assets go, Biarritz stands at the very top of the continental pile. Sitting under the awning of a sidewalk café on the Avenue Edouard VII., the stranger sips his Pernod and watches the sleek automobiles slip by. The engines hum such a dulcet tune that one can't believe they're fed by mere gasoline and crude oil; surely the diet of those vehicles must be the purest olive oil and the very best butter. Special bodies on expensive chassis—to me, that sort of brazen extravagance is rather like piling Ossa on Pelion. Liveried men on every box; inside, down cushions and silk tassels and pretty women dropping their cigarette ashes into gold trays! Cecil de Mille couldn't overdo the pageant. I have even seen a Russian wolf-hound, that most outworn of movie props, thrust his long white nose out of a car window on the Avenue Edouard VII.

Small wonder that Biarritz has street after street lined with fashionable shops; no other background would be fitting for that motor parade. Read the names on the plate-glass windows: Worth, Jenny, Callot Sœurs, Lanvin, Vionnet, Lelong, Drécoll! More smart Paris dressmakers have pitched their exotic pavilions in this corner of the Basque coast than you'll ever find in Paris itself. Or so it seems to the casual observer.

Why is it that no heir presumptive or oriental potentate or reigning demi-mondaine has ever seen fit to build a presentable château hereabouts? All the houses are ugly gimcrack affairs. That's the eternal mystery about European watering-places. Millions for motors and frocks and baccarat; as little as possible for villas.

After three or four days, Biarritz grows faintly monotonous. We motor to Bayonne, St. Jean de Luz, Hendaye, and find the same bright empty routine; bathing, some hunting, a great deal of gambling. We *must* have a change! But where under the sun, in Europe, can we get that change? We try the Lido and find it won't do. The everlasting Plage, the usual round in the gilded hotel, the very people at the next table who sat two tables away in the Hôtel du Palais. "We're going to San Sebastian for August," one woman announces to another.



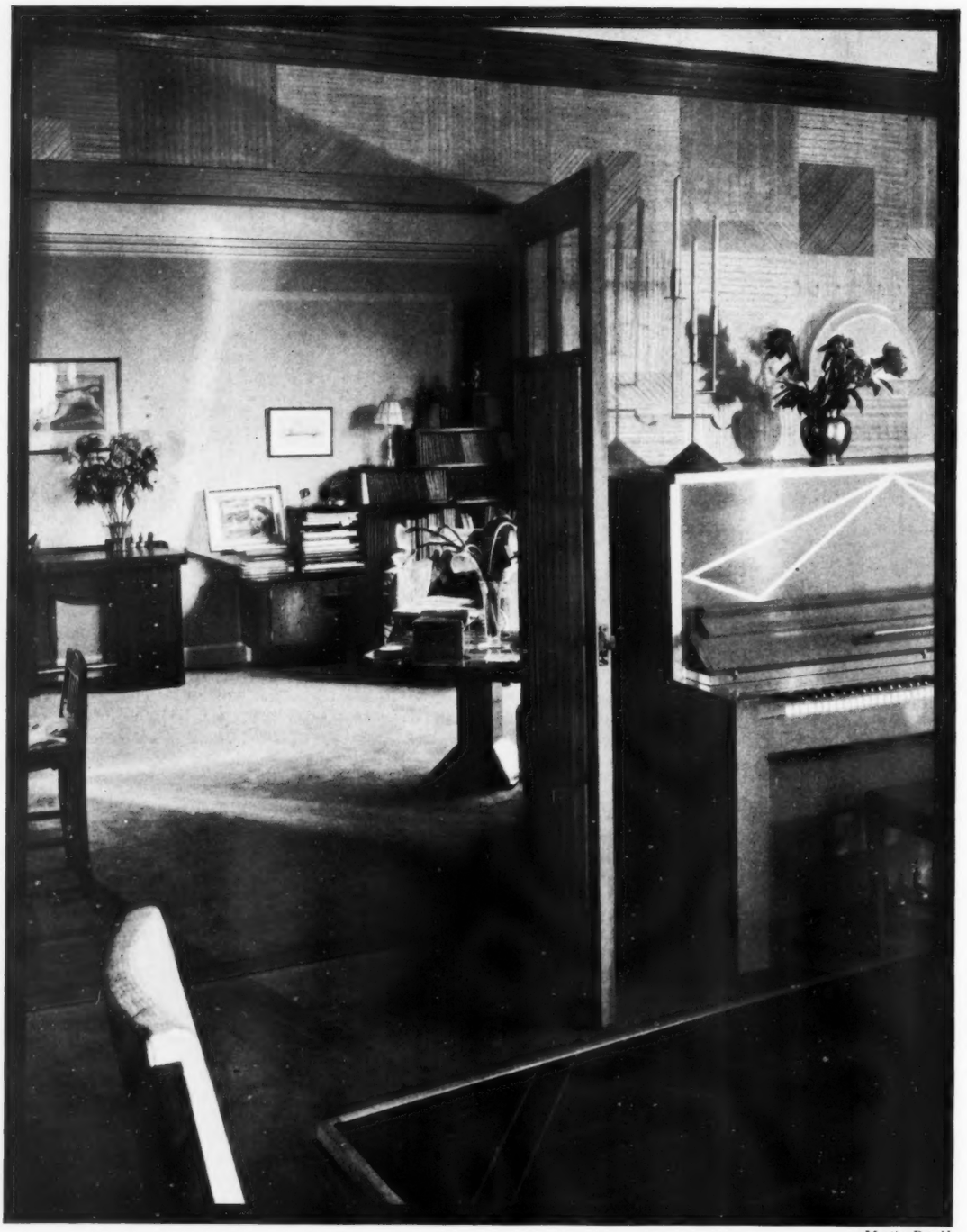
"Liveried men on every box; and Russian wolf-hounds on the Avenue Edouard VII."

"Of course, we'll see you there." They've been meeting all over Europe for years, probably. They spend the winter season in St. Moritz and on the Riviera; in July, they move their tons of luggage to Italy from Biarritz; for the late summer they migrate to northern Spain or Deauville. They would die if anyone called them tourists, these restless, driven souls; and yet they *are* tourists, really—just as bored, just as weary as the Spartan bands of school-teachers that are being goaded by their guides from one Roman temple to the next.

It's the most difficult thing in the world to tug yourself out of the well-rutted path that leads from one resort to another; so, waking up one morning, I discovered without very great surprise that I was actually in bed in the Hôtel Royal at Deauville.

THE view from my window was charming. At my feet lay a flat plane of glossy turf; a vivid formal design of flower-gardens seemed painted on the green grass. Beyond, a row of gray stucco bathing-houses fringed the buff sand that was all dotted with the great full-blown pink and yellow posies of beach parasols. Out on the intense blue sea the frail wings of many sail-boats fluttered. Up into the sky soared dozens of kites—plain old-fashioned box-kites and brilliant Chinese dragons and fiery comets and gorgeous birds with pheasant tails. I looked in vain for a Casino of many-colored glass squatting in the water; instead, I saw children and governesses and pet dogs on the far-distant boardwalk. Somehow, I hadn't expected such intimate domestic details at Deauville, which boasts so proudly of its splashy sins and takes particular delight in the fact that more money is raked in of a night by its croupiers than ever Monte Carlo dreamed of.

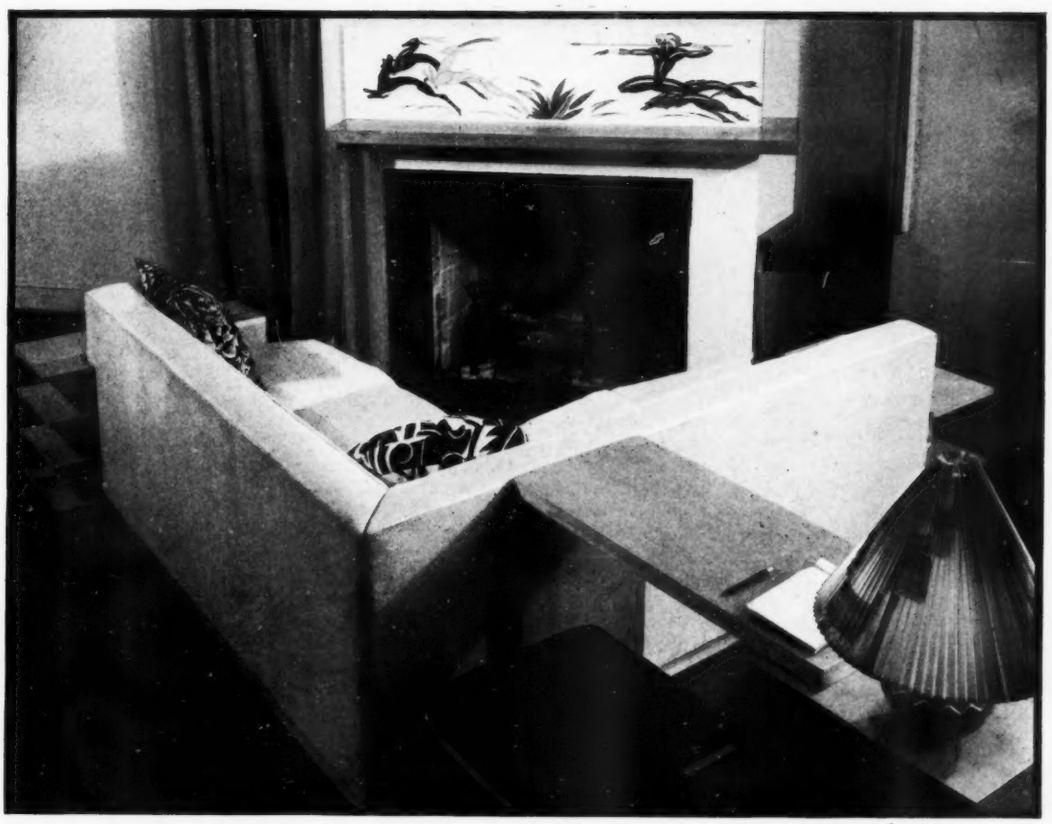
Deauville has a winning air; it gives the stranger a very modest good-morning. It is small and primly perfect. Alone among European watering-places, it can lay claim to a certain unity of plan, a certain good taste in the carrying out of that plan. Some of the villas are ugly, of course; if they weren't, Deauville would altogether lack the Continental note. For the most part, however, the architecture of the little town displays an unusual consistency and an appreciation (*Concluded on page 106*)



Martin Bruehl

Forzina created George Gershwin's apartment for both work and play. By day Mr. Gershwin composes. He needs his pianos. He has a musical library. By night he is one of New York's most entertaining, and entertained, young men. Newport and Hollywood meet in his penthouse on Riverside Drive. The decor is as modern as the Rhapsody in Blue. Against the far wall in the living-room is the Gershwin work desk, in rosewood banded in ebony. The dining-room table is inlaid and edged with polished steel. The colors are those discreet soft grays, greens, and browns which throw party clothes into high relief.

MODERN NEW YORK WORK-AND-PLAY PENTHOUSES



In a penthouse in the Sutton Place sector Jacques Darcy has developed for himself a studio-living room which is a dynamic yet practical expression of the contemporary mood. Its virtues are calculated austerity of profile with no distracting embellishments. Monastic restraint of color. Walls just off white. Upholstery just off buff. Ingenuity of plan. A divan that seats six, even seven, and also divides the work angle from the breakfast corner. The pencil is on the sliding table against which rests the Darcy drawing board.

Ralph Steiner

The rightness of Mr. Darcy's sober solid block forms is apparent in the breakfast corner. That simplicity which is the symbol of a nervous, driving, creative intelligence. Of an artist who has learned to eliminate and place accents. The stools are covered in warm brown, the pillows in brown and flame red. The wood is very pale yellow maple. The line in the foreground is the back of the divan. Every square foot has been considered, yet there is a sense of spaciousness. The room is emotionally definite, virile, visually satisfying and comfortable. And it is a man's room.

A Novel by Nancy Hoyt:

BRIGHT INTERVALS

Continuing the Story of a Girl whose Love Is Put to an Unexpected Test

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

FIFTH PART:

NEW YORK ran like some bright and feverish elixir in Lydia's blood all that clear autumn. She had always before been inefficient and lazy, but now found quicksilver energy in the crisp air and was stimulated to find a flat, to furnish it, to discover a cook who, demanding and getting about a fifth of their joint income, did a great deal to earn it.

Lydia fell madly in love with the windows of Saks-Fifth Avenue and the escalators of Macy's. She would ride in no crowded lifts while these mad Jacob's-ladders existed, slanting heavenward to the eighth floor, where Lydia found amusement in pretending to know about overstuffed furniture and the comparative merits of mattresses.

Bill was very tired when he came home, but kind and affectionate. If they dined at home everything went well, in a furry, cozy, quiet sort of way.

But there were "prominent people" to be dined with. And smart young married people who burst upon their life like a bomb. What a term! Were they so very smart, so very young, so very married, these people? Why did they have to see them? She could not help liking Lizzie Churchill, but Lizzie was the only one of the lot who appeared to try to amuse as well as be amused. The others seemed to have some strange code they were living up to, some necessity for appalling manners and an air of deathly boredom which struck a deathly chill to an outsider.

The women lunched at Pierre's in black felt helmets, silver foxes and tired eyes, where they discussed frocks, servants and the bribe some one of their schoolmates had been obliged to pay to get rid of a worthless husband. It was a truism to criticize these young women, the favorite indoor sport of foreigners attacking American customs to call them spoiled and cold, but just what chance had they had?

Mrs. A., who had been married at twenty to a "popular young club man" (another leprous term), made tight on the wedding eve by twelve drunken ushers; she had given him three children, several motor-cars, a private income of seventy-five thousand a year and had received in return an occasional kiss above a newspaper opened at the financial columns and the sight of other women wearing furs her money had paid for. Fun for Mrs. A.!

And Mrs. B., who was a lovely and loving girl, married to a man who, when he wasn't in Wall Street, was obliged by frazzled nerves to surround himself with acquaintances at a series of cocktail parties, who never slept without half a bottle of Scotch inside him, who was the life of every party and the death of her chance at happiness. Fun for Mrs. B.!

There was the reverse of the medal, of course. Young ladies who swapped husbands because they found a hundred thousand a year quite a lot nicer than twenty. Young ladies with dry, cold, cruel little scarlet mouths who screamed if they had to spend one evening at home. Young ladies who found Italian noblemen amusing, but never jeopardized their virtue by anything wilder than a kiss on the hand.

(COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY NANCY HOYT)

The sexes were amazingly segregated in this city; all the men seemed to gather at one end of the room, while the women formed little cattish eddies near the fire. A great deal was drunk, and a great many rubbers of bridge were played. Wives and husbands of the set never saw each other alone, for their evenings were spent with another couple, or more, at the theatre and a night club, and every Saturday saw them departing on highly organized entertainments known as the Long Island week-end, which kept husbands and wives carefully separated as a matter of course.

Lydia did see two very devoted pairs always together, always amiable, with evidently the happiest and fondest relationship between husband and wife, only to be told that each wife who was being so cherished with small attentions by each husband was not, as it appeared, getting them from her legal partner, but had swapped mates, perhaps platonically, with her friend to avoid monotony.

Bill had said they would be poor in New York. They were extremely hard up compared to these young persons whose society he liked to frequent. When their servant had swallowed her monthly wage and the landlord gobbled the rent of their two-room flat, and the butcher and provision man sent in the account which was such a distressing epilogue to his seductive suggestions of "a nice little porterhouse or a fat jumbo squab, Mrs. Norton," there was not very much left. In fact, so very little reposed in the

" 'There is a thing I have to look up, so I had to get all those books,' said Lydia."

"Bill whistled faintly and Lydia thought she had won; then she knew she had lost."

bank, or the special hidey hole where Lydia kept her spare cash, that there had been mornings when she had let the milk bill collector knock in vain.

Bill was certainly far better looking and far more intelligent than many of his men friends, but undeniably he was broke, earning less than five thousand a year, and there were brokers earning more than fifty. When he left the flat in the early morning he was often obliged to rifle her purse of what small moneys it contained in order to pay for his pathetic milk-shake lunch, that lunch which made her heart bleed by its inadequacy.

Sometimes while hot bacon fat splattered her toes, she made brave attempts at cooking a decently hearty breakfast for him at seven-thirty. The maid put in an appearance from 112th Street at an hour called mid-day, which bore an elastic interpretation, sometimes stretching until one or two o'clock. Other days she stayed in bed and let him plug in the percolator for himself, a proceeding which invariably made her feel guilty and John William martyred.

Then at ten o'clock, wandering around the little flat, disheveled still, with unmade beds and sticky coffee-cups, she would straighten the bathroom and pile the dishes in the sink as a reproof to Lena, who preferred being called Mrs. Stefensonn.

It was cruel to have slept past Bill's breakfast hour. She sighed over her own shortcomings and crept down with a fur coat and satin slippers camouflaging her nightgown to open the mail-box.

A bill from the butcher. Two envelopes cleverly disguised as letters which contained dressmaker's advertisements, a bill for electric light, another for the telephone, several for bread and vegetables and dairy products, a notice from the Racquet Club for John William, a bill for mending the stove, a bill for a refrigerator, a hint from their bootlegger that his usual terms were spot cash or fortnightly, a bill from Oliver Moore for two pairs of shoes and some golf brogues (Bill couldn't wear ready-made shoes), a grim letter from the credit manager of Brooks Brothers suggesting that the item of Mr. Norton's last dozen shirts had evidently been overlooked, a bill from Tripler's, another for stockings and lingerie from Saks for herself amounting to seventy-eight dollars (and she had thought she'd bought practically nothing since their marriage sixteen months ago!), and many other envelopes which so plainly confessed their contents that she crammed the whole handful, open and unopened, into a drawer and started furiously to think.

It was no one's fault but her own. True, she contributed, by *(Continued on page 129)*

Last-Minute Sketches from Paris

Ensemble of blue-gray tweed with applied bands of kasha in two blues.

Tollmann

Redfern

Summer ensemble in navy chiffon, the jacket laid entirely in overlapping tucks.

Redfern

Gown of above ensemble, the sheathlike upper part in printed chiffon of beige and navy.

Navy faille afternoon costume, with three-quarter coat. Gown is tightly draped and shirred round hips, with full low godets in skirt, lynx fur.

Lucile Paray

Bruyère

Brown ondamoussa, (light weight wool), with belt at natural place and full skirt in unpressed plaits.

Bruyère

White panne velvet, belt at natural place in large pearls and strass, uneven skirt

Alfred Lenief

Two tones of crêpe, beige and marron, the marron insert making a jabot one side and scarf the other.

Madeleine

Evening gown in georgette, exactly the color of ochre powder, trimmed with fox. Back view shows the tunic skirt.

By Michael Arlen:

"I left that desolate place and came beside a roaring of waters and a turmoil of engines, and I said to myself: These men are building a bridge across a river."

THE YOUNG MEN OF TO-DAY

Often we Hear the Least about Those Who Matter the Most

Illustration by Ferdinand Huszti-Horvath

THIS is a great subject. It has, of course, been treated before. In point of fact, it has been treated very frequently. With photographs. Full-face, three-quarter-face and side-face, the Young Men of To-day are to be seen any day of the week in the public prints. How often we have picked up a newspaper and been inspired by reading an article about them. What men! What achievements! And so young!

This is a lofty subject. I remember reading not long ago an article by Captain Victor Cazelet, M.P., about the Young Men of To-day. With photographs, of course. Captain Cazelet, himself a Young Man of To-day, and therefore with unrivaled opportunities of meeting people, naturally knows what he is writing about. He gave me the impression that he thought very highly of his friends—the Young Men of To-day. "What brains!" he said of one. "What a success!" "Such versatility!" or "Look at the money he makes!" of others. Snappy stuff, you understand.

The Young Men of To-day crowned by Captain Cazelet were, if I remember aright, Sir Oswald Mosley, M.P., Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. Duff Cooper, M.P., Mr. Michael Arlen and the Hon. Anthony Asquith. With photographs. It was very gratifying. What men! What workers! And so young!

One day, recently, I too heard a call to write an article that should inspire and uplift—with photographs, of course.

I therefore wrote to my literary agent inquiring as to the state of the market for articles about the Young Men of To-day, and received the encouraging reply that the market was sound and good prices were being quoted. My agent added that I must, of course, have photographs.

Here was the difficulty, for I live abroad. What had I better do about the photographs? I therefore wrote to an editor I know, saying:

"What about an article on the Young Men of To-day? I am sure that such a subject cannot fail to interest your readers. Naturally, my first thought is to give you a hand in selling your paper, so you can rely on me to make the stuff snappy. I shall aim at educational and inspirational value, not forgetting to make the article full of pep from the word bungo. But can you help me about photographs? May I ask what photographs of the Young Men of To-day you have in stock?"

I received this answer:

"With your article on the Young Men of To-day we shall, of course, print the photographs which we always print with articles on the Young Men of To-day."

This was encouraging. We were, you can see, getting on nicely, thank you. All I had to do now was to write the article, and that, of course, presented no difficulties whatsoever. For any fool can write an article. Indeed, you can take it from me that a great many fools spend their time in doing nothing else.

The Young Men of To-day! The words came to my pen with an ugly rush, and in less than no time I had written all I knew for and against my friends and acquaintances. The result, topical and offensive, delighted me. I fancied the article would look—with photographs, of course—a really slap-up affair.

Having written, I slept. And lo, I dreamed this dream.

In my dream I walked under a burning sun. My eyes were heavy in my aching head, ashes were in my mouth. (*Concluded on page 121*)

Oh, the bouquet of a dainty CONSOMMÉ!

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* * *

It is for this reason that the hostess has such implicit confidence in the Consommé blended by Campbell's famous French chefs. It is the rich liquor of choicest beef, clarified to a beautiful amber and delicately flavored with carrots, onion, celery, parsley and seasoning.

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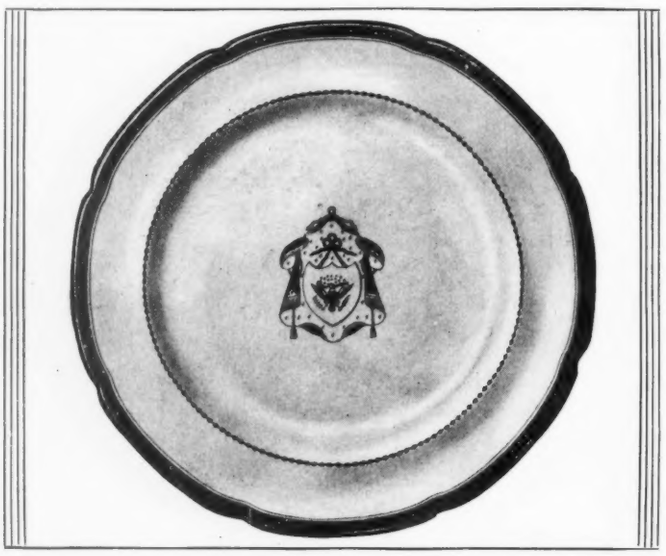
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

PRICELESS
AS IT GOES DOWN THROUGH THE AGES



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Near Fifth Avenue

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SUMMER FOLLIES

(*Concluded from page 55*)

and poked at Peter. "Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter," she kept saying over.

Peter said nothing.

For a long time Lora sat there, saying things to Peter, paying no attention to Mr. Parr, and neither Peter nor Mr. Parr so much as opened his eyes. It was a grassy and little frequented road, the shadows moved pleasantly, the birds sang unconcernedly, and nothing seemed very much changed. But when at last she turned and saw the truck driver near-by in a tumbled heap, with blood on his head, Lora got to her feet, said aloud, "I must find some telephones. . . . ," as if at least one telephone for every man would be required, and collapsed on the grassy bank of the ditch.

Immediately it seemed to her that a huge, smart car filled with smart people came down the lane and drew up beside the wreck. And the man beside the driver leaped down and asked conversationally: "This is Miss Lindsay?" and upon her somewhat doubtful assent, all the others alighted eagerly and, paying not the slightest attention to the evidences of catastrophe, sat down on the grassy bank and began to talk. They said that they had heard of her experiment in biology and were eager to discuss it with her . . . if she would be so good.

"But good heavens . . ." said Lora.

"Quite so," said the spokesman, "perhaps it is we who should explain . . ."

Lora looked into their highly bred and distinguished faces—men and women, young, alive, correct, vivid, exquisite without giving offense, vigorous without flawing a certain delicacy of bearing, yet casual, light-hearted and infinitely smart.

"There has been a wreck . . ." she tried to bring into the conversation. "Peter. . . ."

"Quite so," said the spokesman again, "they are safe, and need not concern us. There are a great many wrecks, but very few such points of view as yours. Will you come, please!"

AT once the entire ditch vanished, and Lora and Maxfield Parr were seated at tea on a terrace. She knew that it was he, although he was older, graver, above all considerably more pre-occupied than she had thought. The terrace was beautiful, made of some exquisite tile; French doors gave upon it from high walls of stone, wistaria and ivy fell, and birds sang, as on an English May morning, miraculously warm and sunny.

From the house a young butler now came, with something like haste and very like excitement. "Madame—sir!" said he. "They are here."

"How many?" asked Parr, without turning his head.

"Full two thousand," said the butler.

"Two thousand," Lora heard herself crying as she rose. "We shall never have enough cakes."

They passed through the house together, a place of great beauty and of a detail rich and strange and incredibly luxurious. Lora felt accustomed, and, as Parr spoke to her, she felt tender. But she was puzzled and she whispered:

"Who are they, these two thousand?"

"God knows," said Parr, "some of them have married ghastly people. . . ."

They went the length of the hall and stepped to the great front entrance. The lawn was blackened with people. Some were orderly and well-dressed, and stepped delicately, some were in altercation and unaware of anyone else, until Lora and her husband appeared. Then as with a common pulse, the entire company swept forward, crowded the drive, the steps, and with an unfriendly and even threatening manner, surrounded Lora and Parr.

"Now then!" one called in a barbarous accent, "what have you got to say for yourselves?"

Lora caught at her husband's arm. As she looked up at him, she saw his face in brilliant sunlight and uttered a cry. He was old! He was stooped, wrinkled, peering, and he paid not the slightest attention to her cry.

"My good people," he said coldly, "we know nothing about you."

At this they all set up a shout, and this shout was prolonged with incredible shrillness.

"Who should if you don't?" one called. "It was you two who begot the lot of us."

Lora looked at her husband in horror.

"Are they mad?" she demanded.

"Some of them," said Parr, "twenty-odd insane in the line, but that happens in the best families."

At this they all shouted hideously, a voice cried, "*Here* they are," and the twenty who were mad, wild-eyed and outlandish, came running, with the fighting tradesmen keeping them back, several drunken and wastral youths urging them on, and the orderly and well-dressed looking annoyed and superseded. All came closing in, and Parr said,

"But my dear, it is two hundred years since we upset in a ditch and precipitated our marriage, and multiplied and were fruitful, for ten generations—what did you expect? We've done as well as most, I fancy. . . ."

Abruptly and terribly Lora cried out: "Are *these* what we did?"

"There are among them," Parr was enumerating, "many in the service, in orders, a bishop or two, a number of titles, and one alliance with royalty. . . ."

"Good God!" said Lora. "What a mess that truck driver is responsible for. . . ."

Someone was groaning. She looked about. She was in a grassy ditch, and it was the truck driver who was groaning. Peter and Parr still lay quiet. A smart car stood beside them, and its inmates were expertly picking them all up, Peter Bath, Maxfield Parr, the truck driver, white, and still. Lora, white but concrete.

"It was not Peter's fault," she told everyone. "The truck driver didn't look. He didn't look," she insisted.

AT the hospital she sat by Peter's bed. White, clean-muscled, his hair springing thickly from his forehead; his brown hands potent as they lay; his mouth carved in curves; his eyelashes, it was his eyelashes that held her. Peter's eyelashes—well, what of it? Anybody has eyelashes, she thought furiously, and kept on looking. How stern he looked. Peter had never been stern with her. What if he were so?

She fell to imagining life with Peter. She fell asleep. She began looking down a long line of her children and Peter's and their children's children—the orderly, the fine, quarrelsome, even the mad, and those in orders, in honors and preferment, in disgrace, in idleness, in useful work. All the company of the striving, the mistaken, the joyous, the human.

"They look rather like the people on the lawn this morning," she thought, and found herself awake, sitting beside Peter, looking at him, wondering what his eyes would be like if he were stern with her. He opened his eyes and looked up at her, and the sternness was not there.

"Peter," she cried, though an interested interne looked on, "will you manufacture just as many children as possible that are just like you?"

Peter moved stiffly. "Sure," he mumbled, "will you help me?"

"I will," said Lora Lindsay.

When she called at Parr's cot, he was conscious. He looked at her admiringly.

"Gad, what a woman!" he said. "Not a scream, not a scratch on you. Not a nerve shaken."

"Oh, I don't know," said Lora.

Parr gesticulated with his unbandaged hand. "What my family needs," he said, "is a mixture of such nerve, resistance and blood as yours in its body!"

"How biological of you, Mr. Parr," said Lora. That he should see that she knew his name seemed not to matter now.

"You know me!" he exclaimed, guiltily.

"Only in the abstract," said Lora.

At dinner that night, overlooking the putting-green and the hollyhocks, misted over by the first veil of the dark, Lora said to her father:

"I'm going to bring into our family a strain of something that it needs, that any family needs, a strain of love."

"Maxfield Parr may not agree to this plan," said Arthur Lindsay, still intent on his own plan.

"I really don't think he will," said Lora.

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

It helps you tan without the burn —*smooth it all over you*

ON beaches where smart folk gather these days, backs and legs and arms are exposed to the sun as never before. And sensitive skins, unused to such strong doses of sunlight, get sunscorched and blistered.

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Send for the sample bottle

If you wish, we will gladly send you a generous sample bottle of Hinds Cream. When you see how fresh, how sweetly soft, it leaves your skin, we know you will be convinced. Even a week will show some improvement; although, of course, it is the constant day-by-day use that brings real results. Use the coupon now while you think of it. It will bring you a free sample bottle of Hinds Cream to try.

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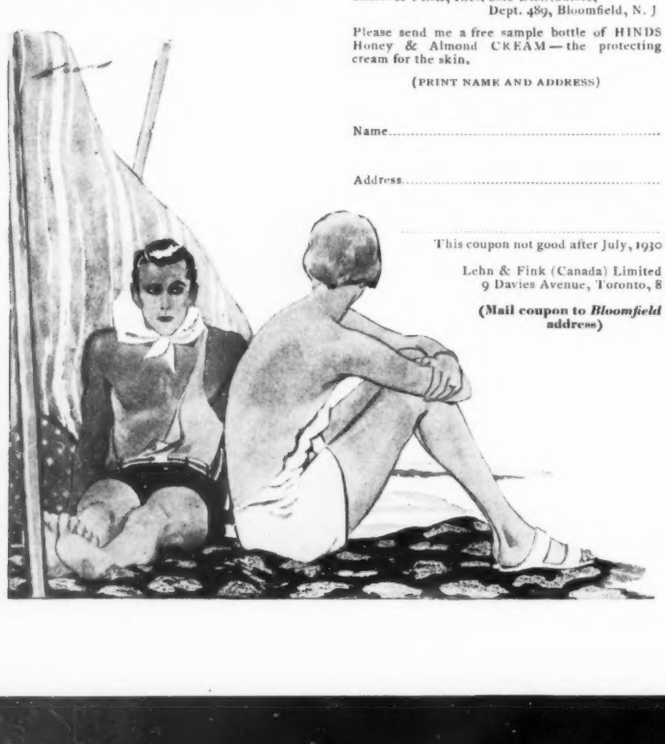

SWEET ARE THE USES OF PERFUMERY

(*Continued from page 69*)

Put a little perfume into your atomizer frequently, rather than a lot at once, because there the contact with the air will diminish its strength. Straight perfume, if the skin is not too sensitive or does not change the real fragrance, is best applied on a piece of absorbent cotton, to the wrists, the bend of the arm, the armpits, the eyebrows, the back of the neck, behind the ears and all along the hair-line of the face, as the heat of the body will diffuse a steady, subtle odor.

Three or four years ago, a fashionable woman had one favorite perfume which she kept on her dressing-table and used the year around, exclusively, as her scent. Now she discriminates and considers such important details as her mood, her costume, the occasion, even the season of the year, and selects that odor which will harmonize perfectly. Straight floral odors and light bouquet odors are suggestive of youth and informality, of sports clothes, of outdoors in the country; the heavy bouquet odors and oriental perfumes belong to the city and all its sophistication. On a bright spring morning isn't the scent of fresh lilacs, or of a dewy cluster of roses a pleasing, harmonious accent, even as a heavier bouquet or oriental odor suits our temperament during the formal hours of the evening? For in between, at luncheons, or teas, to be worn with that type of clothes, the lighter bouquet odors are perfect, as they possess neither the simplicity of straight florals nor the allurement of the heavy perfumes. A new class in perfume is definitely modernistic, as expressed by such ultra-sophisticated odors as Guerlain's "Djedi," Gabilla's "Mon Talisman," Lenthéric's "Le Pirate," and Ybry's "Devinez."

A woman who uses perfume judiciously leaves something gracious behind after she has passed you. So closely is memory linked with the sense of a smell that often an odor brings back unexpectedly a forgotten face, the sweetness of an old love, the pain of an old hurt, as though its fragrance had captured and held the very spirit, the elusive personality of someone who had once made us happy—or sad.

GUERLAIN

FOR over a hundred years the name of Guerlain in Paris has been synonymous with rare and costly perfumes. In 1828 the great-grandfather of the present Guerlain established his factory at 2 Avenue de St. Cloud, near the Arc de Triomphe, and since then the art has been handed down from father to son. When a boy became of age to go into business, he was sent into the laboratory and told to imitate, without aid of the formula, one after another of the famous perfumes of the house. Only after he had succeeded as nearly as possible was the original formula disclosed to him. Of course, this sort of apprenticeship had its results, and is one reason why the prestige of this firm has never diminished, the formulas being made precise to the drop. It has always been the policy of the house to be in very close touch with its clients, and to-day, as in olden times, fastidious ladies come in and talk with Monsieur Guerlain about this and that perfume and its suitability and use.

During these hundred years, seventy perfumes have been created, and it is interesting to note that but one has ever been discontinued. Guerlain's most popular odor in America to-day is "Shalimar", a sensuous oriental scent, while abroad "Djedi," which is definitely a modern perfume, is a rival seller. "L'Heure Bleue," a heavy bouquet odor, and "Mitsouko," a chypre, follow as close favorites. The present Monsieur Guerlain believes that a woman should like to use several perfumes, just as she likes variety in her costumes. *Par exemple*, "Après l'Ondée," would suggest a smart tailleur; "Shalimar," an evening frock. Most of the newer perfumes from this house are of the bouquet type, as Monsieur Guerlain made his florals thirty years ago and feels that the trend to-day is toward blended perfumes. All Guerlain perfumes, he believes, are best used in an atomizer, sprayed on the clothes. The lasting qualities of his perfumes are renowned, and a few drops will stay for hours and the scent be more alluring than when applied.

GABILLA

BEFORE the war Madame Gabilla's name was famous among her following in Paris, at the Russian Court, and even in faraway Constantinople. Offers to introduce her perfumes to America came from time to time, and went back rejected, for she was content with her quiet, exclusive success. But the war changed her accustomed outlets, and at its close she took an American agency. To-day her creations rank among the best imported to this country, although they are not widely known. Most of the perfumes are classed as florals or light bouquet odors, although the bouquets are unusually seductive in character and the lasting qualities so pronounced that they almost seem like heavier bouquet or oriental scents. "Mon Cheri," "Moda," and "Musardises" are the most popular, with the possible exception of "La Vierge Folle," which is made exclusively for the Grande Maison de Blanc. The "Pois de Senteur" of this house is an amazingly true sweet pea, and "Santal des Indes", the essence of the Orient. "Mon Talisman" comes in one of the loveliest bottles imaginable, designed by Baccarat, of white crystal cut glass—a white cut crystal being hitherto unknown in glass making, the upper part delicately decorated in gilt. A charming novelty for scenting lingerie and linens is fine French flannel, embroidered with a scalloped edge measuring 30" x 16", which is highly perfumed, and actually scents the entire contents of the drawer for years. Each flannel has been dipped seven times in concentrated perfume and dried after each dipping. These Boudoir Flanelles Parfumées may be had in "Violette," "Musardises," "Mon Cheri," "Moda" and "Pois de Senteur." Dusting powder, talcum, toilet water, soap, sachet and face powder are also made for the woman who prefers the same scent in all her toilet accessories, in "Mon Cheri," "La Vierge Folle," "Moda," "Musardises" and "Pois de Senteur."

CARON

WHEN the firm of Caron brought out "Narcisse Noir," there was a veritable sensation. It became the rage of the moment, striking as it did a new note of individuality in perfume. It was an oriental, compelling fragrance, almost overpowering if used in anything but small quantities. Its sister, "Tabac Blond," was created as an oriental scent for blondes. To-day, although these are still definite sellers, the newer and more popular perfumes of this house tend toward a middle course between floral and oriental perfumes. "Nuit de Noël," their most beloved scent, "Pois de Senteur," and "Bellodgia," the latest creation, which is reminiscent of great masses of dark red carnations blended with other spicy scents, all these three are heavy, fascinating bouquet odors. This house advises the use of their perfumes straight on hair, clothes, fur, as they fear that the precious lasting qualities of the odors become dissipated in an atomizer through contact with the air. If you prefer an atomizer, put only the smallest quantity of perfume in the atomizer and use it up right away. A new note in Caron's line is a selection of darker face powders for summer in unusual bois de rose shades, Kabyle, Mauresque and an Ocre.

CHANEL

THE fame of Madame Chanel as a couturier is world-wide. To her we owe the revolutionizing of sports clothes and their present adaptability to active sports. She is a past-mistress of studying

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women's psychology and of anticipating their reactions. Believing that a costume was incomplete without the perfect finish of perfume, she decided about five or six years ago to create perfumes to be used with her clothes. Here again she showed the same uncanny ability to sense a woman's pleasure, and her perfumes—although bottled in the plainest square glass bottles with the simplest black and white Chanel labels, and given a number only, instead of a name—have a huge vogue here and abroad. "No. 5" is the most popular, and then "Gardenia," followed by "No. 22," and "Bois des Iles," her newest perfume. "No. 55," "No. 27," "Magnolia" and "Special," are all odors with great individuality, and the entire line numbers some twenty or more scents. An odd item, but a charming one, is Chanel's perfume for the apartment, which comes with an efficient spraying pump or may be used, as you prefer, in burners.

Isabey

THE surprising rise of Isabey during the last few years, and its present popularity, proves that there are still a great many women who like straight floral perfumes. This house has made its name on such delightful flowers as "Mimosa," a breath of the Italian countryside in the springtime; "Gardenia," the elusive fragrance of those white waxen petals, and "Bleu de Chine," the strange perfume of the lotus flower. "Mon Seul Ami" and "Ambre" are the only heavy odors in this line. For summer use, Isabey is specializing in toilet waters, believing that this more delicate form of scent is better for summer. They suggest the use of their toilet water full strength as an astringent, or diluted with ice water as a refreshing skin tonic; as a deodorant, and also for an alcohol rub after the bath, the slight fragrance being delightful. The toilet water (also bath powder in large boxes with enormous French eider-down puffs) comes in "Mimosa," "Gardenia," "Jasmine," "Bleu de Chine," "Lilac," "Violet" and "Mon Seul Ami," (the latter a heavy bouquet odor for evening). Lait d'Isabey is a liquid cream for cleansing and nourishing. Before make-up, if it is patted on and allowed to dry, it forms a splendid base for cosmetics. Isabey face powder, of fine adherent texture, is made in all the leading odors.

Coty

COTY'S first great success was "Rose Jacqueminot," in 1905. Again, in 1915, "L'Origan" was the perfume of the hour and is still among the leading sellers. To-day all over the globe Coty does an amazing business, and the twenty-six odors are familiar bywords, the best known, perhaps, being "L'Origan," "Emeraude," "Chypre," "Paris," "Styx," and the newest delightful addition, "L'Aimant." Always behind Coty's perfumes is the idea of expressing your inner personality and the present list of odors certainly offers a satisfying, diversified selection. Uniquely complete are all the other toilet accessories, and when one's choices are made, uniform scents are obtainable in dusting powder, talcum, toilet water, brilliantine, sachet, soap and compact. By using a scent in this uniform way, the full beauty of the particular odor is emphasized. The new Lalique bottles and powder jars made for certain Coty perfumes are luxurious additions to any dressing-table.

Lenthéric

LENTHÉRIC'S new modernistic salon at the Savoy-Plaza, designed by Paul Chalfin, is a joy to visit. You step from the street through slender doors into a beautiful perfumed room of blue and silver. In the back are little mirrored niches with dressing-tables, where you may consult experts in selecting the exact shade of powder to blend with your coloring for evening and daytime, for the lights may be changed to give you both effects. Here also, one may try out the various perfumes of the house. "Asphodèle" is a heavy bouquet odor; "Le Pirate," a piquant young perfume; "Forêt Vierge," a light fragrance that would go well with sports clothes. "Miracle" is an exceptionally satisfying oriental scent, not too overpowering. Lenthéric's Baccarat crystal bottles, in good-looking rose or blue leather cases, are splendid for traveling and carry the perfumes safely.

Houbigant

HERE is indeed a name which spells history among perfumes. As far back as 1775, Paris knew the simple little shop of Jean François Houbigant at 19 Faubourg St. Honoré. It was a period when the fashionable men and women revelled in scents, powders and rouges, and business flourished. An old Houbigant account book, preserved to this day, contains the best-known names in Paris. Succeeding Houbigants steadily built up a great trade, patronized, as it was, by the great and powerful of the land, until to-day the House of Houbigant with its branches throughout the world represents the inspiration of th little perfumer of long ago. It is interesting to note that "Idéal," the favorite of twenty-five years ago, has still devoted followers, as has, of course, its popular younger sister, "Quelque Fleurs," introduced fifteen years back. The newest Houbigant fragrance is "Essence Rare," a sophisticated scent which comes in a clear crystal flacon, cut to resemble a Gargantuan gem, and should please the most fastidious.

Ybry

THE trade mark for this house is "The Jewel of Perfumes," and the unique square containers do indeed suggest precious stones, in the colors of *rubis*, containing "Désir du Cœur," redolent of the flowers of the field and a splendid odor for warm climates; *améthyste*, containing "Mon Ame," a pure lilac; *emeraude*, containing "Femme de Paris," a strange spicy scent, and *topaz*, containing "Devinez," a modern, fashionable odor. In fact, the bottles look so sumptuous that you hate to throw them away and to solve this difficulty, the sympathetic manufacturers are bringing out refills in plain glass bottles. Another convenient thought on their part is a combination package of a bottle of perfume and a separate atomizer top with two extra glass stems, especially excellent for traveling, or for home use if you jealously guard the strength of your scent. For general atomizer use, Ybry is making perfumes in single strength, not to be confused with toilet water, as they are much stronger.

Lelong

LUCIEN LELONG, the famous couturier, has created four distinctive perfumes, "A," "B," "C" and "N." Quoting his own interpretation of them: "I would put movement into the taste for scents—as much movement as there is in taste for dress. I would have a changing mode in odors—a fashion that would leave behind perfumes grown out of tune with the times. 'Parfum A' is a brooding odor, suited to an intense temperament. It goes with warm dress materials and dark colors, and is best suited for occasions of formal nature. 'Parfum B' is sophisticated, feminine, and of broad general appeal—the parfum of the typical woman of the world. It goes with smooth, soft dress materials, and bright, strong colors. 'Parfum C' is youthful, dainty, light, delicate, very feminine, and responds to fluffy, light dress materials and bright colors." "Parfum N," the newest creation, is a light, delightfully fresh bouquet odor, which is entirely in tune with a summer day. (*Concluded on page 106*)

IN the resort shops of Mrs Franklin the summer season is now under way . . . with new knitted suits, sports dresses and tweed coats, chic hats and accessories. And in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago . . . Franklin clients, passing through town, are choosing travel clothes and just such summer chiffons as this printed capelet frock.

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SWEET ARE THE USES OF PERFUMERY

(*Concluded from page 105*)

CIRO

CIRO'S gallant "Chevalier de la Nuit," a heavy bouquet odor, is a great favorite, also "Doux Jasmin," an exceptionally beautiful straight floral scent. "Gardenia Sauvage" and "Bouquet Antique" are also well-known perfumes from this house. The toilet waters are excellent and are so good at this time of year, when too heavy perfumes pall.

HUDNUT

WHEN Richard Hudnut's exquisite new salon opened on the rue de la Paix, "Parfum le Début" made its curtsy. The four "le Début" perfumes were created to express four distinct feminine moods. "Le Début Blanc" and "le Début Bleu" are light bouquet odors; Blanc, in a crystal flacon, for the mood of gaiety; Bleu, in a blue flacon, for romance, loveliest of all moods. "Le Début Vert" and "le Début Noir" are both heavy bouquet scents; Vert expressing the mood of adventure, and Noir, the subtle sense of sophistication.

CORDAY

SOME people adore the bouquet of sandalwood and should be delighted to discover Corday's "Toujours Moi," which has for its base a mixture of sandalwood and amber. "Femme du Jour" is a distinctive heavy bouquet, though not as potent as "Toujours Moi," and "Orchidée Bleue" is a unique conception of the fragrance of the orchid—had it ever had one. This house rather encourages a woman experimenting with blending her own perfumes and cites the examples of Miss Bebe Daniels combining Corday's "Jasmine" and "Blanchette" effectively, and another screen star mixing Corday's "Jasmine" and "Orchidée Bleue." Corday makes an unusually good atomizer of etched glass with a gold spring top which you simply press like a button. Its cap, on the side, screws on tightly so that the perfume cannot evaporate.

D'ORSAY

D'ORSAY'S newest and most popular perfume is "Le Dandy", a gay scent to be used when you're in tune with life, love and adventure. Before "Le Dandy," "Toujours Fidèle" was the favorite, a sweeter, more gentle fragrance of blended flowers. "Fleur de France" is the third in popularity and all three odors may be obtained in a complete assortment of powders, rouges and lipsticks.

LIONCEAU

THIS house emphasizes a perfume for the brunette, "Parfum pour Brunes," which comes in a vivid red bottle, and one for the blonde, "Parfum pour Blondes," which has a green flacon. For the vivid Spanish type of beauty, "Le Fleuve Bleu" is suggested as a choice. "La Saison des Fleurs" is an excellent perfume for the country, recalling the fragrance of an old-fashioned garden. "Brise des Indes," "Nuit d'Egypte" and "Poéme Arabe" are all sensuous interpretations of the Orient.

BABANI

BABANI specializes in very heavy oriental scents and even the names of these essences — "Ambre de Delhi," "Abdulla," "Yasmak," "Saigon," "Ming"—bring up pictures of the faraway, mysterious East. "Just a Dash," the newest creation, is a splendid heavy bouquet, modern and sophisticated and having quite a vogue at present.

LOVELY DEAUVILLE; ENCHANTING BIARRITZ

(*Concluded from page 93*)

of the particular style that fits the scene. The blocks of shops, the *pensions* back of their massed trees, even the smart Normandy Hôtel belong in the Norman tradition. Long, low half-timbered houses of gray-brown stucco—that's the rule. The Royal, a big cube of cream-white plaster decorated with Moorish tiles, is too consciously the grandiose hotel to fit into the picture; even so, there's nothing tawdry or brazen about it. The general effect is one of spaciousness and simplicity. The Casino doesn't quite conform, either. Here again, rigid consistency has been discarded in favor of elegance; but, after all, why shouldn't a Casino—that most rococo and artificial of human institutions—hark back to the gold-and-ivory period of Louis Quatorze?

The season at Deauville is short; like Saratoga on the other side of the Atlantic, it marks off the month of August on the calendar for its very own. I am one of those people who like a place best when it's supposed to be dullest. I prefer Deauville in late July.

The yacht races in July are beautiful scenically. Since I have no pretensions to the rank of jolly tar, I never follow the international regattas in a mood of towering excitement. It doesn't occur to me to ask who won. I just sit on the sand and watch the lovely little boats as I would watch the aimless vagaries of white butterflies around a rose-bush. I can't believe that men, in a rage of competitive sportsmanship, are directing the course of their craft around this buoy and that. I feel that it's all staged simply to please the poets and painters on the seashore. The pretty boats go drifting by; they describe the graceful swimming curves of dancers turning to the measures of a Strauss waltz. The sunlight catches a sail here and there and glorifies it into a wedge of warm gold or dazzling white.

With August there comes a swift change. Deauville, only last week an ingénue, begins to look hard and calculating under the August sun. Enjoyment ceases to be spontaneous; the schedule for the day loses its random quality. In August, the Sunday afternoon specials carry back to Paris a dubious sort of human freight—burning foreheads, parching tongues and (to go Keats one better) empty pockets!

I adore Europe and sometimes grumble against my native land as peevishly as any American journalist at the Parnasse Bar; but, so far as resorts and resort life are concerned, I am an ardent patriot. I should like to revisit Deauville and St. Jean de Luz—out of season. My enthusiasm won't carry me further than that. A Plage is a Plage, whether it's washed by the Mediterranean, the Adriatic or the Baie de Seine. Gruelling routine, inevitable monotony—at a hundred and fifty dollars a day; and that substantial sum does not, of course, include trivial extras such as gambling and racetrack losses, which swell the final reckoning by thousands.

Yes, it *is* extraordinary—I come back again to my old refrain—that the summer capitals of the Old World should be so flimsy and impermanent, so lacking in those individual traits of character that make for hardiness and endurance. In the pushing new continent of North America, every resort is triumphantly and securely itself, unique and therefore without fear of rivals. The glamourous hill-towns of Italy—Perugia and San Gemignano and Sienna—do not differ more radically, one from another, than Newport and Bar Harbor and Southampton.

Secrets of a smart Sun-Tan

How to achieve a Smooth Clear Skin Toned to an Even Brown

by **JANE KENDALL MASON**

JANE KENDALL MASON (*Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.*) *is widely known as "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House." Society favorite and sportswoman, this blonde beauty writes, models, paints and acts.*

IT'S SMART to be sun-tanned! The fad began out of a clear blue sky. A Parisian élégante was told to bathe in the summer sun till she was as brown as an Arab. Along with radiant health she achieved an irresistible new beauty which forthwith became the fashion.

This summer everyone, everywhere, by lake and sea, in mountains and in country, is seeking her place in the sun, toasting her skin to the delightful coppery tan most women find so becoming.

The burning question is how to be smartly sun-tanned yet keep your skin smooth and evenly browned. Its charm is ruined if it becomes reddened, roughened, dry or blistered. Yet, with constant exposure to the sun, all these disasters are inevitable unless you give your skin the right care.

My own complexion is naturally fair, and my home is in Havana, Cuba, where the sun is strong. What with swimming, tennis, golf and motoring, you can imagine that to achieve the gypsy brown I love, yet keep my skin smooth and fine, takes care!

But I have devised a simple method and so efficacious that my skin is smooth all summer long. My "sun-tan" secret is the exquisite Cold Cream made by Pond's.

Always before I go to the beach I coat my skin all over with a film of this pure, light cream. In my beach bag I carry a tube of it and renew this delicate film often. It's enchanting!

The fine light oils give just the protection needed against the drying, burning, roughening effects of sun, wind and salt water, keep the skin supple, smooth, help it to brown beautifully, evenly.

When I dress after my day in the sun I follow my usual Pond's Method, using all four delicious preparations just as I do all the year round, for cleansing and protection.

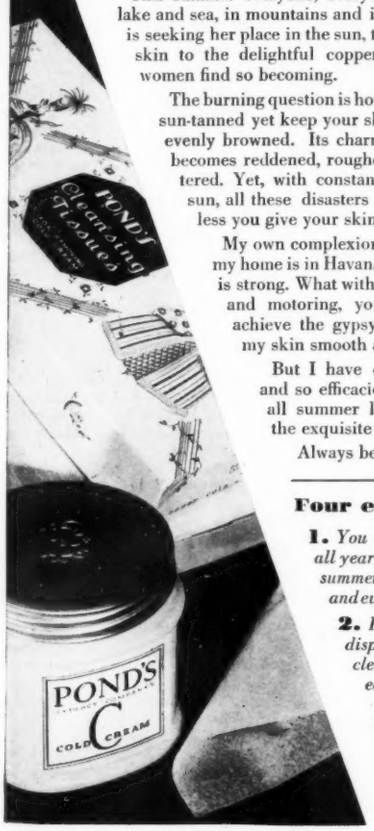
To avoid peeling, the immaculate cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is doubly essential, and deliciously soothing. Pond's Tissues to wipe away the cream are divinely gentle. To banish the last trace of oiliness, Pond's Skin Freshener is ideal. I spray mine on with a big atomizer. Last, I smooth in Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives such a lovely finish for evening!

Every skin needs summer care

Whether or not you choose to go in for sun-tan you should nevertheless give your skin special summer care. No way of doing this is swifter or surer than the four simple steps of Pond's Method:

First—Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing . . . Then, Pond's Tissues to remove dirt and cream . . . Third, Pond's Skin Freshener to banish any final trace of oiliness . . . Finally, Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

Here's luck—and a lovely complexion to you all!



Four exquisite preparations for care of the skin . . .

1. *You know Pond's Cold Cream, for use all year round for immaculate cleansing. In summer it keeps your smart sun-tan smooth and even and prevents burning and hurting.*

2. *Pond's Cleansing Tissues are an indispensable part of your cold cream cleansing to remove dirt and cream, economizing laundry and towels.*

3. *Soothing and refreshing, Pond's fragrant Skin Freshener banishes oiliness after using cold cream. Tonic and mild astringent, it closes and refines the pores, tones your skin.*

4. *Use Pond's Vanishing Cream in summer to prevent shiny nose, to protect your skin if you prefer not to burn. And all year round for powder base!*

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First—A selected, mildly cured ham is packed in its individual, sterilized container.

Second—The container is vacuum sealed; all natural flavors and juices are locked in.

Third—Thus sealed the ham is vacuum cooked the special Hormel way in its own juices.

Thus, still sealed in vacuum, the ham is delivered to you—fresh, flavorful, tender. An indispensable reserve food, instantly ready to open and serve cold. For baked ham, simply heat through and brown. (30 minutes, half size; 60 minutes, whole ham.) No bone, no skin, no waste—all ham. At leading stores, or write—giving dealer's name.

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HORMEL Flavor-Sealed HAM
HALF HAM 3 to 5 lbs. BAKES IN 30 MINUTES

ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

TANTALUS

(*Continued from page 73*)

tenderness. She hoped that now, when she lifted her eyes, he would not be yearning over her. She wanted to be cold and collected, now that he had at last forced her into a corner.

She asked—following the path of her finger, round and round the rim of her glass: "How long are you going to stay out West?"

He laughed teasingly. "So that you can change your mind about whatever you say over the telephone? But this is final. Look here! You're making a devil of a difficulty over a simple thing. I don't see that it's complicated by your being a widow with a fourteen-year-old son. You're only thirty-two yourself, and if he wasn't around to give you away nobody would believe you were over twenty-five. Where's the difficulty? I don't see any."

"That's not it, at any rate," she said. Her pretty little voice had flattened.

He looked at his watch. "Eat your lunch, dear. I must get back to the office. Broke away because I had some things to say to you, and I had to eat, and the two things combined rather well, I flatter myself. That's efficiency, little girl, a thing you don't know when you see it."

SHE stared out across the restaurant. Bobbing heads of men and women who saw their way clear to whatever it was they wanted. "It's not fair of you to ask me to make up my mind in such a hurry. I never could, in all my life, make up my mind instantly."

He said, impatiently: "You must know whether or not you want to marry me. It's a plain case of you do or you don't."

Her lips trembled. She had to get them under control before she could trust her voice. "It isn't a bit easy to decide. Don't you see? It isn't a bit easy, because—because—I don't *know* you."

"Know me?" He glared at her. "It isn't my fault if you don't know me."

He was looking at her with more heat in his eyes. He said: "You need a man to take care of you, you poor little thing. You're very feminine and vacillating, and inordinately sweet, and absolutely incapable of taking care of yourself. You need a man who can, and will, shoulder all responsibilities."

"There are some I shall always have to take," she demurred.

"Not when you're my wife," he pronounced. "Oh, Angelica! I can just see you—waiting for me with your little troubles, you dear little thing—waiting for me at the end of the day. Just the two of us, at the end of the day!"

She shrank. "You don't mean that? You don't mean that, surely?"

He answered her indulgently. "Haven't you finished your lunch, little girl? I've got to make the money to run that new home, remember."

She persisted: "I want to know what you mean."

He turned full upon her blue eyes that caressed her, and laughed at her, and meant to have their way with her; and, as he spoke, the laughter died out and only the determination remained. "Just what I said. I always mean what I say. What's the trouble?"

She beat her hands softly together, underneath the table where he would not see them.

"I know you better than to think you aren't a home-loving woman," he went on. "I could never have fallen in love with you if you'd been one of these idiots who're all for pleasure. That sort of woman is selfish; and the Lord deliver me from a selfish woman. A selfish woman . . ."

"What about a selfish man?" she asked gently.

But he paid no attention to her interruption. He swept on: "Why—your dear little name, even, is all a woman's name should be. I say it over and over, because it's so sweet, so soft, so feminine: Angelica—Angelica—Angelica."

"Oh, I'm soft—I'm soft! But not soft all through! Tell me: what did you mean by what you said about just two of us? There'll be three of us, you know. You haven't forgotten, have you, that I have a son?"

He said impatiently: "Don't be absurd, sweetheart. The boy's not a child for you to keep in sight. It would be better for him, to be thrown out on his own—make a man of him. Boarding-school: you have him at a satisfactory one now, you told me. College: I'll send him to college, of course. A job when he graduates: that will be up to me, too, I suppose. He won't be a part of your life from now on, in any event. And certainly I'll want my wife to myself. Don't make me sorry I fell in love with a woman who's already had a child by another husband!" He frowned down at the cloth, aimlessly moving the silver back into stiff rows. He said, broodingly: "He's not my son."

She knew, now, that she had loved him; she knew it by the pain in her heart. This pain was so great that the tears in her heart could not force their way to her eyes, but were dried at their source. For her eyes blazed at him. "How can I let the boy grow up without me? You don't realize. You can't."

"What?"

"I love him with my heart and soul," she said simply.

He demanded: "How do you love me?"

She said: "With my heart and soul, too." And this was punishment for an early marriage without love. Conflict in her heart.

He leaned across the table, and pulled her resisting hands from her lap and held them. "Darling, I'm sorry the world doesn't contain more things for me to give you. You know: lovely things, for you to wear for me when I get home in the evening. I've worked all these years so that when the time came I could afford a wife like you, dear—a beautiful little creature waiting for me at the end of the day." He gloated over her. "When a man's had a day downtown, the best sight in the world is the woman waiting for him, dressed up and smiling and rested—and restful, darling."

She jerked her hands away from his warm clasp. She forced her eyes to look fixedly and sternly into his. There was something that she must say.

But mention of his work had aroused the itch to be back downtown with his finger on the pulse of his career. "Well, then, Angelica: don't fail to be in for that telephone call. And don't get it into your funny little head that I didn't mean every word I said. If you turn me down, I'll never again give you the chance to make a fool of me."

SHE looked at her watch. Time for a long walk before the telephone should ring; and the crisp air would clear her mind of cobwebs that prevented her seeing the way ahead.

If she had told him, from the depth of her conviction, that no woman had a right to seize love at the expense of her child, she would now be in a better state for seeing clearly. But how could she formulate, when she had never done housekeeping of her ideas? A woman with no talents to be turned into salable commodities: she told herself that this was the reason her ideas were ragged, disorganized, impossible of being docketed and put neatly away in pigeonholes. She was incapable of standing firmly on her feet because she did not know where she wished to plant her feet. Of all things, she was only sure of one: she wished for independence, for herself and for the boy through herself. She was desperately tired of being helped. She was tired of being given clothes that were unbecoming to the women who had bought them, she told herself, rebelliously, and knowing at the same time that this was one of her minor grievances. She felt that this grievance was unworthy; but she knew, dreadfully, that she was tired of being good-natured because she could not afford to be ill-tempered.

She would like to sit at her own table. And, above all, she would like to start the day in a beautiful manner. She loathed getting up to turn on the heat,

(*Continued on page 110*)

What makes a Perfect Preparation?

A CLEVER formula—pure ingredients—these alone do not make a perfect toilet preparation. There must be Care—the infinite, personal care of someone whose heart is in the work. That is why Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are the final triumph of the modern science of loveliness.

Not only is each preparation carefully developed for a specific purpose—not only is each ingredient the finest that skilled chemists can produce—the secret is still deeper. It lies in the fact that Elizabeth Arden herself gives to the making of these preparations her own exquisite care. Never a Venetian cream, lotion or powder comes to you that it has not first passed Elizabeth Arden's own exacting test.

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Ardena Protecta Cream. A splendid protective cream for summer-time wear. Safeguards the skin against burning, freckling and coarsening. Four delightful shades. $3.

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KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

TANTALUS

(*Continued from page 108*)

making her own coffee, toasting cold rolls and taking in from the window-sill a pat of butter that might be hard and might be melting and might be powdered with cinders. But she would not marry for these reasons.

She was wasting time over futile speculations. Concession would be her rôle because it had always been her rôle. For essentially she was compliant. And she despised herself that this was so, and likened herself to grain poured between the millstones: destined to come out changed, ground into something nastily without body, capable of being poured unresistingly into sacks that would themselves fall where they were thrown. She was confused at this idea of her repeated lot. And it was getting her nowhere. She must hold fast to the thought of her little son. He needed her. She must never allow love for a man to obtrude itself upon this relationship. The thought of her son brought her happiness; the thought of the man brought bitterness. Her course was stretching out before her eyes.

BUT her friends would never send the boy to college. Her friends—provided she found that she loved the man too deeply to give him up—would say, busily rubbing off the pretty applied surface of her dream: "Poor Angelica! What a weight off my mind! Being a widow gloated her. What *do* men see in widows?" And the men would say: "So that little thing is at last provided for! Well, I always said she'd make a perfect wife."

But already she had been a perfect wife. She had had home life all day and every day, all evening and every evening, for all the years of her marriage. The memory had made the uncertain butter on the window-sill bearable; it had made hard times enticing; it had stripped all glamour from the sacred word *Home*. What malign fate had prompted him to say "I can see you, at the end of every day, waiting for me at home?"

With despair, she shrugged her shoulders. She was a left-over, the type of woman who would never shake off the illusion of a man's protecting love. The women who were comfortable for men to have around were those who never got what they themselves wanted; they were the failures, who were tenderly loved—and neglected.

She looked at her watch. Four o'clock.

THE people on the street were too carefree; she turned abruptly and went toward the river. She hurried through the tenement quarter, past the warehouses, on to the water-front. She stood looking down at the oily water. Dark—and cold—and yet a friend with arms always open. If life became too agonizingly drab, for a woman who was not old and was not young, who was independent neither at her bank nor in her daily life, she could always slip into these arms.

But, in her soul, she knew that she would never come to the river. It took nerve and pluck and, above all, initiative, to come to the river.

She turned away. Back up the street, away from a possible loophole, she went sadly toward her little apartment. There might be awaiting her a letter from her son; but she must not count too heavily on it, for he was careless.

She found that she was crossing Broadway. And Broadway roared along, intent on the affairs of the masses, indifferent to the problems of the individual, and a great loneliness of the spirit fell upon her. Distrust of men, and of their love: this was what life had taught her. But the boy, not being a man, really loved her. The boy was her one great gift from fate. She recalled the last letter she had got from him: dozens of scrawled crosses, at its conclusion, labeled "kisses." The letter had been taken up with plans for the things they would do when he got home for the next vacation, and they were to do these delightful things together. Together! They were to go to Coney Island, because she had never experienced the thrill of a scenic railway and he wished to be the one who initiated her. The angel! He did not know that she was dreadfully afraid of scenic railways! But the thing was, that nothing he planned excluded her. He not only loved her, but he needed her presence to round out his enjoyment. Nothing was complete unless she was along. She was sure of the boy. No one might take her place with him. In his eyes, she was not a bolster but a favorite companion. Her heart swelled with love for the boy, eclipsing her love for the man. This emotion blinded her for the moment to all other needs of her soul. How could she have fancied she could live without him? He was hers—all hers. With him she had no rival in the bugaboo of "work." With him she stood first; and she told herself that no man could make up to her for the loss of the boy's trust in his belief that with her he stood first.

The boy needed her, and the man only wanted her. This was what it meant to bring a child into the world. The child was, always, to go on. This was inevitable; this was proper. This was what life meant, if you looked it squarely in the eye. Life meant sacrifice.

An agony of the heart shook her. Other women had both husband and child. Should the mistake of that early marriage, and the much loved child of that marriage, forever cut her off from happiness? Why could not this man say to her, generously, that he would love what she loved? But he had said to her what her husband had often said: "You're looking for the impossible, Angelica. You demand that a mature man show the half-baked emotions of an adolescent. You don't appreciate real love, which is calm—and possessive—and selfish, if you insist." But she knew, to-day, that she would die without ever tasting real love.

SHE walked along the block which is squalid at one end and magnificent at the other, and midway of which she lived. It seemed to her that her choice lay between firesides: the place at the fireside reserved for the aged and shelved, and the place at the fireside for the wife whose drab days had reduced her to feebleness of movement and desire. The life she would lead with this man—once she had given up the boy—would amount to eating her heart out, all day, because she would know that, at the end of the day, he would read his evening paper before he talked to her. Old tale of the masculine will to do as he wished. She would not be used by another man for his comfort. Her love would make of her a more abject slave than she had been to the first man without love. She would say "No!" to the man's question over the telephone. She would say: "Do you think you'll love me, once you've made me over?"

FIVE o'clock. She must come to some conclusion.

She began to hurry. Suddenly she wished to get the telephone message over and done with. She found that she had tears in her eyes. She needed the man. He had strength, while she was weak. If her feet should falter—because they were not serviceable feet—he would hold her up. But she must always bear in mind that a woman must never interfere with a man's work; and the newspaper became all at once symbolical. And the tears in her heart became mingled with laughter, as she said to herself that no love could divert a man from his daily routine.

She must hold fast to the thought of the boy. The boy was the one creature in the world who wished to share his pleasures with her; he did not think she should stay at home while he played; he demanded that she run around with him; he expected her to be as gay as himself. The boy needed her to make him happy, while the man could find a bolster anywhere. And the river, with its oily, cold water, was very far off so long as the boy needed her.

Life was a lonely thing that frightened her. Of all in life, she only knew that she had the boy. (*Concluded on page 113*)

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PARIS PREPARES FOR MID-SUMMER AND EARLY FALL

(Continued from page 63)

sports costumes, done in crêpe de Chine, and combining pink and gray, or pink, gray, and two blues. In the stricter types, we find short jackets decidedly nipped in at the waist-line, and worn in many cases with tuck-in blouses—another means of accentuating the natural waist-line. Patou has revived the lingerie blouse made of handkerchief linen and inset with lace, sometimes with a lace-trimmed jabot. In some houses, mid-season models include suits of linen or cotton. Jane Régny has an attractive Norfolk jacket of wide-rib white piqué with a black skirt and *chemisier* blouse. Schiaparelli shows linen suits, and a white one of plain and mercerized white cotton. Goupy likes white *piqué de soie*, and he loves to put a colored jacket, red or yellow, over a one or two-piece frock of this material. Lanvin, also, likes bright colored jackets. She puts unlined jackets, rather longer than a cardigan, in cheviot, bright purple, billiard green, yellow, or scarlet, over white frocks, with hats, two colored scarfs, and bags to match the combination. I see that I am getting away from tailleurs and into sports clothes, but an article of this kind must wander a little.

With the three-quarter tweed costumes of tailored character, we often get three-quarter length blouses, recalling tunics. Schiaparelli likes crêpe blouses of a different color from her tweed costumes (*gloire de Dijon* yellow, for example, with a leaf-green suit); they go inside the skirts, which are finished with yokes, and slit at the side or wrapped over. Under the skirt, you see that the blouse finishes in knickers of the same crêpe de Chine.

I have mentioned the dark blouse with the light suit, as found at Madeleine's. Redfern likes it also; and I quite often see a dark frock worn with a coat that is a good deal lighter. Louiseboulanger shows a leaf-green cloth coat over a deep bright green crêpe frock.

THERE is not much to say that is new about neck-lines. Jane Régny cuts them close round the collar-bone, and with her printed chiffon frocks she ties a narrow scarf round the throat in a bow at the side. Lelong fancies square neck-lines without a lingerie touch. Almost all Patou's daytime frocks are finished with lingerie, organdie, handkerchief linen, sometimes lace edged, or piqué and linen. For evening, the décolleté that is high in front and very low in the back is a favorite. Louiseboulanger's evening gowns are as high in the front as a collarless frock can be, and cut in a deep V in the back, or perhaps just slit in a long line. Scarfs are ubiquitous. Crêpe patchwork ones are favorites. The oddest thing in scarfs that I have seen are Schiaparelli's striped towels, real towels of Turkish toweling, which are worn as scarfs with her beach costumes. Her linen pinafore frock for the beach is a real novelty. I am showing it to you in the next number.

A word about sweaters. They are getting tired of being so obvious, and are sinking into inconspicuousness. The newest are plain colored, like the golden yellow silk one from Goupy on page 65, drawn by Martin. Cotton and silk are revived materials for them, instead of the ever-present wool. When there are patterns, they are small and discreet. Modernistic splashes are kept to the domain of winter sports. We do not go about any longer looking like Dunand vases. I have been asked about the cardigan. This is too useful a garment to leave the mode entirely. For real sports wear, and especially for motor travel, it provides just what one needs for an extra wrap. But the little jacket of the same or different material from the frock has certainly taken first place away from the woven cardigan. We put these jackets over everything. Goupy makes charming ones of flowered chiffon, red perhaps, which he adds to elaborate petal skirts of black chiffon for out-of-door dining.

NO STRIKINGLY new materials, or perhaps I should say few, have made their appearance. The little broché silks, and those which are both broché and printed (see the February fabric article) are being used a good deal where plain and printed crêpe would have been invariably used last season. Louiseboulanger and Worth are among their chief advocates. Patou makes an ensemble of striped dull and shiny black broché with a white striped blouse to match. Chanel revels in stripes. Many of her rather small group of new models are done in graduated horizontal striped jerseys, combining several colors, brown, cream and yellow being a favorite color scheme. She makes these in straight frocks (one with a faint hint of a higher waist-line), and adds strange fichu collars across the back of the shoulders, finishing on the outer side of the arm, with a sleeveless effect below.

Velvets are not as heavily represented as they were this time last year in the mid-season collections. Few houses have used printed velvet, and never in more than a few models. Patou makes two or three afternoon ensembles of dark green, or dark brown velvet, patterned with a small leaf or tiny flower, with huge fox collars on the coats. For evening, there are a few velvet gowns, and many three-quarter velvet wraps, also long coats in velvet. Chanel shows a very short cape in red velveteen bordered with brown fur, and finished with a scarf collar. As I sat in her salon, waiting to see the new models, several fitters passed through carrying unfinished models to waiting clients. Oddly enough, three of them were in red velveteen. Yet red, I should say, was decidedly a going, rather than a coming color. But even so, this summer will probably see a good deal of it, especially outside of Paris.

The color forecast for fall is dark and rich toned for the daytime. Dark, yet colorful blues, dark green, dark brown—all these promise well. The very deep reds are represented in some collections. Black, of course, we have always with us. Bright, clear color, often in combination, for this summer; deep, rich color for next winter; with many tertiary shades for frocks, summarizes, perhaps, the color situation for the daylight hours.

To take the colors in order. Browns, in the opinion of many, will be leaders. They are certainly well represented in the collections, as soon as the models show a fall character. There is a reddish shade, which I have called mahogany, that is old enough to be new, and that appears in a good many important houses. There is simply no killing the beiges, either alone, or in combination with brown.

Certain houses, like Vionnet, love the light putty shades for frocks with dark coats. Grays, while many houses, including Lelong and Worth, are partial to them, will never reach the popularity of the beiges, because they are not so generally becoming. But they serve their purpose and must be reckoned with if only because gray fox is so becoming to certain complexions.

The dark shades of green appear in many important houses for fall, while bright, strong greens are seen in sports models for midsummer, especially at Lanvin's. Pale greens are good for both afternoon and evening in summer models. It is an undoubted fact that there is a prejudice against green, with the exception of the pale shades, among the French, due to the old superstition that "if you wear green you will have to wear black." Nevertheless, this is a color that makes many people happy, though it is not one that every woman can wear. In the very dark tones, however, almost any one can attempt it.

The dark blues are almost as stable as black. Every year at this time, we hear that they will probably not hold over for fall, yet they persist. What we call middle blues are often used in combination with dark blues for the daytime, and the light blues, hyacinth, ciel, aquamarine, turquoise, are well represented for evening. The gray-blues (belonging in the list of tertiary colors) are strong for

(Concluded on page 113)

It gives you something no face powder has given you before . . .

Here is a face powder—totally new—vitally *different. Poudre le Début* . . . a powder, exquisitely fragrant—keyed to modern fashion and out-door living—which includes several newly discovered ingredients never before used in a face powder. A *safe* powder that not only *protects,* but one with a smooth, velvety, even texture and subtle range of *natural* color tones that blends perfectly with the tone and texture of your skin and brings you new loveliness . . . And it adheres indefinitely.

If there is one thing *Poudre le Début* is not, it is not "just another face powder." It is the result of an effort to discover, for the first time, what the modern woman really needs in a face powder—and to give it to her. An achievement which required two years of intensive scientific research and constant consultation with authorities on Fashion and modern style . . . and several newly discovered ingredients never before used in a face powder.

What powder offers you this? • First, it *protects* the skin. *Poudre le Début* guards against the ravages of the wind, dust or city soot. It is not only a safe powder (apply it as often as you like) but it has properties actually beneficial to the skin . . . If you burn or freckle easily, just try it and see.

For another thing, it is so unusually fine and smooth-textured that it blends with an almost invisible, velvety loveliness into your skin. A powder which adheres indefinitely. : : : Also, it is offered in what is perhaps the most complete range of *natural* colors ever found in a face powder.

With the loveliest of lovely fragrance • A fragrance that suggests Paris. Just what you'd expect from the makers of the exquisite *Parfum le Début* . . . And the box—so colorful and *modern*—adds a gay decorative note to the smartest dressing-table.

Poudre le Début is truly a *modern* powder for modern times . . . It may be had at any of the better shops.

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FOR LIGHT COMPLEXIONS:

"Pearl"—for the fair skin with color.
"Pearl with glow"—a warm tone for the fair skin with little color.
"Naturelle"—to match the medium-toned skin.
"Sun-tint"—a tan for the fair skin.

FOR BRUNETTES:

"Rachel"—for the brunette with color.
"Rachel with glow"—a warm tone for the brunette with little color.
"Ocre-rose"—a warm tone for the olive skin.
"Sun-tan"—a tan for the brunette skin.

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JEMCO
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
A HANDBAG IS NO SMARTER THAN ITS

TANTALUS

(*Concluded from page 110*)

She did not know how often she had passed the place where she lived. But it came to her that she could not bear it if, in her letter-box, there was no word from her son. She went into the old house that had been done over into apartments for harboring such desolation as was now dropping down upon her—a desolation that, by the time she answered the telephone, would have enveloped her for the rest of her life.

It was silly of her to be afraid to glance at her letter-box. She snatched her letter and tore it open with hands that clutched. She was clutching to her desolate heart the idea of her son. But what was this? He was telling her of a girl, a little girl whose brother had invited him to spend the next holidays with his family. "Oh, gee, Mums," he wrote in his sprawling hand, "she's the prettiest woman I ever saw! You don't mind my going, do you, Mums? You always want me to have a good time. I saw his sister last week, at the hop. She's a swell dancer."

Angelica stood motionless, the letter held with nerveless fingers. She lifted her eyes and stared ahead, up the empty stairs with the darkness at the top. She must go up those stairs and into the darkness at the end. She changed her mind about what she would say to the telephone message. She would say "Yes." She was glad she had been able to come to this decision before it was too late. Never before had she seen her mistakes until it was too late. There was a lump in her throat; and, with the crumpled letter still in her working fingers, she beat her hands together—fist coming down in palm—together—together.

As she started up the four flights of stairs to her apartment she heard her telephone ringing. She had told him that she would be at home and ready with her answer. She had spent the intervening time in wretched indecision, worrying over quibbles when she knew that she loved him and needed him. And she was starting up four flights of stairs.

She quickened her pace. She remembered the look around his mouth when he had said that he would not give her another chance to make a fool of him. And she began to run.

Two flights still ahead. The telephone was ringing with a curious and human persistence. The two flights seemed to be miles long—to be stretching above her into eternity. Her knees ached. Her muscles had to be pushed into the last rush.

One flight.

The telephone paused in its clamoring, as if to take breath for a last effort. Her heart paused as the sound paused. But she forced her lagging steps, and the ringing started again. She reached her door. In her great excitement, she fumbled for her latchkey, losing time. Her hand shook dreadfully when she finally put the key into the lock. By the time she had turned it, and had opened the door, the telephone had ceased ringing. She rushed across the room, stumbling over the chairs. Her heart beat heavily. She snatched the receiver from the hook.

"Hello!" Her voice was a thread of sound.

The silence of the end of life answered her.

"Hello! . . . Hello—hello—hello!" She jerked the hook up and down with her shaking hand. Her lips were stiff.

"What number, please?" inquired a bland voice at the other end of the wire.

"I thought my telephone rang," she managed to articulate with those stiffened lips. To herself she was saying, "God!"

"The party has hung up," said the automatic voice of control.

PARIS PREPARES FOR MID-SUMMER AND EARLY FALL

(*Concluded from page 112*)

fall, especially for the daytime. Jane Régny has a new blue that she called "étincelle," which is a robin's-egg color. Patou uses a bright turquoise for a sports frock. Lelong's whole collection is full of gray-blues and green-blues, especially the light ones.

Yellow is one of the leaders for the summer, as we expected. It is often combined with brown for country clothes. For both fall and summer it is often mixed with green. Red, as I have said, is a goer rather than a comer, but no collection ignores it. Pink, in its pale shades, is very good in the evening just now. At Ciro's the other night, I saw three women, Lady Davis, Baronne Styrcea, and Mrs. Corbitt, in pale pink chiffon.

There is a new cyclamen pink (new, of course, in a relative sense), which both Louiseboulanger and Chéruit are using importantly for evening. Chanel has a striped and plain wash silk jacket and skirt in candy pink. Patou shows a series of black afternoon frocks (with longer skirts) all of which have pink cuffs and pink-edged jabots.

Some houses show a note of purple. Lanvin uses it, for instance; Chanel has always made a Parma violet gown or two; Lanvin has a pink-orchid-mauve which I shall show you in color in the next number. But this is an individual sort of a color and not a "fashion."

In several houses one finds a model in a color like ink, sometimes slightly purple, sometimes slightly blue. Augustabernard shows a taffeta model in this color, Lelong uses it and Lucile Paray's elaborate afternoon costume on the Last-Minute pages is in this shade.

As to orange, it will hold through the summer, but will probably not continue very strongly for fall.

Combinations of color are in the highest favor, and some houses, notably Chantal, have shown great originality in the combination of most unusual shades.

POUR LE SPORT

(*Concluded from page 74*)

Switzerland, she needed something to save her feet when she jumped into competition upon those sun-baked tennis courts of the French Riviera, several years ago. Her inventive genius originated this sensible idea which has since spread pretty much around the entire feminine world.

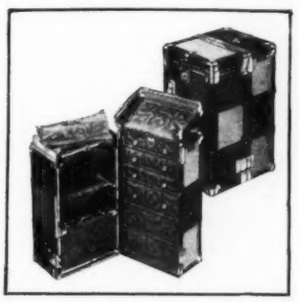
Yes, the sportswomen of the world have done much to change the fashions of the sex, and make every lover of common sense in dress their everlasting debtor. But they have done still more: they have shown us that it is possible not only for a woman to be appropriately gowned for her favorite sport; they have proved that she can at the same time be charmingly and becomingly gowned. In fact, the galaxy of girl athletes we see each year at such a great international sporting event as the British Tennis Championships at Wimbledon, is more like a display of mannequins at a fashion parade than a group of sportswomen engaging in the most strenuous competition open to the modern girl.

Perhaps the secret of it all was recently betrayed by Miss Glenna Collett, who remarked: "A woman cares as much about her appearance as she does about the score."

As Well Pack Gowns in an Egg Crate . . .

It's almost *ghastly*, isn't it . . . the way untraveled people can trust a priceless Paris wardrobe to a flimsy, ancient trunk—the kind of heirloom your maid wouldn't travel with.

It's just beyond reason—particularly with the modish, staunchly built NEW Hartmann available almost everywhere. Light, convenient, uncommonly good-looking . . . Hartmann is the type of luggage you associate instantly with people who do things and go places. Offered in a whole new group of swagger models ranging in size from a hat box to virtually a modern apartment. Colors, fittings and finishes that you like — ever tastefully chosen. Price, $35 to $400. At good shops and department stores.



The Hartmann DeLuxe Wardrobe Trunk, extra size. Finished in Ducord in 3 attractive color combinations—green and dark green, black and maroon, brown and tan. Beautifully finished interior, lined with very fine silk in modern pattern. Price, $235.

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for JULY 1929

MONDAY, JULY 1—Opening of the musical season at Casino, Newport, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bronson Shonk of Scarsdale announce the engagement of their daughter Sally to Mr. B. Hunt Bancroft Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bowen Bancroft Smith of New York and Tuxedo.

Westchester Father-Son and Junior Golf Championship, Westchester Hills, White Plains, N. Y. To continue through July 3.

Rockaway Hunt Club Polo Tournament, Rockaway, L. I. To continue through July 13.

Broadmoor Association Polo tournament, Colorado Springs, Colo. To continue through July 13.

Long Island Father and Son and Junior Golf Tournament, Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, L. I. To continue through July 3.

Horse racing under the auspices of the American National Jockey Club, Inc., Arlington Heights, Ill. To continue through Aug. 2.

TUESDAY, JULY 2—Wedding of Miss Ann Conyngham Stevens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Conyngham Stevens of Jenkintown, Pa., to Dr. John Light Atlee, Jr., in the Church of Our Saviour, Jenkintown.

Wedding of Miss Miriam Elizabeth Piper, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Piper of Shippan Point, Stamford, Conn., to A. Cheever Lockwood, Jr., at the home of the bride's parents.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3—Championship yacht race, American Yacht Club, Rye, N. Y.

THURSDAY, JULY 4—General observance of Independence Day.

Annual Horse show at Hamilton, Mass., under the auspices of the local post American Legion.

Wedding of Miss Mildred Anna Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Campbell of Montclair, N. J., to Carl Sofranek, Jr., in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, West Orange.

Fourth of July Golf Tournament, Del Monte, Calif. To continue through July 7.

Culpeper Horse show, Culpeper, Va. To continue through July 7.

Motor-boat races at Peoria, Ill.

Motor-boat races at Albany, N. Y.

Championship yacht race, Larchmont Yacht Club.

Horse show at the Ride and Hunt Club, Sedgefield, Greensboro, N. C. To continue through July 5.

FRIDAY, JULY 5—Horse racing under the auspices of the Empire City Racing Association, Yonkers, N. Y. To continue through July 27.

Horse show at Milwaukee, Wis. To continue through July 6.

SATURDAY, JULY 6—Wedding of Miss Francesca Braggiotti, daughter of Isidore Braggiotti of Boston, Mass., to John Davis Lodge, in the Church of the Advent, Boston.

Wedding of Miss Ritz Newbold Krumbhaar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hermann Krumbhaar of Chestnut Hill, Pa., to Charles Platt, in St. Paul's Church.

Dog show under the auspices of the Monmouth County Kennel Club, Rumson, N. J.

Championship yacht race, New Rochelle Yacht Club.

SUNDAY, JULY 7—Wedding of Miss Esther Dechert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Dechert of Lansdowne, Pa., to Donelson Hoopes, in the Little Church Around the Corner, New York. Reception to follow at the Hotel Vanderbilt.

MONDAY, JULY 8—Wedding of Miss Margaret Chace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Howard Chace of Beverly, Mass., to Roland Tyler, in Beverly.

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A Mid-Summer Day's Doings

Have you ever discovered how pleasant it may be to shop in New York on a mid-summer day?

Traffic is not nearly so obnoxious; hotels and restaurants have dimmed lights, and gay slip-covers, and tables of delicious cold things, tempting your appetite; appointments with your dressmaker, your hairdresser, and even theatre tickets, are easier to get.

Yes, running into town for the day is a pleasant diversion. And isn't there always a little shopping to be done?

Chiffon

Is it another chiffon frock you need? Miss Mary King, Inc., who is at 21 East Fifty-sixth Street, almost next to Harper's Bazar, has the most charming and unusual chiffons. The dark toned figured evening dress is smartly featured by this shop. And there are the sophisticated simple models in small patterns of chiffon for afternoon.

Sailing - Sailing

Some one is always sailing! One smart woman has selected the most attractive bon voyage gift she can find, and she orders it for each friend who sails. If you're in New York, you pass a Louis Sherry shop every few minutes, it seems. And how pleasantly you may lunch there! Sherry's bon voyage gifts are far famed. Experienced travellers send them, because they have enjoyed receiving them. And you may always order one by mail, confident that as the ship sails, your gift will be aboard!

Heads

With authorities splitting hairs about the length of the hair and the contour of the head, an artist-of-a-hairdresser is even more of an essential than ever. Harper's Bazar commends to you those whose names appear on these pages.

The Where-to-Shop Department of Harper's Bazar will be glad to answer questions about any of these shops. Please call Wickersham 2800.

Where to Shop in New York

BEAUTY
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Mature lines are delicately softened by a becoming permanent wave or a modern lightweight
transformation by
Louis Parmé
18 W. 57th St., New York

SOCIAL CALENDAR

for JULY 1929

U. S. intersectional team tennis match tournament, Chicago, Ill.

Western Amateur Golf Tournament, Mission Hills Country Club, Kansas City, Mo. To continue through July 13.

TUESDAY, JULY 9—Third annual flower show at the Casino, Newport, R. I. To continue through July 10.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10—New Jersey Father and Son Golf Championship at Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N. J.

Warrenton Pony Show, Warrenton, Va. To continue through July 11.

THURSDAY, JULY 11—New Jersey Junior Golf Championship at Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N. J. To continue through July 12.

Wedding of Miss Maude Henderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Henderson of Germantown, Pa., to Samuel T. Freeman, in St. Luke's Church.

FRIDAY, JULY 12—Golf Championship for Jess Sweetser Cup at Sleepy Hollow, Scarsborough. To continue through July 13.

Metropolitan Amateur Golf Championship, Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N. J. To continue through June 15.

Horse show at Fort Sheridan, Ill. To continue through July 13.

SATURDAY, JULY 13—Wedding of Miss Phebe Le Massena Yancey, daughter of Mrs. F. Ross Blair of Glen Ridge, N. J., and Antwerp, Belgium, to Albert Prentiss Alexander, Jr., in Antwerp.

Motor-boat races at Block Island, R. I.

Polo matches at Point Judith Polo Club, Narragansett Pier, R. I. To continue through August 31.

Veterans' Golf Tournament, Biltmore Forest Country Club, Asheville, N. C.

International track meet, Cambridge, Mass.

Championship yacht race, Indian Harbor Yacht Club, Greenwich, Conn.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17—Massachusetts amateur golf championship, Belmont Spring Country Club, Waverly, Mass. To continue through July 20.

THURSDAY, JULY 18—Metropolitan Open Golf Championship, Lido Country Club, Long Beach, L. I. To continue through July 20.

Fairfield Country Hunt Club Horse show, Westport, Conn. To continue through July 20.

International Intercollegiate Tennis matches at the Casino, Newport, R. I. To continue through July 20.

FRIDAY, JULY 19—Second annual Motor-boat regatta at Portland, Me. To continue through July 20.

SATURDAY, JULY 20—Larchmont Yacht Club's annual race week. To continue through July 27.

International Athletic games at N. Y. A. C., Travers Island.

MONDAY, JULY 22—Opening Essex County Club Ladies' Annual Invitation Tennis Tournament.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24—Horse show under the auspices of the Stamford Horse Show Association, Stamford, Conn. To continue through July 27.

Metropolitan Junior Golf Championship, Morris County Golf Club. To continue through July 26.

Orange Horse show, Orange, N. J. To continue through July 25.

Metropolitan Junior Golf Tournament, Morris County Golf Club, Convent Station, N. J. To continue through July 26.

MONDAY, JULY 29—Racing under the auspices of the Saratoga Racing Association, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. To continue through August 31.

Annual Invitation Tennis Tournament at the Casino, Newport, R. I.

TUESDAY, JULY 30—Annual championship archery tournament of the National Archery Association, Santa Barbara, Calif. To continue through August 2.

Miss Mary King, Inc.
Importers

From the bewildering array of colorful chiffons Mary King has chosen the loveliest and smartest for the absolutely—essential—to—summer—chic frocks and gowns.

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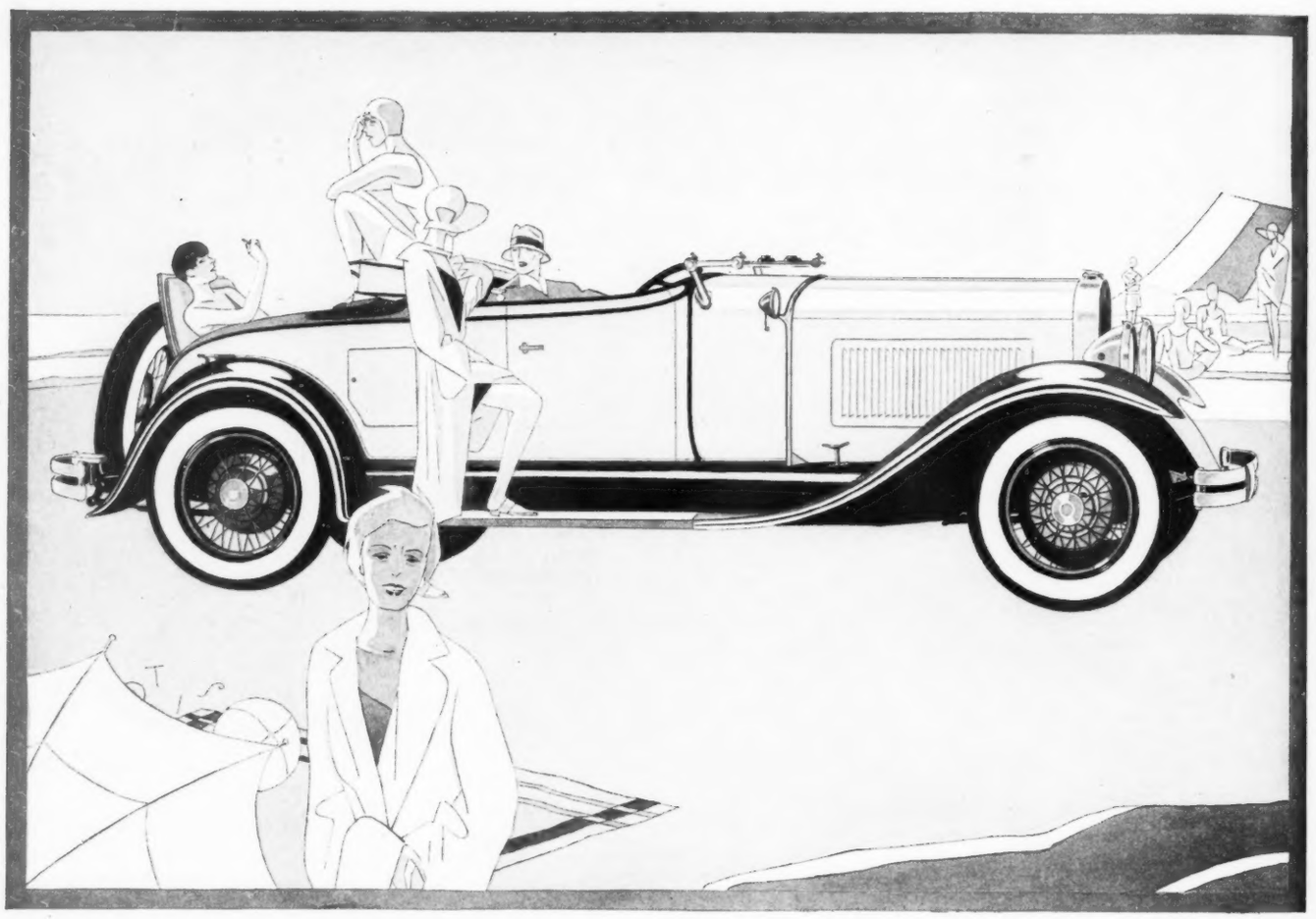
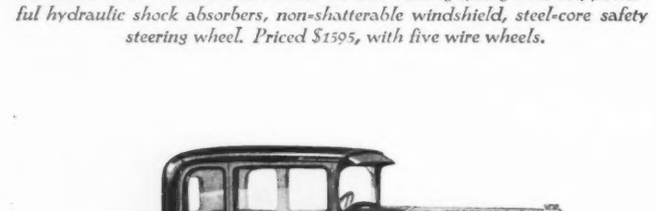
STYLE ···· INTERPRETIVE ···· INSPIRED

Expressing in line, and curve, and color, the very spirit of these champion motor cars



The Commander Eight Roadster splendidly interprets the speed and stamina of its magnificent chassis. Restful comfort for four—two in the spacious lounge seat and two in the commodious rumble. Ball bearing spring shackles, powerful hydraulic shock absorbers, non-shatterable windshield, steel-core safety steering wheel. Priced $1595, with five wire wheels.



The Dictator Coupe, available either as a straight eight or six, offers a choice of two body types—for four or two passengers. Exceptional economy. 115-in. wheelbase. Hydraulic shock absorbers. The Dictator Six Coupe for Two is $995, the Eight $1185. The Six-cylinder Coupe for Four is $1045 and the Eight $1235.

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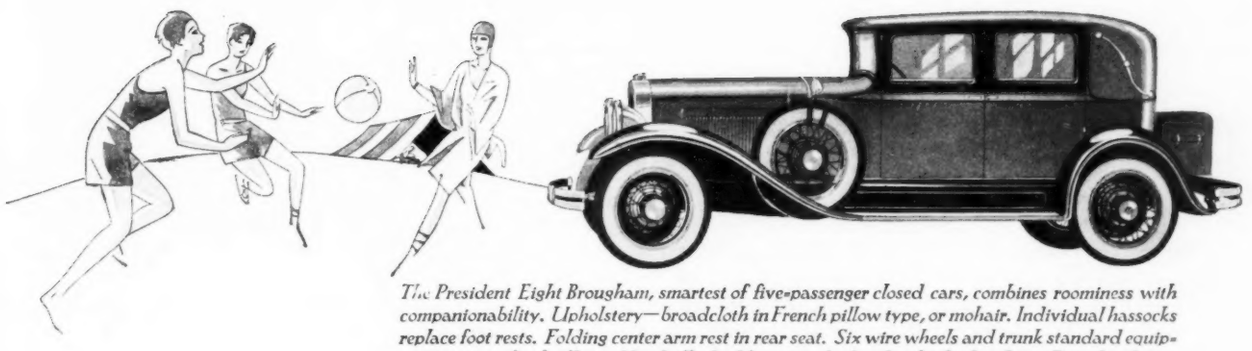
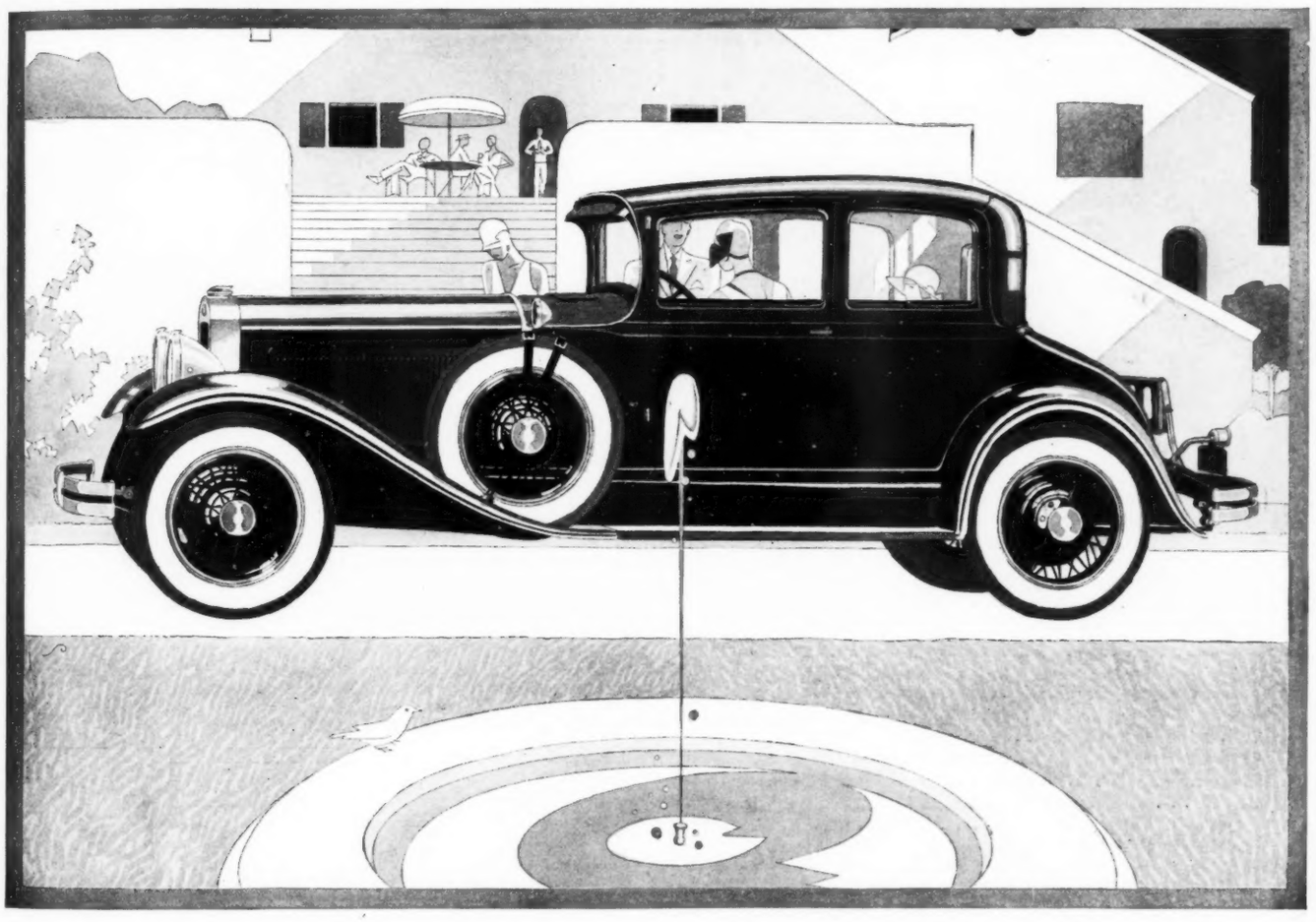
Studebaker style is thus art in its truest sense, an interpretation of qualities. And America's keen appreciation of finer, lovelier things has accorded to Studebaker the greatest tribute possible . . . Studebaker now sells more eight-cylinder motor cars than any maker in the world.



The President Eight Brougham, smartest of five-passenger closed cars, combines roominess with companionability. Upholstery—broadcloth in French pillow type, or mohair. Individual hassocks replace foot rests. Folding center arm rest in rear seat. Six wire wheels and trunk standard equipment. 135-inch wheelbase. Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced at $2350.



Studebaker meets every measure of costly car excellence. Travel ease unknown until Studebaker introduced ball bearing spring suspension . . . power suavity lulling in its smoothness and instant in its response . . . obedience to control that makes driving truly restful. Yet Studebaker's One-Profit manufacture achieves all of this at remarkably low prices.

The President Eight State Victoria seats four in comfort. A popular car for social or business use. Low-swung on its costlier double-drop frame. Six wire wheels and trunk rack are standard equipment. Priced at $1895. The Commander Eight Victoria is $1525, The Commander Six, $1375.

All prices at the factory, bumpers and spare tires extra.

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THE SPIRIT OF ST. MALO still sails the seven seas

It has always been a battle . . . the sea on one side, the Breton on the other.-:-Those little old-time frigates with their 90-foot keels . . . but the Holy Virgin of the Grand Porte brought them through.-:-That brave St. Malo ensign, blue with a white cross and scarlet quarterings . . . how it flew triumphant through the storm! -:- Jacques Cartier hoisted it . . . and found the St. Lawrence.-:- L'Agnelet ran it up . . . and the Spanish galleons crumpled.-:- Discoveries are done today, although privateers are gone, but the spirit of St. Malo still sails the Seven Seas in the 110 ships of the French Line, led by those three giants, the *"France"*, the *"Paris"* and the *"Ile De France"* that together form the Weekly Express Service between Paris and New York, calling at Plymouth for London. -:- When you've taken the 3-hour boat-train from Le Havre and seen Paris again . . . gay, sophisticated and forever adorable . . . wouldn't you like to run up to St. Malo and hear the bell "Noguette"?

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

French Line Officers and Stewards Converse in English

WHERE THEY DINE IN LONDON

(Concluded from page 71)

ful with his bow and his, "Has all gone well with you, Milord, Milady, Monsieur, Madame—," as the case may be.

For the American who loves a title, Taglione's is a Mecca. It is the first restaurant Princess Mary ever visited, and she has not failed to come again. A rosy, blue-eyed young woman, not fashionably dressed and with the same friendly smile that all the younger royalties have. The pretty and *chic* Duchess of York with her rather solemn young husband goes there and so do Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. Lady Cunard, wonderfully young looking and vivacious, gives charming parties in one of the two small rooms and so do Princess Illinsky, Lord Londonderry and Lord Portallington.

If you want to drink the Imperial Tokay from the cellars of the Emperor Francis Joseph—and it should be drunk at least once in a lifetime; if you want to sip golden wines from Germany with delicious flavors and terrible names like Gumpoldskirchner; if you want to eat turbot cooked to perfection, duck *à la presse*, veal as only the Viennese prepare it and succulent sweets and pastries—make your way to Percy Street and find the Eiffel Tower, owned by one Rudolph Stulik.

Michael Arlen, when he was none too prosperous and had an endless Armenian name and high aspirations, used to dine there and appreciated it enough to write of it in his novel "The Green Hat." He did not know the beautiful Lady Diana Duff-Cooper who was Lady Diana Manners then, but he used to gaze across the little room at her and at Lady Angela Forbes, another patroness. He still goes there, when he comes to London, and drinks Mr. Stulik's health in the famous Tokay. Viola Tree, who is Mrs. Alan Parsans, gives parties there, and so does Sir Anthony Hope. Mr. Lloyd George drops in occasionally, a small white-haired man with sparkling little eyes who orders the simplest of meals, as does Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. Not Augustus John, however; he is a famous cook and has a kitchen full of labor-saving devices and he takes the best the Eiffel Tower offers.

Mr. Stulik himself is a character worth noting. His admiration for artists and writers has made him help them many times when they had only hope to sustain them. A big man with a heavy mustache, who has a taste for dogs and birds, for large growing ferns, big pieces of brass and carved wood and all his tastes, except the dogs, are evident in his restaurant. One's first impression is that the room is crowded. As a matter of fact, the tables are few but the decorative effects many. Besides the hanging baskets of ferns and others in pots, the large brass urns and jars and the carved wood, there are pictures by artists great and small, including Augustus John, Nevinson and Paul Nash. I do not believe Mr. Stulik has raised his prices in years, nor has added a table, but he occasionally adds a new decorative feature of sorts!

Up-stairs he has two rooms for private dinners, one with mural paintings by Wyndham Lewis. A Corticist room this, with cubes and angles out of which emerge strange representations of the human form apparently wrestling with life and getting the worst of it. The other room has an Adams ceiling and Early-Victorian furnishings and it was this room that Augustus John chose for his son's wedding breakfast not long ago.

IN West Street, Seven Dials, is one of the most popular of the small, intimate London restaurants, the Ivy. "It is merely a *boite*," the proprietor, Mr. Abel, will tell you with a shrug and a smile, and he means to keep it that way just as he means to go to market every morning at five to get the freshest foods for his patrons. He attends to everything himself. He may be chatting with friends one minute and his quick eye will catch sight of a table not properly cleared or a customer looking for a waiter. In a second he is on the spot and he, who started his career as an artist in Paris, is the servant *par excellence* of those who dine *chez Abel*.

The food at the Ivy is uniformly good, and if you care to have Mr. Abel select your meal he will do it with taste and finesse and with financial modesty. So many Americans have discovered him that he serves chicken *à la* Maryland and other favorite dishes of the U. S. A. Italians find his ravioli to their taste. He has ways with chops and steaks, with game and fowl that please the British, and no one should leave him without tasting the friandise, delicious candied nuts and fruits and wee iced cakes which are a compliment from the restaurant.

Though the Ivy is so near Seven Dials that its wine cellars are actually under the ancient Seven Dials Church, it is also in the new theatrical district and to it come all the famous English theatrical folk. Noel Coward is the most regular of visitors and one wonders if he ever dines in the house he bought his mother near Eaton Square. Pretty Tallulah Bankhead, the only American actress who ever completely conquered London, is another habituée and all her meals are parties. Constance Collier, enchanting little Marie Tempest and her husband, Grahame Browne. Sybil Thorndike, a favorite London actress; George Robey, who has made two generations laugh; Owen Nares, the handsome matinée idol. You will find them all there one day or another with writers like Sheila Kaye-Smith, Frank Swinnerton, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, G. B. Stern and young John Van Druten. And the delightful part is the moving from table to table, for Ivyites all know one another and have much to talk about.

WHEN the Prince of Wales wants his favorite Langoustine à l'Americaine he goes to the Berkeley Grill for it, and many of the heirs of Dukes and gay society youths follow his example. The Berkeley is also the resort of county families and pretty débutantes who have girlish lunches there, and a favorite place for twenty-first birthday parties and wedding anniversaries which always used to be celebrated at home.

The Ritz and Claridges get a share of this kind of entertainment, and so does the Carlton, which manages a sort of intimacy even though the dining-room is spacious. Perhaps this is due to Mr. Pretési, the *maitre d'hôtel* who knows much about food, the shadow of Escoffier, the greatest chef London has ever known, having fallen upon him, for it was Escoffier, who after being chef to King Edward, gave his talents to the Carlton.

"The English and the Americans give the best dinners," Mr. Pretési will tell you. "They select the best foods." And he should know, for the Carlton is nothing if not cosmopolitan. Indian princes, Italian statesmen, French gourmets come there. It is the favorite place of Princess Marie Louise, an epicure in food and wines, and of that man of mystery, M. Zaharoff, whose wealth can not be estimated and who is supposed to be behind all great international affairs. He gives superb dinners. Edgar Wallace, whose output of thrillers in books and plays has made him a super tax-payer, also entertains there on a large scale. So do many smart London hostesses who find things "so changed since the war."

Shades of William Makepeace Thackeray! The stately dining-rooms are full of shadows and the restaurants of bright lights, and gay voices in this dinner-giving society of ours.

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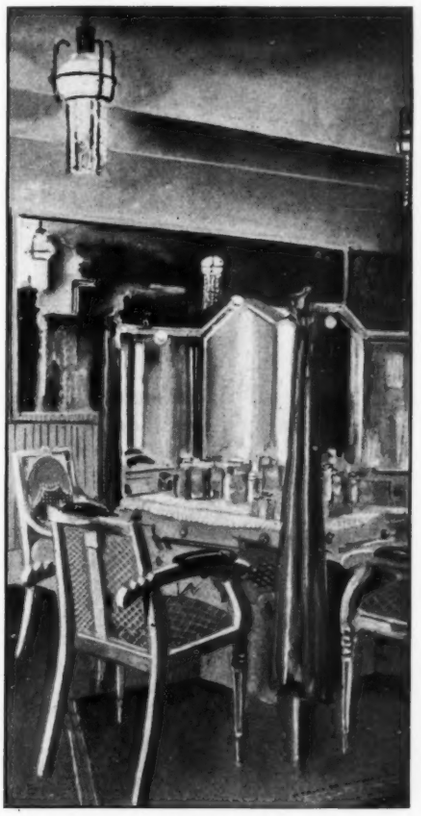

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Madame le Brun discusses Palmolive

Madame le Brun finds that "Palmolive Soap . . . removes, without irritation, all the dirt and oils which obstruct the pores and leaves the skin thoroughly cleansed and healthy . . . Other soaps, even more expensive ones, often irritate the skin and, in the end, tire and spoil it."

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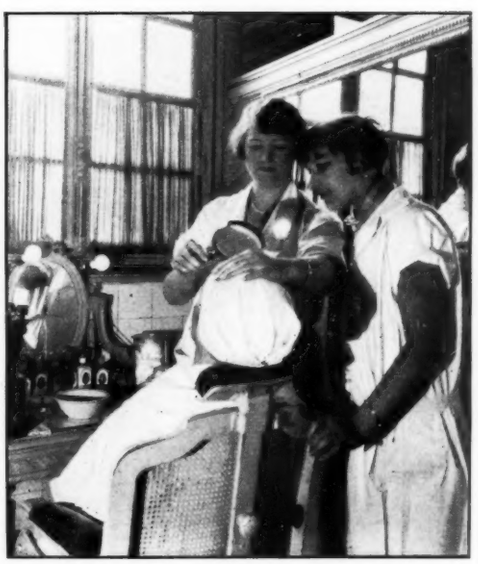

Madame Valentin le Brun holds the following Royal warrants and honored public positions: By Appointment to His Highness, The Khedive; to Her Majesty, The Queen of England: to Her Majesty, The Queen of Spain and to The Princess Eulalia; Officer d' Academie, and Officier de l'Instruction Publique.

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In every country, in every world capital, one meets this same advice. Madame Bertha Jacobson, of Mayfair, London; Elise Bock, of Berlin; Pessl, of Vienna—scores of others give their smart patrons this same advice: Massage the face gently for two full minutes with Palmolive lather. Rinse this off thoroughly, and with it all impurities and secretions. Follow with a cold rinse . . . to icy temperature, in the morning, as an astringent. All other treatments, all use of make-up, should be preceded by this basic skin cleanser.

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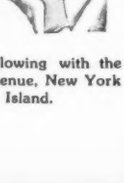

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IN LONDON SOCIETY

(*Continued from page 90*)

and scintillated with the priceless Youssoupoff jewels. Lady de Grey arrived with him, also wearing Russian dress, and together they made a very striking pair. Everyone was very gay and at supper the French policeman, Lord Winterton, arrested—after a great struggle—a couple of dangerous apaches who turned out to be Mrs. Cecil Higgins and Lord Duncannon, now Lord Bessborough.

Mrs. Arthur Paget, who later on became Lady Paget, was an old friend of my grandmother's and I think one of the very few Americans she had ever met. I think Lord Walsingham had met Miss Minnie Stevens years ago in America, and afterward, when she married Arthur Paget and settled in England, he had introduced her to his wife and she had called at Eaton Square. My grandmother always said her beauty was quite remarkable. When I first began to go about in London she was still handsome and entertained a great deal.

I remember a large dinner at her house in Belgrave Square where I met for the first time the Marlboroughs, the Roxburghs, the Cadogans, the Aga Khan and many others who were all to become friends of mine later on. Bridge was already the craze in those days and everyone settled to the game the minute the men came up from the dining-room. As I did not play I sat and talked the whole evening to the Aga Khan who was the only other non-player. He told me a good many interesting things about his country and himself, and we laid the foundations of a friendship that has now lasted a great many years.

In those days I complained of bridge and found it spoiled parties, little dreaming what a bridge fiend I was to become in after years!

IT WAS soon afterward that Mrs. Arthur Paget had the terrible accident which nearly cost her her life. I often went to call and found her looking very lovely in a pink draped bed in a darkened room, surrounded by the most exquisite flowers and fruit sent to her by her many friends. Though after several years she reached the point of being able to walk with the help of two sticks, she was never herself again, but she continued to entertain indefatigably, though always lame and suffering, till she finally died—perhaps as she would have wished to—rather suddenly, at the Ritz in Paris.

Lady de Grey afterward Lady Ripon, used to give once a year at her lovely house at Coombe a large dinner party to which the principal stars of Covent Garden were invited as personal friends, and it was considered a great privilege to be included in her list of guests. She used to plan it all very carefully and ask people two months ahead, so as to be sure of getting exactly whom she wanted, and the evening always ended with delightful music, as all the singers relaxed in her tactful presence and enjoyed "showing off", like children.

I think it was in the season of 1908 that she invited me to one of her famous dinners, and I motored down to Coombe with Madame von Andre and my dear Leonie Leslie. It was a delightful gathering, for Lady de Grey somehow managed to invite wives without their husbands and husbands without their wives, picking out the better of the two in each couple. I often wonder how she managed it without making mortal enemies!

Among the guests that night were Melba, Scotti, McCormick, Lady Mar and Kellie, Miss Muriel Wilson, Mrs. Asquith, Lady Constance Richardson, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Francis of Teck, Marquis de Soveral, Reggie Lister and many others. Caruso was to have been of the party, but was involved in a law suit which obliged him to go to Italy.

Someone suggested that Lady Constance Richardson should dance a cake walk—this being a *chic* novelty!—and requiring no persuasion at all she sprang on to the little stage at the end of the drawing-room, kicked off her slippers and picked up her skirts. She had the loveliest figure and the flattest back I have ever seen. I remember noticing with awe that now and then she showed her legs *almost* to her knees! All the spectators were simply enraptured with her performance which then seemed to be the quintessence of all that was modern, and she was the success of the evening, putting the noses of all the professionals quite out of joint!

Lady Constance was one of the first to take up bare-legged dancing, and what is now an everyday occurrence seemed then a startling innovation. People used to whisper to each other with horrified round eyes, huddling in corners: "My dear, her legs were *pipe clayed*, and all her toe nails varnished bright pink!"

Maud Allen was, of course, the queen of that school, and I always considered her a great artist, head and shoulders above everyone else. I remember Maudie Ashley writing to me when I was in Rome: "I have seen this new dancer, Maud Allen, at the Palace. I examined her most carefully through my opera glasses and—she does not wear tights!"

It seemed incredible!

WHEN I saw Maud Allen for the first time I was at a party given in London by Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago in honor of the Khedive of Egypt. It was a hot evening in July, and the season had reached its high water-mark. Night after night we had all been bidden to banquets and had partaken of all the most expensive foods in the world, served in the most luxurious ways possible. We had danced to the best orchestras on the finest floors, and we were so tired of it all, we didn't know what to do. Leonie Leslie said to me: "If they offer me one more ortolan and one more Pêche Melba I shall scream!" So after another banquet, more luxurious and more expensive, also hotter and longer than any other, we took our places in the ballroom where a stage had been erected and where this new dancer was to try to arouse our jaded interest. I sat near the Khedive with whom conversation was never very easy. I had lunched with him in Egypt when I had been there with Sir Ernest Cassel, and so I recalled to him the beauty of a certain hedge of orange trees in his garden; its thick green foliage, neatly clipped and dotted with shining golden fruit had remained in my memory. The only other thing I remembered was a certain drawing-room entirely upholstered in bright emerald satin, but that I did not refer to.

And then we heard the first notes of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and Maud Allen appeared. She was wearing a soft little tunic that left her arms and legs bare, and a few vine leaves were twisted round her head. She danced as the nymphs dance in the forest because it is springtime, the world is beautiful, and it is a joy to dance and be alive. The hot room, the Khedive, Mrs. Potter Palmer and everything else seemed to melt away. I was in the forest with a nymph; I smelled the crushed grass and thought I heard a blackbird. The illusion only lasted a few minutes, but it was wonderful to have felt it.

Afterward Maud Allen interpreted Chopin's Funeral March, swathed in gray draperies that concealed her features, and all the pain and loneliness in the world seemed concentrated in her little figure. I know I had to wipe my eyes.

She has had many imitators now, but I shall always remember with gratitude how she brought a breath of fresh air into that crowded London drawing-room.

A LOVELY party was the one given at Apsley House by the Duke and Duchess of Wellington in honor of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. In those days Apsley House was the only big house in London without electric light, and I am not sure that it is not so still. The effect of the countless candles illuminating the drawing-rooms was very beautiful, and the mellow light proved particularly becoming to women. The ball was preceded by a huge dinner, and I sat between the Duke of Wellington and Prince Francis of Teck. Minor royalties were as num-

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IN LONDON SOCIETY

(*Continued from page 120*)

erous as rabbits on a Norfolk Common! Of course, I danced all night, as was my frivolous custom in those days, and when I went into supper with Lord Shrewsbury, King Edward called to me and made me sit near him. He always took whisky and soda at supper, and insisted that it was the most healthy drink in the world. He wished me to adopt it also, so he poured some whisky into my glass of nice Perrier water. I only took one sip and found it very nasty, but I was able to pass it secretly to my partner who disposed of it, and never again have I tasted whisky.

TWENTY odd years ago the impression of a London ballroom was not as smart as nowadays, when I think the average woman is much better dressed, but the beauties stood out, in consequence, far more conspicuously, and when a woman was really handsome she became, with her long train and elaborate coiffure and tiara a picture striking enough to be remembered.

The Duchess of Sutherland, now Lady Millicent Hawes, was one of those who looked best on big occasions, also the Duchess (Sheila) of Westminster. The latter's sister, Princess Pless, who came over every year from Germany, was even more lovely. I remember a ball at Grosvenor House where the two sisters outshone everyone else. Princess Pless wore gold tissue that matched her hair, and a turquoise and diamond tiara the same color as her eyes, also a German order with a pale blue ribbon. She looked like a princess in a fairy-tale.

At that same ball Mrs. Cornwallis West, Princess Pless's mother, broke the string of her pearl necklace and the band was stopped while everyone groveled under the chairs and sofas to collect the precious beads. It was then discovered that several of them were false, and what would now be considered very natural was then whispered about in corners as though it were an awful scandal.

Mrs. Cornwallis West had also been a great beauty in her day, but that, of course, was long before my time. She belonged to a group of famous beauties that included Georgina, Lady Dudley, Mrs. Langtry, and several others.

Mrs. Rupert Beckett was a very pretty woman and always very well dressed in the French fashion, which at that time was very distinct from the English. The Duchess of Rutland, then Lady Granby, was the acknowledged leader of the English style of dress, which was characterized by flowing draperies and faded colors. Lady Windsor and Lady Tree also dressed in the same way. I suppose the English hats of that period would look "teed up" now, but they sat much more flatly on the head than the French hats which really were the most marvelous erections. I must confess with shame that it took me at least ten minutes to put on my hat in the old days. Hats were monuments of tulle or lace, trimmed with bouquets of plumes or else regular herbaceous borders, and the real article from Paris possessed a "bandeau", made of wire and velvet and the higher the better. It was sewn inside the rim and raised the hat several inches above one's head. The hat was fastened to one's chignon with very long pins, and a lot of excruciating prodding went on before it was firm enough to face the mildest breeze. Then one's front and side hair had to be pinned up with "invisible" hairpins to hide the "bandeau". After that the veil had to be fastened, very carefully in order not to pull the tip of one's nose out of shape or to rub on one's eyelashes, and it was pinned to the sides of the head with two hair-pins.

I will not enlarge on the tiny waist that was a painful necessity; the high collars that required several whalebones to support them and which made little wounds all round one's neck that were considered everyday occurrences; the long skirts that had to be gathered up gracefully at practically every step. The result of it all was an enormous difference in appearance between the well-groomed woman who took great care over her toilet and who was assisted by a good maid, and the one who threw on her clothes just anyway, without bothering.

On looking back I think everything is far more comfortable now than twenty years ago, and the only real advantage we had then was that we could travel all over the world without a passport.

(*To be concluded*)

THE YOUNG MEN OF TO-DAY

(*Concluded from page 100*)

I was on a dusty path leading to a native village. Unclean dogs greeted my approach. The natives stared at me with fatal indifference. And the shadow of death was over them.

And I came to a house set apart from the others.

"Who lives in this house?" I asked the natives.

And they answered: "It is the white man's house. There is famine in the land, and he has been sent to help us. He has worked like a god, he has been our father and our mother, but now he lies ill of the fever that kills white men. What shall we do?"

I went within. All was uncared for, and the air was foul with flies. In a bare room a young man lay on a bed. Pale and emaciated, he looked at me with glittering eyes. I swept the flies from off his face, but they came back and he had not the strength to drive them away.

"Fever," he said. "Be all right soon. The only thing that worries me is that I'm supposed to meet young Fanshawe at Suna. He'll have all that rice waiting for me there. I'll have to get there somehow. These fellows are starving."

And in my dream I left that desolate place and came beside a roaring of waters and a turmoil of engines. And everywhere there were men, small and dark and sinewy, naked to the waist and glistening with sweat.

Watching, I said to myself: "These men are building a bridge across an ancient river. This is a very noble undertaking. What numbers must die in these unhealthy swamps! But these are only ignorant savages—where are their leaders, the white men, the bridge-builders?"

And then I saw the white men who led the workers. They were lean young men with tired, exasperated eyes. Everything was in their hands. And they brooded over the workers, like anxious fathers. The flesh had been worked off their bones. And their lips were white and thin, like the lips of men who have tasted death.

One, seeing me, came near and said:

"Want a job? We are short here, five white men over thousands. Are you an engineer?"

"I am a writer," I said.

He smiled. "You're lucky. Wish I'd picked a soft job. What do you write?"

"I thought of writing something on the Young Men of To-day," I said.

He grinned.

"Give 'em my love," he said. "I suppose they eat caviar every night and sleep in their beds. When I go home to England after thirty years of work I shall have a pension that wouldn't keep a Young Man of To-day in cigarettes for a week. Good-day to you."

I awoke and sat down to write to my friend the editor, saying: "I shall do you an article on the Young Men of To-day, but you will oblige me greatly if you will publish it without any photographs. For I have it from a reliable source that a very considerable number of the Young Men of To-day who really matter are not in the way of getting themselves photographed."

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MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 67*)

"Jerry," said George, "it seems to me that you've gone in off the deep end."

"All right then," said Jerry, "I'll swim."

He went back to his desk, and shuffled through a stack of bond circulars. Their type blurred, as he looked at them. Instead of thinking about Wee, instead of telling his best friend how fortunate he was to be engaged to her, what had he done? He had talked about money. He had talked like an unsuccessful fortune hunter, who had been repelled by Wee's guardian. He walked back to George's desk.

"I wouldn't touch a cent of his miserable money," he began, loudly, "if I was sick and hadn't a crust of bread to eat. I—"

"Sh-h! Don't tell the whole office about it."

"I adore Wee," Jerry said. "I want to take her where she'll never see that old spider again."

"I'm going to take you for a walk."

JERRY put on his coat and hat, and took his brief-case full of circulars. The two friends walked across the Common and Public Gardens to Commonwealth Avenue, and down the Avenue for a mile.

"I'm all right now," said Jerry. "I'm going to work. I've got an engagement with old Mr. Tweedie at eleven. He thinks women ought to wear their hair long, because St. Paul advised it. Don't you think I would surprise him if I quoted the verse, George?"

"It would be a new selling argument," George said.

"Well, I will," Jerry promised. "Those Merrimac Hair Goods bonds of ours aren't so easy to sell."

"You'll sell Mr. Tweedie a block of them," predicted George. "You're in your best fighting form. Nobody can resist you."

"Somebody did."

"No, he didn't. You weren't fighting *him.* You didn't go around to grab his money, Jerry. I know you too well. You went around to be decent and friendly to an old man. He lives on the income of his income. He brought up the subject of money, didn't he? And you're only sore with him for Wee's sake? I thought so. Well, you're no worse off than you used to be. You hadn't anything then, and you haven't anything now. What are you scowling about?"

"I wish," said Jerry, "that I was as decent as you think I am."

"Forget it. What you need, Jerry, is a drink. And you'll get it. At five o'clock this evening, Sam Purvis and Eph Smith are coming to see you, and we'll drink Wee's health. That will be better for you than mooning around. Are you all right now?"

"Yes."

"Then go and see Mr. Tweedie. Go and see all your best prospects. March on down the field, fighting for Eli."

Jerry shook himself.

"I'll have to fight," he said. "I wouldn't touch a cent of that old miser's money, George, if—"

"Hearts can be broken, and deeds too," said George, walking away.

IT WAS a mysterious remark, but George loved to be mysterious. Jerry put it out of his mind. Nobody was going to get Mr. Roger Legg's money—not all the king's horses and all the king's men. Jerry looked moodily at the little, bespectacled Bostonians on the pavement, knowing how curiously they lived, apparently by taking each other in as boarders. Jerry knew that they would regard his $80 as princely. He had been quite comfortable on it before the specter of those seventy million dollars had risen in his mind. How long ago it seemed! Three days ago!

"I'm a low-down pup," he said to himself. "I'm a yellow hound-dog with fleas. I'll never be able to hold up my head again."

But he held it up as he entered Mr. Tweedie's office; and in five minutes he was talking smoothly about Merrimac Hair Goods 4's. He quoted St. Paul: "If it be a shame for a woman to be shaven or shorn, let her be covered . . . But if a woman have long hair it is a glory to her, for her hair is given her for covering."

Mr. Tweedie bought twenty-five bonds.

Then Jerry came out, and called up Wee.

"I'm having a wonderful day," he said. "Everything is going great. Yes, of course I can work. I'm working for you, now. Yes, my dear. George and Sam and Eph Smith are coming to my place at five. You're going to Marblehead for the night? You say you really *must?* Of course, you can tell your friends. I told George. Yes, you can put it in the *Transcript* to-morrow. Oh, Wee, why can't we meet now?"

They met in the court of the Public Library for a breathless twenty minutes, and then Jerry went back to his work. The sense of power that had come to him in Mr. Tweedie's office deepened during the afternoon. He had a long talk with the president of the Hoosic-Whisac Trust Company, and persuaded that official to buy a block—a miraculously large block—of the Agricultural Mortgage Bank of the Republic of Salvador.

Reporting this sale by telephone, he walked homeward, whistling, across the Public Gardens.

HIS three friends arrived together in a large blue roadster, with Sam Purvis at the wheel. They crossed Louisburg Square, well kept and cozy, twisted across the hill to Revere Street, and blew sonorous blasts on the horn. Jerry flung open his window and told them to come up.

"You had a great day," said George. "Caleb's so pleased that he wants you to crew for him at Marblehead next Saturday."

"That, I understand, corresponds to the Legion of Honor in your office," said Eph Smith.

"It does," said George. "It's the brightest prize we've got. I told him you'd be delighted, Jerry. You can set his spinnaker for him. You aren't asked for Sunday, because spinnakers are not carried in the Sunday races, out of proper respect for the Lord's Day."

"We aren't here to discuss the Lord's Day," said Sam. "I think it's great you're getting married, Jerry."

"It's great," said Eph Smith.

"We all think it's great," said George.

"Yes," agreed Jerry, "it's great."

"When George told us, we said it was great," added Eph.

"Great," said Sam.

The pause that followed was so long that George tactfully broke it with the word "great."

"Change signals!" said Eph, pulling a form-fitting quart flask from his pocket.

"Tell Muttojeffo, your Japanese manservant, that we now require tall glasses and ice cubes."

"I haven't any Japanese manservant," answered Jerry. "There may be some glasses in the bathroom. I haven't any ice."

"Do not apologize, my worthy man," said Eph Smith. "We are social workers from the St. Botolph Lend-A-Hand Society, and we quail at no tenement, no matter how low. I'll get the glasses."

He returned with a cracked tumbler, a jelly jar, and two tooth mugs. Eph Smith poured small drinks of pre-war Bourbon whisky. They gathered around Jerry, and George Hamill spoke.

"The bride—God bless her!" he said, and threw his tooth mug with fine ceremony into the fireplace. The others followed suit, Jerry last. This was the first time in years he had drunk with his friends without a certain club toast—a toast hallowed by nearly three centuries of time. But nobody mentioned it. The visitors were looking for more glasses.

"There aren't any," announced Eph. "I might anoint you, Jerry, with this oil of gladness—just a drop or two, very delicately, on the lobes of your ears. But we have something far better for you to do. We're going to take you to the Spring Dinner at the Glim. Shut up! We know that Wee's out of town. You dress now,

(*Continued on page 124*)

SUNBURN MENACES YOUR BEAUTY

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
World Famous Beauty Specialist

YEARS alone do not age the face—exposure and neglect are the real culprits. And of all the seasons, summer exacts the severest toll of beauty.

I cannot repeat too often the warning that sunburn presents a real danger to the skin. In your quest for health and freedom do not fail to guard your skin. Or too late you will wonder why your face has coarsened, why there are lines around your eyes, why you have *aged* . . . .

For many years I have struggled with the problem of protecting the outdoor woman's beauty. I have travelled to far-distant countries where the sun is merciless, to Egypt, India, Australia. I engaged in exhaustive research and tireless experimentation, seeking to discover a simple practical means of sunproofing skins.

It was under the parching sun of India that I achieved my goal—the Valaze sunproof creations. Creams, lotions, powder that make the skin immune to the sun. They have taught countless moderns to love the outdoors *wisely*. From Newport to Le Touquet they are considered essential to correct grooming.

When you visit my Salons for your summer treatment course, ask to see the sunproofing creations and the interesting finishing touches which I recently perfected in my Paris laboratories.

Sunproof your skin—with Valaze Sunproof Cream. Prevents painful unsightly sunburn and freckles. Essential to all who spend much time outdoors, including men and children. Excellent foundation. 1.00, 2.00

Valaze Sunproof Lotion—the perfect summer make-up foundation. Cools, refreshes, makes powder and rouge doubly adherent. Gives the skin a most flattering finish. Prevents sunburn, tan and freckles. 1.50, 2.50

PARIS *Helena Rubinstein* LONDON

American Salons

8 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO

Cleanse—Youthify—with the cooling youth-renewing Valaze Water Lily Cleansing Cream. 2.50, 4.00

Rejuvenate Face and Eyes—with Valaze Extrait—the rare anti-wrinkle lotion. A benediction to tired skin. 2.50, 5.00

Clear—Animate—with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, the skin-clearing masterpiece. Corrects sallowness, tan, freckles. Purifies and refines the skin. 1.00, 2.50, 4.00

Correct and Prevent Squint Lines—Crow's-feet—with Valaze Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros) Excellent also for hands and throats. 1.75, 3.50, 6.00

Drooping Chin—Baggy Eyes—need Valaze Georgine Lactee—the amazing muscle tightener. Youthifies contours. 3.00, 6.00

Wash away Blackheads—contract large pores and normalize oily skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special. 1.00, 2.00

Correct "Shiny Nose"—overcome oiliness with Valaze Liquidine—an essential to exquisite grooming. 1.50, 2.75

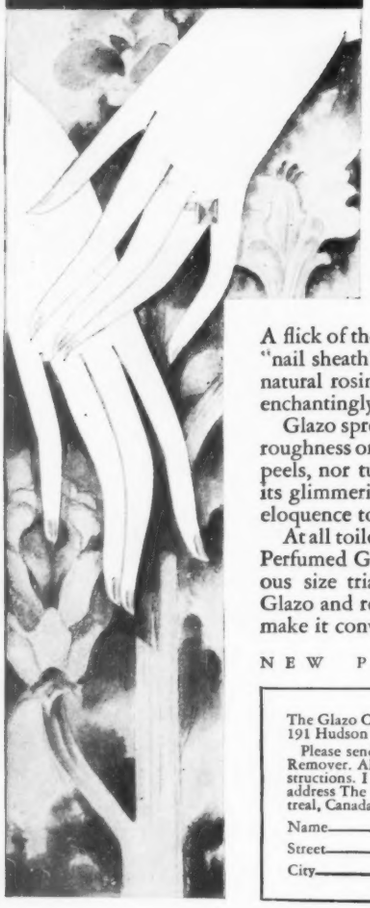
To smartly accent Your Beauty—Water Lily Foundation—Rachel (2.00, 3.50). Makes powder and rouge doubly adherent. For dry skin, Valaze Balm Rose. A unique foundation which lends the skin a natural finish. Corrects Crow's-feet. 1.00, 1.75. Poudre Enchanté the most exquisite Powder in the world (3.00). Red Raspberry Rouge for daytime, Red Geranium for evening. 1.00 to 5.00. Cubist Lipsticks to match. 1.00

Heighten the charm of your eyes—with Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener. 1.00. Persian Eye Black (Mascara) (1.00, 1.50) Eye Shadow to match your eyes. (1.00)

Individual Advice—Because your skin is "different", it requires individual treatment. Visit Helena Rubinstein's Salons for a scientific diagnosis and advice on the correct summer care of your skin. Or write to Madame Rubinstein describing your skin and hair and she will prescribe a special summer home-treatment schedule for you.

Now Glazo PERFUMED ..SO PLEASANT TO USE

THE NEW PERFUMED
GLAZO



JUST as your powders and creams are subtly fragrant, so your nail polish, too, may be delightful in scent. For Glazo now comes either plain —or *perfumed!*

Glazo is the choice of beautifully groomed, well-bred women because it replaces artificial looking nail tints with *natural gleam.* The soft shimmer given to the nails by Glazo is neither too deep a shade nor too pale—just cleverly in between. And the new fragrance is equally subtle—restrained —in keeping with the smart *correctness* of Glazo!

Through the "nail sheath"— natural gleam

A flick of the brush, and Glazo gives a silken "nail sheath" mirror smooth. Through it the natural rosiness of the nail gleams, glinting enchantingly with each motion of the hand.

Glazo spreads on evenly, without a hint of roughness or that gummy look. It never dims, peels, nor turns brown. For a whole week its glimmering brilliance lasts, lending new eloquence to the nails—to the entire hand!

At all toilette counters. Regular Glazo 50¢; Perfumed Glazo 60¢. Or send 6¢ for generous size trial bottle of the new perfumed Glazo and remover. The coupon below will make it convenient.

NEW PERFUMED GLAZO

The Glazo Company, Inc., Dept. 107-9
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send sample of new **Perfumed** Glazo with Remover. Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions. I enclose 6 cents. (If you live in Canada, address The Glazo Co., Ltd., P. O. Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 122*)

and we'll come back for you. You're going to preside."

"I can't. I'm going to work to-night."

"Work!"

Eph put such large scorn into the word that Jerry was abashed.

"Be ready in an hour," he said. "Sam and I will be back here then."

Somehow, it was easy to float on this pleasant tide. Jerry suddenly realized that marriage need not be fatal to a man's friendships. Here were his friends rallying around him, at the moment when he needed them most.

GEORGE did not go away with the others. He sat with Jerry in the window, watching the frowsy women keep their endless vigil in the tenement house windows across the way.

"Would it make you feel any better," George asked, "if you let me see that deed?"

Jerry got up at once; never in his life had he owned a paper that George couldn't see. George knew a lot about law. It was a hereditary shrewdness; his father, Ned Hamill, Gloucester born, was now the leading lawyer of New York. Jerry took a document from his drawer, and said:

"Read it if you like, George—but never speak to me about it again. I'm going to take a bath."

George turned on the light, and read aloud, skipping from section to section with loud, lawyerlike "hm, hms."

"KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS," he began, "that WHEREAS my beloved niece—hm, hm—and WHEREAS I believe that the unrestricted possession of a large sum of money is detrimental to youth in general, in that it removes the incentive to a sober and industrious life;

"NOW THEREFORE I, ROGER LEGG of Boston, do hereby sell, assign, transfer—hm, hm—the property set forth and described in the schedule hereto annexed marked 'A', said property having at the date hereof a market value of approximately $10,000,000.00 . . ."

JERRY'S unclad figure appeared in the bathroom door.

"*Must* you?" he said, plaintively. "It gives me an earache."

"I'm boiling it down," said George. "I skipped a lot of stuff about 'the ennobling virtue of giving of your means generously to charity.' And I modestly omitted the clause about 'such children as may be from time to time brought forth.' Uncle Roger has a lot of confidence in you, Jerry—he looks forward to nine of them."

"He said he had no confidence in me whatever," said Jerry, slipping into the tub. He lay there, trying to keep his ears under water, but George continued to read aloud.

"The share of the said Jereboam—hm, hm—shall consist of the entire Trust Fund until such time as a child shall be born; thereupon and thereafter as further children shall be born my Trustees shall reduce—hm, hm—by an amount sufficient to establish a new share for each such child equal in principal amount to the other share or shares so reduced (excluding additions from accumulated income, but including any amounts of principal which may then have been expended as hereinafter permitted.) Jeest!"

"What's that?" asked Jerry. "Did Mr. Legg use the expression Jeest?"

"I knew you hadn't read this thing carefully," George said. "I'll read it to myself and translate it into plain language for you."

Ten minutes later, he came to the bathroom door. Jerry was lying with his eyes closed and mouth open; George turned off the hot water and spoke with patient clearness, like a father to a child.

"You and Wee get a million dollars when you are married," he said, "and a million dollars when you bring forth each child, up to nine. But do you get the money? You do not. You ennoble yourself by donating to such institutions as are deemed bona fide and worthy not over five hundred dollars a year; and you can have forty dollars a week for medical and hospital expenses, *if* the Trustees deem you to be suffering from a major illness."

"I've got an earache already," Jerry remarked.

"Finally," said George, "when the youngest of Mr. Legg's grandchildren shall have attained the age of twenty-one years and nine months, the Trustees shall pay over the loot to them, free of any trust or restriction. Hot dog!"

"Well," said Jerry, "I think it's all right. I'm not looking for anything for myself, George. When I got engaged to Wee I thought she didn't have a cent. I went to tell her uncle that I'd work hard for her, all my life. He called me an almost penniless trifler and my father a hedonist. I don't care about this deed, George. I don't want to see Mr. Legg again, ever. I'm going to tell him—"

"Hold everything!" said George Hamill, quickly. "I want you to do me a favor, Jerry. I'd like to keep this thing overnight and show it to my father. He's dining at the Glim to-night."

"What do you want to show it to him for?"

"He's a great lawyer—one of the best."

"I know that. But what can he do?"

"Maybe nothing at all. But this thing's bad, Jerry."

"How do you mean, bad? It provides for my children, if I make a botch of things, doesn't it?"

"You won't make a botch, Jerry. But your children will. They'll never come to anything, with this thing hanging over them. It will turn them into little trustee-fed pups. Just one question, Jerry. Does Wee like this deed?"

"She loathes it."

GEORGE folded up the deed, and put it in his pocket. He lay at full length on the window-seat, while Jerry sorted out his evening clothes, and brushed his tail coat. Short coats are never worn at the Glim.

"The deed's bad morally, Jerry. And I think it's bad legally, too. The restriction of the use of the legal interest is bad in itself, and it lasts for too long a period. Who drew this deed? Some old lawyer who works for small fees, I'll bet. My father can probably shoot the whole thing full of holes. It's just like breaking a will. I'm not an estate lawyer, myself—"

"You talk just like one."

"I know what Mr. Legg was up to," George said. "He just wanted to lock up ten million dollars so that you couldn't ever touch it, or Wee either. That's what he thinks of her. But he has over-reached himself. The restriction on legal interest lasts longer than twenty-one years."

"Well," said Jerry, "I won't do a thing about it. If I tried to butt into a private matter between Wee and her uncle, it would look as if I were trying to grab some money for myself."

"Would it?" George Hamill's earnest face was flushed, and he looked Jerry squarely in the eye. "You love Wee, and you want to make her happy. You don't like Mr. Legg. Why not take a shot at him? Not for yourself—for Wee. Let my father see the deed, anyway. He may be able to do something."

"And if he can," Jerry said, "I'll be a man who started a law suit between my wife and her own family."

"Applesauce," said George, cheerily. "Father never starts any law suits. He hasn't been in a courtroom for twenty years."

"YOU look like Tarzan of the Apes." Eph Smith stood in the doorway. "You men are tardy," he said. "I came back to see that you couldn't renig. You're growing soft, Jerry—soft and fat. Alas for this gray shadow, once a man so glorious in his beauty and his strength. Cold are his wrinkled feet upon thy golden thresholds, O Miss Legg."

Jerry picked up Eph by his ears, deposited him on top of a clothes press in the corner, and then proceeded to dress. Into his lapel he put the emblem which Glim men wear at dinners—a gold codfish so tiny that its diamond eyes were almost invisible, but with every microscopic fin

(*Continued on page 126*)

Every Detail of Modern Sanitary Grooming

Now reaches perfection in Kotex

Why smart women appreciate the superiority of this modern sanitary protection

THE modern woman is as meticulous about the details of intimate grooming as about any feature of her completed costume. More so, perhaps, since in this she must have the greatest possible comfort as well as fastidious nicety.

She therefore greets Kotex' latest improvements with a relief which signifies: "At last! every detail of personal grooming now perfect!"

Kotex now deodorizes completely, instantly,* assuring you that delicacy of person you most desire. All awkwardness has been eliminated, by a new method of rounding and tapering corners of the pad. This, of course, insures greater mental as well as physical comfort.

All the former superiorities

You can so easily adjust layers of filler. It is, as always, absorbent to just the correct degree. The Cellucotton absorbent filler is 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier than you thought possible.

Such Fleecy Softness

can come only with this downy filler.

Because of its downy white cotton-like structure and its correct absorbency, surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals insist upon Cellucotton absorbent wadding, to give patients the greatest possible degree of hygienic comfort.

Won't you try the Improved Kotex—buy a box this very day. It is 45c for a box of twelve, at any drug, dry goods or department store; also obtained through vending cabinets in rest-rooms.

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KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

Get your tan in 2 minutes

SKIP the unpleasant stages of tanning—burning, freckles, uneven effects. Get the perfect Riviera and Palm Beach tan in 2 minutes—with the new Glory of the Sun Powder! So natural it looks like your own skin—won't rub off on your clothes—nothing but soap and water or cream affects it...Just rub it on, smooth it in—and catch up with the fashionables who've been getting theirs all winter—with protection from burning and freckling...Two shades—Light for blonde skins, Dark for brunettes. Some clever girls think best results come from using Light for face and neck, Dark for arms, back and legs. $2.00 large box.

Have a tan without tanning

GLORY OF THE SUN

Powder

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 124*)

and scale accurately modeled by the great French jeweler, Lalique. His club waistcoat was of a peculiar dark red like ancient wine. He followed his friends downstairs, and got into George Hamill's blue car. Slowly George drove into Louisburg Square.

"Do you like this dear, quiet old Boston?" he said.

"I suppose," Jerry answered, "that you're going to give me your regular lecture. Well, at the moment I don't like Boston. I want to go to Shanghai—or New York."

"I wish I could get you to *see* this old Hill," George said. "You have no eye for picturesque beauty."

"Bo'oney," said Jerry. "I paint—I paint absolutely gorgeous water color pictures, and I've sold one of them already."

"To whom?"

"None of your business. To my aunt. What do you mean, I don't see things?"

"You want to go to New York, because you think you'd like to be in a place with eight million people around you—a place that roars all day and all night. You'd see all those eight millions as bond buyers. See them? Why, you can smell them, Jerry. I've come home from New York and not been able to get the reek of it out of my nose for three days."

George was biting off his words in small bunches and fairly throwing them at his passenger.

"You think life's a football game," he said. "Line up quick, fellows. 6-45-28-18. Touchdown! Line up again, and let's have some spirit. Fight! Just time for another touchdown before the whistle blows. Make 'em suffer! That's the New York idea, Jerry—and I wonder how you'll like it when you get it?"

"Well—" grudgingly. "Suppose I do want to go to New York some time—is that a crime?"

"No. But you won't go there in the day coach, if I can help it."

George Hamill drove steadily toward Cambridge, along the Esplanade, lecturing meanwhile on the beauty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology buildings.

"Models," he said, "for every factory in America. When industry copies them, its buildings won't devastate the landscape. Jerry, are you glad you're going to be married?"

"You bet!"

"So am I. You've got the best girl in Boston. She has lots of spirit, Jerry."

"Don't I know it?"

"And you have spirit, too. I've seen you making Custer's last stand, on the football field. Well, get your mind on this dinner. You are supposed to think about it just a little. It's the last time you'll ever preside."

George parked the blue roadster on Mount Auburn Street and the two men entered the Glim Club with that sense of reverent awe which comes over all its members when they remember that it is the oldest club in the world.

"I never come into this house without feeling better," said Jerry McCoy.

"It is sanctuary," said George. "Now that I've checked you here, where your crimes and your creditors can't follow you, I'm going home to dress."

JERRY strolled through the familiar rooms. The smell of the soft old leather sofas caressed his spirit. Other men spoke to him. Their genial carelessness charmed him. He almost nodded in fellowship to the stuffed elephant head over the fireplace in the hall. The Glim was sanctuary, as George Hamill had said.

George came back in half an hour, dressed.

"Father," he said, "will be in the bar."

Ned Hamill's burly figure towered above a cluster of his friends in that shrine. The great New York lawyer had a broad red face, and his handclasp was soft but strong. George wanted to give him Roger Legg's deed at once, so that he could break it before dinner. That was impossible. But there was something in Ned Hamill's personality, a suggestion of calm, devastating force, that convinced anyone near him that he invariably got just what he wanted.

What he wanted now was a whetting glass—the old-fashioned name for a cocktail—and he was roaring for it in the loud, bellowing gurgle of a sea lion at feeding time.

"Reverend Hamill," he boomed to his son. "And you, too, Reverend McCoy! If you have any influence with Chiffinch, now is the time for it. Ah-h-h!"

He bent his ruddy face over a Martini, gleaming pale yellow in a glass so vast that the olive looked as small as a pea.

"Cocktails are a depraving habit," he gurgled, when he came up for air. "I never give way to them in New York—but this club's where I keep my youth."

It was early, not yet three o'clock, when Jerry went out. All the wrinkles in his soul had been charmed away. Over the Gold Coast a full moon was riding down the western sky. Cambridge was sleeping; its ten thousand students hardly stirred on their pillows when an occasional reveller threw a melancholy yodel toward the moon. Jerry had left all his cares behind him. He had even forgotten Roger Legg. But George Hamill had found a chance, late in the evening, to slip Roger Legg's malevolent deed into his father's soft, strong hands.

And there, for three weeks, it rested. Jerry continued to sell bonds, but people were leaving Boston for the summer, and sales were few. Wee made timid plans for the wedding. She hoped it could be in November, at the Marlboro Street house. She wished they could be married in Marblehead, where Aunt Carrie had a summer cottage. But it seemed impossible to open the cottage. There were so many other expenses. Wee needed time to get ready; to have her clothes remodeled by Miss Rooney, the clever little sewing woman who came by the day. And she had to find a home. Perhaps Newtonhurst would do.

On a pleasant afternoon, with hardly more than a threat of rain from the east, she took Jerry to see this desirable home community.

NUMBER 42, Newtonhurst Terrace Gardens, proved to be one of a clotted mass of small, English-type homes, breaking out like a rash in a cow pasture that had been carefully denuded of trees.

The big baronial hall was about fourteen feet square, with a spider web of imitation rafters at the top. There was a diningette between this room and the shiny blue kitchen; and there was also a little den for the master behind the *art nouveau* chimney-piece of plaster, sketchily painted to imitate stone.

"You could hang your group photographs of clubs and crews here," said Wee. "There won't be room for your trophy oar, but you can have a stuffed football on the mantelpiece."

Jerry felt like an elephant in a doghouse. He trailed after Wee down the basement steps, hitting his head as he did so. He saw the gas and electric meters, and the cunning little gas boiler—Kole-Savo Baby No. A. Then he followed Wee up to the second floor, and saw the diminutive bedrooms with casement windows, and dull bronze colonial hardware. He viewed the large closet which he could use as a dressing-room, with nickel-plated trouser rack already provided.

"This house is tiny," said Wee. "I don't believe the architect ever saw an English country house, do you? But things are not badly arranged. When all this paper and plaster is swept up, and we get the broken bricks and mortar off the grounds, and plant some grass, it will look much better. Do you think it's a nice little house, Jerry?"

"I think," said Jerry, slowly, "that it's absolutely bum."

A pause followed. Wee went to a window, and worked its brass push-rod two or three times, stopping when it broke in her hands. Then she touched a switch, and the electric lights kindled into the feeble glow they have by day. She turned on the taps in the bathroom, and a gush of dirty water splashed into the tub.

Tricks, tricks, nothing but tricks!

(*Continued on page 128*)

DEODORANT DRESS SHIELDS

Personal Daintiness steps ahead

And now the antiseptic DEODORANT Dress Shield which neutralizes odor as it absorbs the moisture! Mirelle is its name and it's packed in a box complete with a handy can of Mirelle Powder to renew its deodorant quality after each washing. It's made by Kleinert's—it *would* be! Ask for it at your favorite notion counter. It's *very* NEW but if they haven't it, they'll gladly order it: Kleinert's Mirelle.

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MIRELLE*
DRESS SHIELDS
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N. B. Mirelle shields have an extra sewing edge under the curve; a great convenience.

Mirelle Dress Shields complete with Mirelle Powder in introductory size. (Full size can for general use obtainable in the Notion and Toilet Goods Department where you buy your shields.)

Miss EMILY E. PENICK of Lexington, Va

PRIZE WINNER
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Marlboro Contest for Distinguished Handwriting

Miss Penick writes:

"Marlboro—If Cigarettes for Those Who Can Afford 20¢ for the Best—"

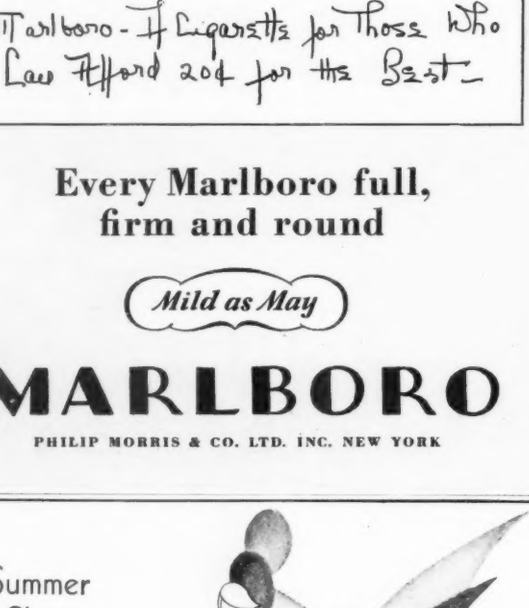
Every Marlboro full, firm and round

Mild as May

MARLBORO

PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK

Summer Shoe Smartness



A smart open-shank sandal fashioned of Madagascar straw with hand-embroidered vamp in various colors.

ANDREW GELLER
exquisite footwear
525 FIFTH AVENUE *at* FORTY-THIRD

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 126*)

Tricks to keep one's courage up, facing the prospect of living in this dismal little box. Blue rubberette bathroom tiles, and a nickel-plated trouser rack. Electric outlets in all the baseboards—yes, you need plenty of outlets when you cook your own food, and press your own pants, and use an electric heating pad instead of telling a servant to bring you a hot-water bottle.

Wee looked at him anxiously. His bulk filled the little room; it seemed to fill the whole house. She remembered how he had hit his head on the basement stairs. She wondered if he would always hit it there, night after night, year after year.

"I think it's awful, too," she said. "I was going to make the best of it, if you liked it. The price is so low that we could afford a maid, and a woman to come in once a week and clean."

"Could we?"

"But we needn't take this house," said Wee. "We will look at apartments on Beacon Hill. Many of the old houses have been done over into two and three-room apartments. They are just what you like, Jerry. They have high ceilings, and marble mantelpieces, and the look of respectability. Of course, they are impossible if one has children, but—"

Her voice broke. Jerry realized that she didn't want a dingy apartment any more than she wanted this hideous little hutch, this travesty of an English country house.

"What do I care for the look of respectability?" he said. "We're going to get away from here, Wee—we're going to New York."

She had begun to cry softly, dabbing at her dark eyes with a handkerchief. A gust of rage shook Jerry to his heels. Who had made her cry? Uncle Roger—Uncle Roger, with his ostentatious economies, his grandiloquent thrift. Uncle Roger, with seventy million dollars in mortgages and bonds, and a piece of newspaper—of second-hand newspaper—between his knees!

"Listen to me," he said savagely. "You aren't going to live in this coop, or in a ratty old apartment house either. I've got a little money and I can get a job in New York. Let's get married to-morrow, and go over there."

"But where," asked Wee, "will we live in New York?"

JERRY knew that New Yorkers who earned less than a hundred dollars a week lived in dreary apartments on Morningside Heights or in vulgar little homes on Long Island—Spanish type homes. He could not speak. He stepped suddenly forward and took Wee in his arms.

"Let's go back to town now," said Wee. "Don't look so cross, Jerry. Even if we have to look forward to a long engagement, there are worse things."

"What are the worse things?" Jerry asked.

He started the car back to Boston.

Wee had stopped crying. She was making fresh plans.

"We could live," she suggested, "with my Aunt Caroline."

That suggestion was the last straw. He had offered to rescue Wee from the shabbiness in which she lived—and all he could do about it was to crawl in under her roof! He would not do that. He could not condemn her to the Newtonhurst horror, or to a tiny apartment in Boston; but still less could he become a pensioner on her aunt. What could he do? There was only one thing.

"I'm sorry," he began. "I didn't know how much—how much it costs to live. I shouldn't have spoken to you at all. The only thing is to ask you to forget all about me."

"Do I understand," asked Wee, "that you are jilting me?"

He paused, and set his teeth. He was not jilting her—on the contrary, he was releasing her from an impossible situation. He was doing the only honorable thing he could. He must make that perfectly clear. Before he could make it even faintly clear, the car gave one pathetic wheeze, like the sob of a wounded horse, and died.

"That's the end of this car," said Wee. "You can't mend it, Jerry. Well, where do we go from here?"

"I hope you understand what I've been saying," Jerry said. "I know you won't want to see me any more."

"Oh, *that!*" said Wee. "You certainly aren't going to abandon me here in the street. I'm surprised, Jerry. You'll have to take me home."

He pushed the car into the grass by the roadside, and its rear end collapsed with a loud and melancholy clank.

"Just like the One Hoss Shay," remarked Wee. "First the engine and now the axle. It's all falling apart at once. No, we certainly can't call a taxi. There's a car line not more than a mile from here."

She got out, and took hold of his sleeve.

"Walk a little faster, Jerry," she said, after they had plodded a hundred yards. "It's beginning to rain."

JERRY put his fingers over hers, and then snatched his hand away. He wondered if there is any way to end an engagement without telling a girl brutally that you do not love her. And he loved Wee more than ever! That is what made it so unreal, so impossible. Unreal or not, it had to be done. . . .

"You've given me so much," she said, "that I suppose I can't ask you for any more."

"Given you so much!" said Jerry.

"You gave me confidence in myself," she answered, panting a little as she ran.

"I can't even keep you out of the rain," said Jerry, "except in a hutch—or a tenement."

"Yes, you can," gasped Wee. "If you will hurry a little, we can catch the next trolley."

He followed her into it.

"I'm pleased," he said, bitterly, "to find I've got carfare."

They rode to Massachusetts Avenue in silence, through a drizzle of rain.

"This has been a bad afternoon," said Wee, as they walked to her aunt's house. "I've lost my respect for Uncle Roger as an adviser on homes. I've lost my car. And now I suppose I've lost you."

Jerry said nothing. He wondered how he could say good-by to her at her front door. But that emergency did not arise. A large, purple limousine was standing outside the house.

"Callers," said Wee. "If you don't think you'd care to meet them, Jerry, you might go away."

He nodded. It did not seem possible to speak. Then he started to walk down Marlboro Street, in the teeth of an easterly gale.

Wee watched him till his tall figure was lost at the corner. She rang the bell.

"Who is here, Norah?" she whispered. "Whoever it is, I can't see them."

"It's Mr. Edward Hamill," said the old woman. "I said you were out, but he won't leave. He says he'll wait up for you all night."

After ten minutes with Ned Hamill, Wee called Jerry on the telephone. He was not in his room. He was not there at seven o'clock, or at eight, or nine.

"Don't you *know* where he is?" she asked the janitor's wife. "Tell him to call Miss Legg the minute he comes in. Better still, take a message for him. This is important, and I want you to listen very, very carefully. Tell Mr. McCoy that he now has a half million dollars, and that Miss Legg will marry him at Marblehead exactly three weeks from to-day."

(*To be continued*)

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 97*)

handing over her father's and grandfather's allowance, about half of their joint income. But she did no work whatever, did nothing but lie around the flat recovering from the hideous boredom of social contacts with "prominent" people and cocktail parties with the—smart (ugh!)—young (gr-r-r!)—married (humph) set. She thought helplessly of those dreadful bills, and began to cry a little, slumped sideways on the sofa. She wondered if she was not perhaps going to have a baby, but she had often believed that before mistakenly. Bill thought very sensibly that there was not room for one in their present life.

She fanned the bills out in her hand and was about to start a painstaking addition when a peremptory rap from the front door startled her.

It was Janet Baldwin. Although they had seen little of her since the boat, she retained a peculiarly high place in Lydia's hall of hate.

Miss Baldwin, no longer the tweedy sporting Miss, was adorned for New York in black broadcloth and beige fox. She stuck out a hand in a fawn suède glove which was as wholesomely out-of-doors for all its urbane covering as a saddle. She was burdened with an immensely long and rather heavy parcel and a small Sealyham at the end of a leash.

"Been away on a trip, yachting in the Caribbean," she said tersely and stepped inside.

Lydia, afterward cursing herself, apologized for the disorder of the room.

Miss Baldwin made no reply.

"Bill out?" she asked. Her heavy white eyelids fluttered their moth-colored eyelashes around the scene and rejected it. The small living-room, as a matter of fact, was extremely pretty when decorously in order. All the Stephanyis had good taste in interiors.

"I brought him around some new golf clubs. Give 'em to Michael, will you? I always call him Michael, dunno why. They are extraordinary, these new clubs. New inventions." She seated herself in an easy-chair, shooing away the Persian cat who gave a distrustful glare at the ostentatiously trembling Sealyham and ambled out of the room.

"I loathe cats," said Miss Baldwin.

"Do you?" asked Lydia, as insolently as Andrew Stephanyi's training would allow. "Smoke?"

Miss Baldwin refused.

"I don't smoke. Bad for the wind. I say, you ought to get out of here and take some exercise. It makes people fat, frowsting at home on a lovely morning like this."

Lydia gazed around the room and then stared at Miss Baldwin's ankles.

"You follow your own prescriptions, don't you?" she asked.

But Miss Baldwin had ceased to heed her, and was looking through to the tumbled bedroom and bathroom beyond.

"I think it's awfully sporting of Michael, living like this. It must seem sordid for him," she murmured.

"Do you mean Bill? Because it's rather nicer than his ancestral home, although naturally smaller. They have a tobacco colored plush patent rocker there which is a museum piece."

Again Miss Baldwin seemed not to hear.

"Well, I must be going," she said.

"Yes, you'll get around to your errands nice and early, as it's only ten-twenty. I'll give Bill the golf sticks."

"Clubs," corrected Miss Baldwin. "Good-by."

It was an hour before Lydia could calm down sufficiently to tackle her bills. She even thought of telephoning John William's office, so sure she was that he must dislike Janet Baldwin as much as she and sympathize with her dislike.

This, then, was her job. Somehow to get the bills paid and make enough to know that in the future they would also be met, for she had little hope that expenses could be cut down materially. The income must go up instead; even John William's harmless and justifiable Narcissism which showed itself in excessive numbers of shirts and ties must be allowed for.

Naturally her first thought was toward her pearls. A jeweler's instinct told her what idiocy it would be to sell ten thousand dollars' worth of pearls which had an ever-rising value, to clean up six hundred dollars' indebtedness. So Elissa's emerald and diamond bracelet must go. Perhaps she might get a fairly exact imitation in colored paste.

Going to the great store to buy and going in to beg were rather different things. On the way she passed the Firm. She wondered what the Firm would think of a granddaughter on such an errand.

The manager of the imitation jewelry department? Was anything wrong, Madam? All complaints should go to the adjustment desk or be met suavely by this elegant floor-walker. No, nothing was wrong, there were no complaints. She scribbled "Lydia Stephanyi" across her Mrs. John William Norton calling-card and waited.

Presently she was shown into an office. Miraculously speech, which for a second had failed entirely, was vouchsafed her.

Yes, she knew a fair amount about the business. Her grandfather had always been amused by fish scales becoming pearls and glass turning into rubies and sapphires. But it was not that point which she wished to make.

"But I'm supposed to have rather decent taste in settings, settings of the lighter sort, work in brilliants and small pieces." She gave a self-deprecating shrug. "You know what I mean, Mr. Joel!—being able to tell what women will want to wear in their hats next season. I don't pretend I can design them as well as experts. I only say that if you give me a hundred tentative sketches I can pick six best sellers from them."

"And just why do you think you'd be useful to us, Miss Stephanyi?" asked Mr. Joel gently. He knew that she had read his name on the door, but felt a mild pleasure at her flattery in remembering to use it. But his business method with any salesman had ever been a liberal dose of cold water, and he could not make an exception of this engaging young person.

Lydia felt the throbbing of her vital engine and let it out on all six cylinders. She showered Mr. Joel with a hundred arguments, each more convincing than the last. Her gusto was tremendous.

"Now take those paste monkeys, Mr. Joel, they're all right, you'll always find some women who want that sort of thing. But think how infinitely more important to the prestige of the shop it was to make a scoop with the rhinestone and onyx harlequins, or those well-made, clouded crystal circles, which honestly look smart even next to good stuff on a millionairess! Those crystal brooches—"

"You've actually studied the department, Miss Stephanyi!"

LYDIA, interrupted in her rhetoric, nodded. "Of course, silly. I buy stuff here myself."

Lord, she had called that cold-eyed fish "silly"! Luckily it appeared to amuse him.

"Naturally I know the department. You need me there, Mr. Joel. I'd not cut out the trash—some people have a yen for trash—I wouldn't antagonize your buyers. I'd only ask them to submit a choice of a couple of designs or samples and just watch what would happen! Not only the smartest imitation jewelry in New York but in the world. Shagreen cigarette-cases with marcasite initials, modern decorative art designs for hat pins, pearls just the size and length people would like to own in real ones. A set of 'picturesque' stuff for the theatrical, *robe de style* type of girl on view every day, in coral or old gold, and another vitrine with utterly simple modern jewels for the woman who prefers a Chanel chiffon. I know I'm right. You see, imitation jewel designers are paid more than people who work with genuine material—"

"You know that, Miss Stephanyi!" said Mr. Joel.

Lydia, who realized how shockingly small her knowledge was, had saved this

(*Continued on page 130*)

The best looking girl on the boat

—yet always alone!

You can never tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you . . .

PAM had dreamed for months of going abroad! The first day out she knew it was her "great adventure"—she was the most sought after girl on the boat! But before the second day was over people were no longer enthusiastic. Wretchedly, she wondered why.

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 129*)

remark to be dropped casually. It had worked. Mr. Joel looked convinced.

"And what would you expect to be paid?" he asked, offering her a cigarette from a white jade case.

"Two hundred dollars a month to start," she answered, swallowing suddenly.

He smiled, and for a moment she trembled inside herself.

"You've gauged fairly accurately just about what I expected to give. I'm not the manager of the jewelry department. I'm assistant manager of the whole store. You've no idea how many society girls expect me to give 'em ten thousand a year for merely existing."

"With increases commensurate with my increasing usefulness," went on Lydia as if she had not heard him. "Not tiny raises because I'd given fifty faithful years of service. Increases when my work begins to show some effect. Yes?"

Mr. Joel groaned and grinned.

"Oh, sure, I guess so. Just like the others, out for making ten thousand a year, aren't you?"

"Well, why not? God knows what my people have done in a slightly more reputable line of this business. Why shouldn't I make a bit?"

It struck Mr. Joel as amusing that one of the Firm's grandchildren should be in his employ. He hazarded shrewdly that she had several good reasons not to go around there asking for work. They'd put her off and tell her grandfather to increase her allowance probably. Nice kid.

"When do I start?"

"That's the spirit," he beamed.

SHE sold the bracelet at a rival of Stephanyi Brothers on her way home. Naturally they'd rather done her on the deal; that was their business. But by tea-time the desk was cleared of bills, checks which were worth more than waste-paper posted to everyone, and future employment, instead of empty days, beckoned.

Bill was furious. A white, tight-lipped rage possessed him. His blue eyes paled and froze over like mountain ponds.

"Was this necessary?" he asked.

"If we were to stay solvent," she answered.

"But it's so disgusting, selling your wedding presents, selling yourself in a department store. It's undignified, it's vile, it looks as if I couldn't support you!" he said quietly, while his hand, rapping the mantelpiece, went lemon colored at the strained knuckles.

"If I wasn't in love with him, I'd say something nasty at this point," Lydia thought, and set herself to soothe his wounded sensibilities.

"Darling, it's smart for girls to work now. Every one wants a job. I know a girl in the Corner Shop at Macy's and any number in small shops on Madison Avenue and lots in magazine offices. Most of them are untrained, so they have a harder time finding work than I, who luckily knew a little about jewelry."

Bill murmured something under his breath which Lydia did not hear and could not allow herself to guess at, lest it set fire to that monstrous family pride she knew was hidden within her.

By dint of much cajolery and coaxing, he was persuaded to forgive her an hour later, both for selling her bracelet to pay the bills, and taking on work to prevent their repetition. Lydia could not help feeling that he was rather a lamb. This was only the second or third time he'd ever been cross in their whole married life.

SHE discovered in Lizzie Churchill an implacable enemy toward her job, as implacable as John William, and distinctly more articulate in her disapproval. Lizzie had formed the habit of dropping in on a couple of afternoons a week to see Lydia, and valued these occasions as fairly amusing. Although she would never have admitted it, she had grown unusually fond of the little Norton (it was not only their comparative heights which made her feel the older and taller), and disliked finding the flat vacant. No use to explain to Lizzie that she wanted the money, also she liked the work. Lizzie either laughed or said:

"Tell Bill to earn it, or wire your grandfather. Borrow from me if you like, only I'm usually broke. This job keeps you from coming to any of our parties on week-day nights. You are always too tired."

And the heavenly relief at the escape from many of these soirees and *conversaziones* was robbed of half its pleasure by Bill's disappointment.

"I'm not too tired to step out after a day's work, and if you are, it shows it's too much for you," he protested.

Sometimes he went out without her—not often, but sometimes, returning curiously gloomy at two or three in the morning. Lydia lay at home and read until after midnight on these evenings, feeling very inadequate as a wife.

More to pacify Lizzie Churchill and please Bill than from any inclination, she promised to go on a Long Island week-end the following Friday, getting leave from Mr. Joel to be absent Saturday.

IT WAS a strange week-end. On Friday night, after a slight interchange of ostensibly civil words with Janet Baldwin, she heard that young woman whisper what sounded distinctly like "dirty little Jew." The whisper was harsh and fairly audible. Lydia, fleeing against the temptation to throw a Florentine dagger lying as a paper knife on some magazines, rushed for a deserted musician's gallery where she crouched for some time shaken with dry sobs of hatred and despair. Over the rafter and rough-cast balcony she could see the fair helmet of Bill's head where he stood near an immense baronial fire-place of carved stone, refusing a third cocktail from Tubby Churchill, the genial host. Sensible John William always stayed sober. Sensible John William always failed to observe those headlong, passionate flights of hers. Handsome John William, who did everything with *panache*, flipping a cigarette with one agile movement over to a waiting lady. She leaned over the ledge and stared.

"Why, you've got a black smooch under your chin, Mrs. Norton!" said the amiable youth who partnered her at dinner. He was slightly fatuous, so much so that Lydia, who since her marriage had barely noticed whether people admired her or not, saw vaguely that he was distinctly taken with her.

"Yes, I got it playing with Lizzie's cat. She dyes it black and the dye came off."

"That's not true!"

"What of it? Everyone at this table is a shocking liar, except the professional virgins, and who knows about them? I'm talking like a fool—excuse it, plee-uzz. Could you possibly run me into town tomorrow morning? It's an important errand, but I don't want to go in on the train early with the men."

She had such entreaty in her eyes that the boy was at the moment startled and ever afterward wondered if she were not a trifle mad.

"Yes, Mrs. Norton, yes, of course."

LYDIA returned at tea-time, an hour given over to the fireside and the cocktail shaker, with her arms full of books, mostly large and shabby.

"What in the world!" screeched Lizzie from a sofa where she lay in mauve and jade pyjamas. Two of the men helped her unload.

"I'll have to ask you to help take them up-stairs later," said Lydia.

They read the titles out loud. "Si Je Rappelle Bien," by Comte Andor Stephanyi, Paris, 1870; "Memoires de Cinquante Ans et Cinq Cours"; "The Stephanyi Family in Europe and America"; "Certain Phases of the Work of John Sargent," which fell open at a plate of his famous portrait of Elissa, Alexandra and Athene; one of Walburga; Lady Paget's amusing volumes; also "A History of the Black Watch," by McNeil, and a fore-

(*Continued on page 132*)

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 130*)

cast of surgery in the "To-day and To-morrow" Series by Sir Donald Graeme.

John William, who at first had looked vaguely ashamed, began to wear an expression of mingled surprise and anger.

"What the devil is all that, Lydia?" he asked. But poor Tubby Churchill precipitated matters by reading aloud the title of the last book.

"From Emigrant Boy to Steel King—the Life-Story of Abner Baldwin, by John Sinnott, his personal secretary for twenty years." Tubby, after he'd read it, realized that it was a volume about his mother's second husband, Janet's father, which they had been carefully suppressing for some time.

"There is a thing I have to look up for grandfather, so I had to get all those books, including that whopper by my great-grandpa, and I thought Miss Baldwin might like this one. I believe it's very rare. Till I saw the initials on that little book of my father's to-day, I never even knew he had the V. C. Funny." Lydia walked up to the fire and faced the gathering. "Have I a Jewish nose, Lizzie?" she asked. "Because it's marvelous how the family ever managed to survive in Hungary under those circumstances. If we had had Jewish blood I believe they'd have murdered us. Not that I care. Jewish blood can be very nice, indeed."

They all knew now what was going on. Lizzie laughed. She liked battles.

"Have a cocktail, baby-face," she suggested.

"I believe I will," said Lydia, and gulped it down as she watched Bill and Janet turn away together and step out onto the terrace.

"YOU'VE got to apologize," said John William, coming into her room as she was dressing.

"Not I," said Lydia.

"You must. It was rude to the point of obviousness."

"It was meant to be," Lydia replied, examining her stocking carefully. "Although I am not such a past-master at obvious rudeness as some people."

"You won't apologize to Janet Baldwin?"

"Not I."

Bill, narrow-lipped and pale around the mouth, went out of the room, locking the communicating door after him.

She reached for the cologne and held it to her nose. There were no smelling-salts, but the pungent perfume helped a little. She had to get through dinner; she must not cry. The thought of pale, moth-colored eyelashes revived her. Cry so that those flat eyes could examine her blotched and swollen countenance? Not likely. Not with Donald Graeme a V. C. That helped. Everything helped.

Bill's door was still locked when she went to bed. He was not yet in bed when she put out her light.

It was such a beautiful morning when she awoke. March was behaving like the whitest and wooliest of lambs. She turned over in the bed and wondered why she felt so very ill. She had drunk practically nothing the night before, she had smoked less than usual. Could it be the quarrel with Bill which made her feel so dreadfully? Well—no, quarrels struck sometimes straight to the tummy for a minute or two, but they could hardly produce hours later any feeling as horribly material as this. Like the boat it was, only worse. Her head went back on the pillow with a flop. She tried to marshal and review her thoughts, tried to think of things which might have caused it, then gave up in despair just as the maid entered with her coffee. In the bathroom she raised a face, shiny with little beads of sweat, and said:

"Thank you. I can't imagine anyone nicer under these unpleasant conditions. You do hold one's head beautifully, Barker."

The Englishwoman smiled.

"You'd better get back to bed, Madam. Keep your head down and eat a bit of dry toast with your coffee."

"Funny, I don't like the smell of that bacon. I usually love the smell. Funny. What on earth's the matter?"

"Well, Madam, if you ask me—" and Barker coughed discreetly, though bravely preparing to continue if necessary.

"Oh, I see. Yes, I suppose it might. Yes, of course. it is. It must have been that celery I ate. That's what it was."

Barker wondered what on earth she meant by the celery remark. Anyone could tell she was going to have a baby, the queer young thing, pale as a sheet and trying to smile.

"Morning sickness, Madam," said Barker primly. "Quite usual symptom, Madam."

"Oh, dear," Lydia sighed, "I hope that celery turns out nicely; fair-haired like Bill."

Raving, thought Barker.

"Feeling all right now, or shall I ask Mr. Churchill to fetch a doctor, Madam?"

"All right now—nice Barker. Thanks awfully."

Quite mad but pleasing, was Barker's verdict to the servants' hall. She looked out on to the lawn and saw Mr. Norton and Miss Baldwin with their tennis racquets going toward one of the courts.

"Tut-tut," said Barker to the butler.

IF THERE was one particularly noticeable trait of Lydia's temperament, it was her ability to be one moment washed by a violent emotion which soon afterward was entirely obliterated and replaced by another stronger one.

So that, although sore and angry with Bill for his harmless attentions to Miss Baldwin, she was very quickly engulfed by an opposite feeling of tenderness and excitement when she thought of the new element in their life. Beneath these waves was an underlying granite which neither she nor her husband suspected. For the bright, spumy surface occupied and amused her so vastly that she had no thought of hidden depths of hardness, nor had any sharp adversity forced her as yet to recognize their existence.

In a few minutes her mind was filled with pleasant details which seemed to her intensely practical; the price of larger flats, the incredible wages supposedly earned by nurses, certain powder-blue flannel sporting and dressing jackets for infants on sale at Best's, and just how long ladies who were, as the Press delicately put it, about to become mothers, could work at gainful employments.

She wanted to find Bill and shout it at him, but with no alien listeners about.

Hammering on the door of his room she got no response, and from an emptiness which came almost tangibly through the crack she realized that he had gone out early. Under these circumstances he usually, after an hour or so of some violent exercise, returned for a late and hearty Sunday breakfast.

Any shadow of tarnish left by the preceding day on their bright love was entirely forgotten. She slipped on a tea-gown given her by Lizzie and, deciding to kidnap Bill from his breakfast and bear him back with her, opened the door and hurried outside.

THROUGH glass doors she saw the glittering table lit with bars of sun which fell on shining silver hot dishes and gay china. Bill, still in white flannels and the heavy sweater he had put on for a crisp March morning, sat lazily reading the Sunday paper over his second cup of coffee. The room was littered with sections of the bulky nickel's worth, copies of which stood Lizzie's guests in lieu of Divine Service.

Bill's voice broke the silence sharply.

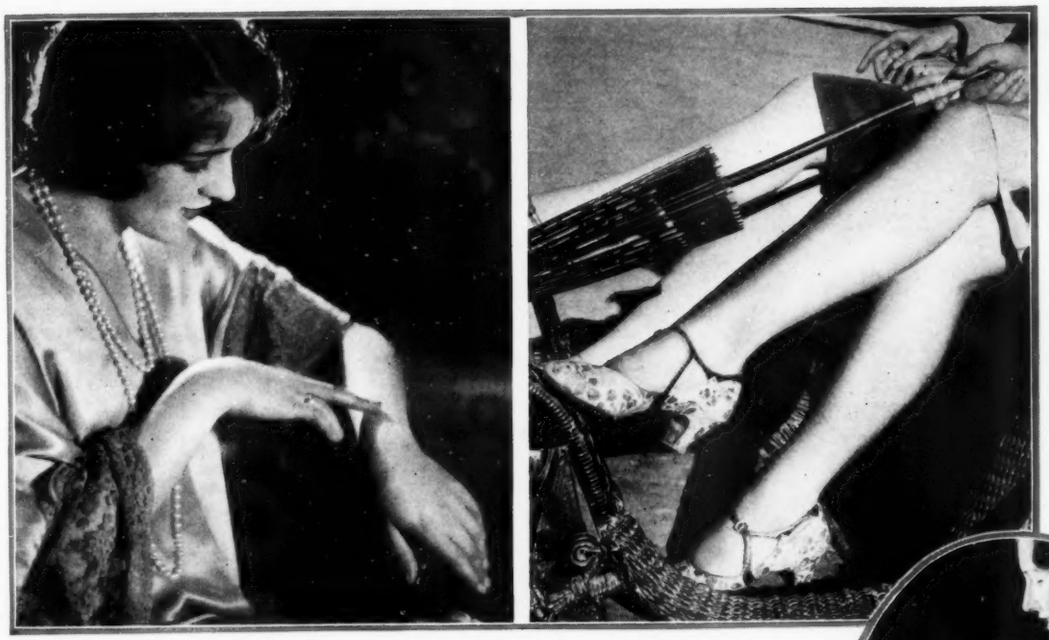
"Oh, that horrible woman!" he groaned, crumpling a sheet from a garish society section in one hand.

She saw behind the lowered barrage of the paper Janet Baldwin nodding with commiseration and sympathy. He lit a cigarette and they strolled out of the French windows together.

Somewhat later she received a note from Bill on a silver tray, brought to her bedroom by one of the maids. Their courtship had not been by letter, and she was always startled by the facile handwriting, slanting virtuously in the right direction.

"Dear Lydia," it read—

(*Continued on page 134*)



Every woman knows true feminine charm requires smooth, hair-free skin.

By a total lack of sharpened hair growth, you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

A Unique new Discovery in Removing Hair from Arms and Legs

Utterly Without Fostering Coarsened Re-growth

A new way that not only removes hair instantly from arms and legs, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

A NEW way of removing hair from arms and legs has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably! It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

Mary Phillips, noted artist's model, recognizing the obviously false note in hair on arms and legs, displays a skin satin-smooth and hair-free. She is pictured here between dips with a favored admirer.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

REDUCE YOUR FLESH

Arms, Legs, Bust or Entire Body with

DR. WALTER'S RUBBER GARMENTS

MY GARMENTS have been worn for over twenty-five years. They are the *original* rubber reducing garments, made of the finest Para rubber, removing superfluous flesh from any part of the body.

GOLF PLAYERS! Protect your feet and legs.

THE LEGLETS here illustrated are worn under the stockings and protect your legs from mosquitos and moisture; also relieve varicose veins and stiffness of the joints almost immediately. They are of medicated rubber and reduce your limbs if too large. Guaranteed to fit perfectly. Send ankle and calf measure. ***Price per pair* $7.00**

REDUCING CORSAGE

Heavy weight cream colored rubber, for reducing bust, waist, hips and thighs. . . . Made to measure. *Price* **$17.00**

HIP AND THIGH REDUCER

Cream colored rubber. *Price* **$12.00**

BUST REDUCING BANDEAU

Cream colored rubber. *Price* **$5.00**

BRASSIERE

For reducing the bust and upper abdomen, and shaping the figure. Made of cream colored rubber in front and coutil back. Send bust measure. *Price* **$7.00**

CHIN REDUCER . . . *Price* $2.50

PRETTY ANKLES AND CALVES $3.75 per pair

almost immediately

DR. WALTER'S special extra strong Ankle Bands of live Para Rubber will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them.

They fit like a glove. May be worn under any kind of hose. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. May be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day, deriving the extra benefit of the support.

Send ankle and calf measures.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for $3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

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Use cold cream?

then remove it entirely every day

to avoid sallowness, acne and other skin troubles, learn to *rub cold cream off instead of rubbing it in.*

FACE creams, dust and dirt that gather in the pores, powder and rouge—all these things endanger your skin beauty. Wash cloths and towels don't really remove cold cream. They *rub it in, instead of off.* And they must be laundered too often when soiled with cream and make-up. Old pieces of linen are regular germ-breeders, infecting the skin.

You must remove cold cream with a substance that is made *to absorb*—a product created just for this purpose, Kleenex!

Kleenex cleansing tissues are soft, delicate to touch, pure white, hygienic. You use them once, then discard them like paper. And they cost so little that laundry bills seem extravagant in comparison. They're ideal for blending rouge and powder, too.

If you don't already know Kleenex, send the coupon below for sample packet.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Please send sample to

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....H-7

Kleenex
Cleansing Tissue

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 132*)

"It is so obvious that you do not, nor never have, loved me that this letter seems almost unnecessary. 'Twas always a mistake from the start, I fear me, and I can say nothing your agile mind has not already guessed.

"Suffice it to say that a young girl entirely without experience, has placed her future in my hands, and I hold it as a sacred trust to live up to her ideal of me (yes, though it may sound curious to *you*, she has an ideal of me). I need not speak here of her purity and goodness. Although you have always shown an unreasoning dislike for her, she has always been more than willing to make friends with you.

"You have never wished to adjust yourself to my tastes at all or my manner of living, or been a real 'wife' to me, so that I can only suppose you prefer to go your own way in which I wish you every success.

"I hope this will not cause you any unhappiness, for, believe me, 'tis the only solution. "Bill."

Ah, no, it didn't exist, it simply was not real, this thing of sleek, flowingly inscribed pages, this lying snake of a letter.

She had thought the "young girl" bit meant herself, but it didn't. Not it. She wasn't even a wife (quotation marks—why quotation marks? He had a passion for surrounding ordinary words with them). Then what was she? Lydia laughed, laughter that hurt the top of her throat. What was it all about, anyway?

"Not without a fight, you don't get him," she whispered, enjoying the double negative with ferocious relish. But she was wrong. Miss Baldwin inherited John William without disturbance that very day.

Lydia caught him getting into one of the Churchill's cars. He had meant the letter to be delivered after his departure.

"Bill! You've got to listen! You've *got* to, I tell you. Honestly, darling, I wouldn't ask you just now if it wasn't a matter of life and death."

"It would only be painful," said Bill who, except in the pursuit of enemy planes when he would take any risk, preferred to avoid all unpleasantness.

But he was persuaded against his will to dismount and enter one of Lizzie's small sitting-rooms. It was decorated in Lizzie's favorite mauve and jade. The combination of these two colors ever afterward made Lydia feel sick.

"Not like in a book, not faked like a military marriage, but really. Ask a doctor."

Bill's eyes, which were usually pale blue and sometimes hot sapphire, froze over into two circles of grayish ice with what looked like shocked horror, but was, as Lydia who loved him knew, actually an intense fear.

"My God!" he whispered in a small voice and whistled faintly.

Lydia thought she had won.

"Look here, you'll have to have an operation—right away. It's not dangerous, lots of people have them. I'll pay for it."

Lydia knew that she had lost. In a mauve and green hall a very handsome young man, who suddenly had become almost physically repulsive to her, was talking, strings of words she hardly heard.

"Awful complication—luckily, they are not at all serious—not even necessary to have an anesthetic—"

"Oh, shut up," said Lydia wearily. "I *want* this baby, you fool. Always have wanted one. Tell her it's not mine, I mean, not yours. Tell her anything you choose. There, take your ring."

She handed him her wedding-ring. The waves of emotion subsided and left exposed rock she had not known existed.

He seemed still to be talking.

"Does it really matter? I absolutely refuse your suggested alternative, but I don't mind in the least what you tell her, only do get out!"

He went. A motor-car roared down the drive and he was gone.

Lydia began very carefully picking up the scattered pearls whose cord she had broken in one sharp movement.

(*To be concluded*)